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# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

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NUMBER 1

## World Resources and Industries

—A REVIEW—

By R. W. BARNETT

The village of Chapel Hill always views with friendly interest the emergence of a familiar personality into a position of nation-wide distinction. Dr. Zimmermann's recent book, *World Resources and Industries*, published by Harpers, has already been acclaimed as a distinguished and significant achievement.

Few wide awake public citizens have not wondered why the agricultural south is financially dependent upon Wall Street, why cotton in the South Atlantic is losing its precedence to its Mid-Western competitors, why China allows herself to be "overpopulated," why water power doesn't have limitless possibilities for exploitation, why the centers of population in the past were in river valleys and now are shifting to the northern coasts of the Atlantic ocean, why automobiles are built to consume more gasoline in the United States than on the Continent, why Brazilian coffee suffers from its violent fluctuations. *World Resources and Industries* offers a method for exploring these whys. Though this book cannot pretend, of course, to answer all of our bewildering economic questions, or any of them with an inflection of finality, it does strip away non-essentials and analyse the real character of our economic environment.

Berle and Means wrecked the validity of much economic thought based upon the assumptions of individualism, freedom of enterprise, etc. Their study was confined to the most powerful economic instrument of modern times—the corporation. They gave a modern view of a modern phenomenon and a modern scene. Equally modern in interpretation is Dr. Zimmermann's book. He has probed the physical environment of the corporation, and the other elements of our cultural environment, and in the play of one set of forces upon the other has discovered the complex character of *resources*. He has made no attempt to simplify his definitions or reduce them to abstractions. His book is not a handy source of conclusive opinion on changing and inconclusive realities. Consequently his book is no more than a thoughtful interlude between two experiences, the first, one of biased, conventional ignorance of basic economic forces, the second, one of salutary bewilderment in the face of the vast complexity of these forces, but accompanied by a greater critical insight into the meaning of the same forces. The reading of this book will leave a rich residue in the form of a method of thought, an attitude and approach to the examination of underlying determinatives in our economic life.

Illustrative of Dr. Zimmermann's approach to his study of world resources and industries is his  
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## "Ballade des Pendues"

By FRANCOIS VILLON

(Translated by Benjamin Napier)

*Oh men of earth, that after us shall be,  
Close not your hearts against our sorry plight,  
For if you pity us our poverty,  
God will be gentle with you in the night.  
You see us, five or six, each in the bight,  
And our loose skins that we had once stuffed tight,  
Rotten and piecemeal eaten in your sight.  
And these our bones becoming ash and dust,  
Of these foul bodies may no man make light  
But pray God that he takes us in his trust!*

*If we cry to you, comrades, somberly,  
Have not disdain, though we were hanged aright  
For justice. But remember, merifully,  
That all men cannot always walk upright;  
Forgive us, for our pages are not bright,  
Pray to the Son of Mary, calm and white,  
That his sweet grace may guard us from fright  
Of hell's slow burning, keep us from its gust.  
Now we are dead, let no man vex us quite  
But pray God that he take us in his trust!*

*The rain has washed our bodies evilly,  
And the sun touched us with its blackening bite;  
Magpies and ravens dig us cruelly,  
And snatch away the beard from every wight.  
Never the time to rest us as we might;*

*Now here, now there, as the wind takes it flight,  
Swinging us at its will without requite,  
More pecked than ripe fruit to the swallow's lust.  
Come not to join us in our sorry plight,  
But pray God that he take us in his trust.*

*Prince Jesus, Lord of Heaven, our great light  
Guard us from hell, and keep us from its might;  
Leave us not in its flaming borders trusted.  
Let no man come to mock us on this height,  
But pray God that he take us in his trust.*

## O. Henry's Old Home Town

By EDITH HARBOUR

That "somewhat somnolent Southern village" which was O. Henry's birthplace was named in honor of General Nathaniel Greene who had battled Cornwallis to an indecisive finish at Guilford Courthouse four miles northward. The original spelling was Greensborough, and those people who lived there called it the City of Flowers. A sparkling brook meandered alongside its main thoroughfare and elm trees colonnaded its few streets. Main Street to this day is called Elm.

In the days when young Will Porter worked in his uncle's drug store and caricatured customers there was much of unspoiled village beauty about  
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## Carnival

By NELSON LANSDALE

The barkers—the city was full of them that year—were down on the landing under the Michigan Avenue bridge bawling the merits of their respective vessels. Beside the tiny, tug-like *John D. Johnson* the *Theodore Roosevelt* towered, white and glistening like the Wrigley Building in the background. The *Roosevelt's* decks were lined with sight-seers who were taking a much-advertised moonlight cruise. Somewhere within its shimmering bowels an orchestra was screeching a lament for a woman who doubtless left most of her customers with an unforgettable, if unmentionable, reminder of her easily purchased charms. There were many such women on board. People leaned over the side of the rail and watched the murky harbor-water run up and back under the pier. The crew of the *Theodore Roosevelt* was as restless as its cargo. Repose, even on a boat, was both un-American and unthinkable. Under the awninged stern of the *John D. Johnson* a few couples sat in comfortable silence, relaxed. Nobody inspected her tiny cabin or her narrow fore-deck, and nobody angled and ogled back at the *Theodore Roosevelt*. The *John D. Johnson* was not the largest boat on Lake Michigan, it was not taking the longest cruise, it did not advertise the perfectly apparent moon as an attraction second only to the best of Chicago's fine dance orchestras and yet there were its customers, settled and satisfied. In big, bellowing Chicago, where it follows that the biggest is also the best, such satisfaction was all very curious.

Anthony and Carlos trotted across the gang-plank of the *John D. Johnson* just as the weary barker stowed away his megaphone in the back of the ticket-booth and went heavily up the broad, sweeping stairway for a cup of coffee. The barker seemed small and beaten, a dark figure on the unblemished white of the marble. The *John D. Johnson* ambled out around the *Roosevelt* and up into the lake. Anthony and Carlos settled themselves in the uncurtained prow, where there was both breeze and vision.

Listening to the snorting and chartling of the *Roosevelt* weaning itself away from the pier finally, a curious combination of shrill noises which rose above the rumble of the Michigan Avenue traffic crossing the bridge like a child's shrill scream above the impact of steel bodies and shattered glass in an automobile accident, Anthony watched the Wrigley Building fade back into proportion among the taller skyscrapers which hemmed it in. A battery of appallingly bright lights illuminating every inch of its marble surface, it seemed from the bridge to spring with phallic, over-emphasized importance from the murky loins of the river. From the lake it seemed blatant, garish, overdone beside the twinkling  
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# The Carolina Magazine

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Editor-in-Chief \_\_\_\_\_ ROBERT W. BARNETT  
Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ MARCUS FEINSTEIN

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1933

## EDITORIAL

Ten score editors in ten score colleges are chanting in unison: We want writers! We want writers! One hundred score men and women are echoing the chant. And somehow this great antiphonal carries a little weight and a few score new faces appear in editorial offices with their contributions. But along the line someone has the heresy to ask whether we do want writers or not.

Perhaps it is a happy commentary upon the mental health of such a campus as this that there are few men and women who write, who have to write, who want to write. Uncomfortable people write. The man who is perfectly comfortable, perfectly accommodated to the world he is thrown into does not need to write. He eats and sleeps and sees his best girl once in a while and is happy. He does not take up a pen and write, he does not string his violin and play, he does not find his brushes and paint, because his mind and his emotions are fully and happily occupied with normal pursuits. When an apparently normal young man writes, or acts, or paints, he immediately marks himself as a little queer. He is unhappy or frightened or dissatisfied and somehow feels that in one of the arts he can find some palliation of his inner unrest. Could it be that the University should be proud that there are so few writers here? Could it be that in the very absence of writers we have palpable proof that we are all a happy lot of normal, grinning, unperturbed animals?

Of course I realize that my argument is fragmentary and assumes too much. In the first place, all dissatisfied, disturbed people do not turn to the arts, and writing in particular. Some of them cheat on examinations, some of them lead cheering sections, some of them get drunk, some of them wear flashy clothes, some of them are belligerent and break other people's noses. Almost all people are a little unhappy, a little disturbed by the complexity of their environment. Some of these people attack their environment viciously, others fly away from it, and still others try to solve rationally the difficulties that it may present. That these resistances to a wholly unruffled existence are not an unmitigated misfortune may be illustrated analogically.

An electric current running through a heavy insulated wire is a perfectly inoffensive, an invisible force. But scrape the insulation away and let the wire touch another charged wire and you have an explosion. The resistance, here, to the normal flow causes a violent, destructive phenomenon. However, place a lamp with fine resistance wires strung in a vacuum in the course of this flow of electricity and you have light.

Writing is comparable, I think, to the lamp. It is a civilized way of solving the problems of mind and emotion which confront the sensitive intelligence. It casts into form some of the torment of the spirit. If this form is good, if it is beautiful, then the expression is artistic. What are some of these problems that the sensitive mind visualizes or senses?

Jack is fed up with "life." People are not congenial with him. They are not interested in what he likes and thinks about. He takes up his pen and creates a new life, renounces reality, and lives in a dream world of his own creation.

Bill experiences a welling up of feeling which he can't express to his fraternity brothers, to his sweetheart, or his family. The cold beauty of the stars in a winter's sky, the grace and gentle movement of the forest swayed by a summer's breeze, the still dignity of a tombstone arouse feelings which he can describe only in the rhyme and meter of poetry.

Ned wonders why people don't notice him. He considers himself a moderately intelligent person, moderately attractive, but nobody else seems to feel the same way about him. Ned drags out his typewriter and bangs out pages of words, feeling that if they should appear in print with his name above the words, there would be tangible proof of his wit and originality.

Edgar has been told that there's money in writing. He sees in writing an easy racket. He writes deliberately with the idea of making a living out of it. He has never had money, or fame, and this is the easiest way, he tells himself.

Samuel is unhappy because the "world's all wrong." He feels the urge to put the world on the track again and tell them how to be good and happy and useful. His writing, no matter how well disguised, is always a sermon, an evangelical message.

Perhaps with the sole exception of Edgar, the money grabber, every one of these types is a little bit queer. So it appears that the business of the college literary editor is to rout out these queer ones and show their wares before the multitude who are either queer in different ways or so nearly "normal" that their little eccentricities are submerged in a morass of conventional, habitual reactions and attitudes.

The editor can believe in the work that he is doing with his magazine because he can know that the literary craft is one of the most civilized and subtle of all crafts. The reader should be interested in examining what the editor gives him to read because he can know that no matter how circuitous the expression may be, the writing he reads is motivated by a queer and sometimes interesting little twist in the personality of one of his fellows.

—R.W.B.

## Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

### THE FAULT OF ANGELS

The fault of angels, writes young Paul Horgan in his prize winning Harper novel, is ambition. Yet it is, by and large, a poor sort of ambition exhibited in his satiric study of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester.

The most successful ambition is that of Henry Ganson, confused multi-millionaire donor of thea-

tres, symphony orchestras, and what-not along the artistic line. Even his hopes are somewhat dashed by the stiff, ungrateful reception accorded his gifts by the arty provincials.

A bewildering, shallow Russian exile, Nina, has the most annoying ambition of all. She blindly tries to have Ganson turn his plant over to the International Peace Foundation, seeks to console an unrequited lover by permitting him fleeting kisses, and generally mixes up the smug but comparatively regular community life.

Horgan, who worked at the Eastman School, discharges his shafts through the character of a general theatre handy-man whose own ambitions are slightly foolish and fruitless. If the author had chosen a more mature figure to trumpet his views he might have been more convincing. As it is, his condemning the institute as a polite racket worked by outworn singers, second-rate composers, and mediocre directors seems little more than the whimpering of a youngster who became peeved when his mates refused to coddle him.

Time was when the Harper Prize cut quite a literary figure. The present ineffectual and callow choice, however, coupled with the aimless *Brothers in the West*, indicates to some extent that sales value rather than merit determine the awarding of the blue ribbon.

The fault of authors is sometimes their publishers.

\* \* \*

### THE FIRST WORLD WAR

This is a real book. Just as a grandmother laid *Heart Throbs* on the drawing-room as a cultural ornament, so the reader of the present can treat Laurence Stallings' superb collection of action photographs of the recent catastrophe.

Stallings, who lost a leg in the war, has long been an active pacifist. His *What Price Glory?*, however, seems a pop-shot compared to these magnificently taken and developed scenes of every phase of the war. Despite a certain tabloid spirit in the catchy captions and arrangement, there is no question that in the pages of this book there is dynamite for the ardent sympathizers with the world peace movement.

\* \* \*

### THE WORLD JUST PAST

Titanic *Anthony Adverse*, Hervey Allen's novel in the picaresque spirit of the eighteenth century, swept all opposition before it to become the summer favorite. The pathetic but thinly spread picture of German depression, *Little Man, What Now?* claimed most of the early hot weather attention, while *The Mirrors of Wall Street* proved popular enough to make the publishers wish for a Morgan investigation every other month.

\* \* \*

### THE WORLD TO COME

As 1929 was the "farewell" year in books, so 1933 promises to be known as the "ah" year. Already Eugene O'Neill has produced his latest play of New England life, *Ah, Wilderness*, and from London comes Somerset Maugham with a novel titled, *Ah, King*.

Other publications which ought to be more than "just another book" would be *All Men Are Brothers*, Pearl Buck's translation of an eleventh century Chinese novel, John Galsworthy's post-humous completion of the *Cherrel Saga*, *One More River*, and the long-awaited, much-threatened autobiography of



Adolf Hitler, appropriately or otherwise captioned, *My Battle*. Houghton, Mifflin publishers had hundreds of letters swearing dire results if they brought out the book, but nevertheless the publication date has been set for the middle of the month.

## Diary of an Artist

By DON SHOEMAKER

FEB. 10, 1933—Well, I mailed it this morning, the manuscript of my prize novel, I mean. Of course I may not win the five thousand dollar first prize that the Harper folks are offering, but then maybe there is a second place and when they publish my novel a lot of royalty money coming in.

FEB. 20.—Here it is ten days since I sent in that novel to the Harper people, and no answer yet. Yesterday I went down to the corner drug store to look at the new fiction on the rental stands but I didn't see anything like my book. I guess they haven't had time to publish it yet.

FEB. 23.—Yesterday I was reading over a carbon copy of my novel and think it is even more O.K. than before which is a reason why I am getting so anxious. Maybe it is only a first novel, but look what Dostoevsky did with his first one. Anyway I am letting my beard grow a little, something like William Faulkner.

FEB. 29.—Well, all I can say is that the Harper company had better be careful or they are going to lose out by not reading my novel right away. If I should get somebody else to publish it and win the Nobel prize like Lewis, wouldn't they be sore! But maybe they are just taking a little extra time to consider it so I oughtn't to be finicky about it. I figure now that since I am going to be a successful novelist that I ought to have a secretary with maybe a Smith or a Vassar education so to be intellectual like me. I shall see about it right away.

MAR. 5.—All day I have been reading Shakespeare because I saw somewhere that Dreiser or Priestly or maybe it was some college professor said that every good writer ought to know Shakespeare up & down. There is one of them called "Tempest" which I think is the same name as a movie which was at the Palace last year. Anyway I got a swell plot from it. In my note book I got it all outlined: Miranda, who dances in a swell Broadway hot spot, falls in love with a young guy who is a Junior at Dartmouth or somewhere and is really an *incognito*, you know, a prince in disguise. Well, Miranda and her old man, who was a policeman but is now retired because of his siatica, get ship-wrecked when they go on a week-end pleasure cruise and land on a deserted island. Then the prince, who has come down to New York for the Army game borrows an airplane and rescues them off the island. It is rather jerky in places and doesn't seem to have what we artists call a *denouement*, but I think maybe I can work that up without any trouble.

MAR. 10.—Well, I am getting pretty tired waiting for Harper to accept the novel, so I think that I will get to work on a second one and thus when "Grains of Dust in August," which is going to be the name of my prize-winning novel comes out, I can have another one all ready for my publishers. Also I am pretty near finished reading Russian novels, which I do to get background, so I can work

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## Afternoon off San Pedro

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS

Dennys was holding the boat close to the ladder when I came down the pier. Mr. Ritten lingered in the shade of the Lodge fixing his tackle and whistling. I could hear him whistling all the time I walked down the pier. It was funny, the way he whistled. It had no tune. He would whistle half an hour like that and no tune in it at all. I stepped in the boat and went to the back to take the tarpaulin off the outboard. The tide was going out still. I could hear it pulling and sucking at the marsh grass along the mud flats. And the translucent coffee-colored current of the river was swirling down from San Pedro. Low tide would be in an hour. Maybe an hour and a half. That would be better.

"How long before low tide, Dennys?" I asked. He took off his dirty hat and wiped the sweat out of the black creases in his forehead. He was old and a negro, but he was a good fisherman. Dennys was a grand fisherman. He looked gravely at the water.

"Low tide in hour an half, Mr. Dayly."

"You sure, Dennys?"

"Co'se I'm sure, Mr. Dayly."

"All right, Dennys. Thanks."

I felt good. I was right. An hour and a half. That was good time. I gave the fly-wheel a couple of stiff turns to prime the cylinders. Then I sat down and waited for Mr. Ritten and looked at the water. It was clear and shallow and I could see the bottom easily. It was like a lot of fresh drip coffee with no cream in it. And right by the boat two blue-backed crabs were fighting over an old fish head. They scuttled this way and that beneath the boat. They were so absurd and solemn about it I had to laugh.

Mr. Ritten came down the pier. He had stopped whistling, but he was awfully hot. The perspiration had soaked all through his blue shirt. It was a hot day and there were no clouds.

He said: "Sorry for making you wait. Damned tackle." He handed his rods and box to Dennys and stepped down. "Damned tackle was messed up."

He was a big heavy man and when he stepped in the boat it wallowed around crazily. It made it hard for Dennys to hold it to the pier and set Mr. Ritten's tackle in place at the same time. But he did it. When I looked at the tackle I could see it was still pretty messy.

"It's perfectly all right," I said. "We've got plenty of time. Dennys says it'll be an hour and a half before the tide turns."

Mr. Ritten laughed. He laughed loudly and suddenly and Dennys grinned back at him.

"You know everything, don't you Dennys?" Mr. Ritten yelled. "Don't you—you old black bastard!"

Dennys grinned wider. Dennys' grin was nearly all gum with a timid scattering of yellow ivories. He looked sort of weird when he grinned.

"Think we'll have a squall, Dennys?" Mr. Ritten thought that because Dennys was very old he must be deaf. He roared everything at Dennys. But Dennys didn't mind. You could see he admired Mr. Ritten's big free ways. Everybody admired his big free ways. I did too.

"Think we'll have a squall?"

Dennys didn't answer right away. He looked

## Carven Girl

By F. E. HOWARD, JR.

*I dream a maid of lambent pearl on ebony reclining,  
Her breasts are coals,  
Her mouth is flame,  
Her throat is lucent shining  
In tumbled folds  
That glint of flame  
The opal flowing of her hair  
Falls about her shoulders bare,  
Her body slim,  
Her shining thighs  
The drawing peril in her eyes,  
Call to more than trunk and limb,  
Cry to the spirit of wild desire . . .  
My heart is springing molten with her fire!*

at the sky gravely for a minute as he had looked at the water for me.

"Not till late," he said. "no squall 'till late."

"You're not lying to me now, are you?" yelled Mr. Ritten.

"Nossuh!"

"You know everything, don't you?"

"Yassuh."

"You damned old black bastard!"

"Push off, Dennys," I said.

He pushed us out into the river with one foot and scrambled up on the pier. I turned in my seat and began hitching the whip cord around the fly-wheel. We were drifting a little up towards San Pedro.

"Give the girls in San Pedro my love, Dennys," yelled Mr. Ritten again.

"Yassuh."

Shut up, I thought. I wish he would shut up. And I pulled hard on the cord. But it didn't catch.

"I'll think about you, Dennys, when the bass begin biting. They'll miss you today."

"Yassuh."

I pulled hard on the cord. The motor caught. It set up a wall of sound around me that kept everything else out. I wouldn't have to listen to Mr. Ritten for a while now. Mr. Ritten always had to have his little joke. I caught the rubber handle of the steering rod and swung us around and headed down towards the Gulf. Mr. Ritten grabbed the sides as we went around. I looked back. Dennys was still standing at the end of the pier. I waved to him and he waved back. Then he turned and walked to the Lodge and went in.

The Lodge looked real nice from the water. It was built right in the point where the two rivers flowed together. It sat on the place where the bastion to the Spanish fort had been. The rest of the ruins were farther back under a big grove of oak and oleander. It looked kind of romantic and mysterious and I began to wonder about those old dagoes who had built it. Pretty brave fellows—those. The mosquitoes must have eaten them up. God, the mosquitoes must have been pretty terrible!

I was glad Frank Nichols had let me have the Lodge for this week-end to bring my boss down to. Frank is a swell friend to me, I thought.

The river turned and I couldn't see it anymore. There was nothing now but the tall marsh grass all around. There was a red channel marker straight ahead. It was a fine afternoon. I kept thinking what a fine afternoon it was. I didn't



want to think about anything else. It was hot, too. I could feel the sweat trickle under my collar slowly down my back-bone to my belt. But I didn't mind. Mr. Ritten was hot. He still held on to the sides and the sweat glistened on his hairy wrists. His blue shirt clung in a funny damp pattern all over the expanse of his back.

I began to notice that there wasn't any wind. Not a breath. And we were moving along well enough. Once when we rounded a bend suddenly, three little white egrets sailed up over the grass. It hurt something in me to watch them cut slowly upward over the green grass. Mr. Ritten turned to me and pointed excitedly. He opened his mouth. He was yelling something about a gun, but I couldn't hear him. The motor was making an awful racket, and all at once I began to see how quiet some sounds can be.

It was five miles down the river from the lodge to the gulf. The run in the boat took a little over an hour, and all I had to do was hold the metal tiller and watch the channel markers. It was really very simple. Sometimes I couldn't help but look at Mr. Ritten in front of me. There was a patch of red neck between the brim of his panama and his collar. The sun had blistered it pretty badly the day before. It was an awful red, and I didn't want to look at it. When I looked at it, it made me think things and then I began to feel sick inside. I didn't want to think about anything. So when we passed Fernando I was glad. It was a long open savannah with big clumps of trees. Once in 1880 there had been a town of four thousand inhabitants with a small spur railroad running down from Talahassee. But one day a tidal wave came in off the Gulf and drowned them all. Snuffed them all out just like that without any warning. Nobody lived in Fernando now; and the Government had made a posted bird preserve out of it. You could still see the depressions and outlines where the streets had run though. I thought it looked terribly alone and pitiful everytime I passed it. It wasn't as though it had been lived in and deserted. The sea had just swept it clean and gone away leaving everything empty and somehow unfinished. Dennys told me that the wild duck came up out of the south-west in the autumn, and at night the sound of their voices over Fernando was like those dead returned from the sea. I thought it was a beautiful way of putting it. It was a ghostly way; but it kept me from thinking about Mr. Ritten.

We had reached the Gulf. There was no definite change from the river. The river got wider and wider and there was the Gulf stretching to the right and left along the edge of Florida and before you as far as you could see. It was very still today. Still and polished like metal. I headed east across Fernando light house. We were going to fish for bass off Niggerhead. All the way there the water was so still and clear that I could see the sand banks below without any trouble. It didn't get really deep until you got off the banks, and we weren't going there.

When I could see Niggerhead good on my left I slowed up and turned the ignition off.

"Throw out the anchor, Mr. Ritten," I yelled. He turned and yelled back.

"O. K.!"

Then we both laughed. We had bellowed at each other as though we hadn't realized the motor

had stopped. It was funny. Then when he had thrown the anchor over board it took me several minutes to realize how quiet it really was. It was terribly quiet. Not a sound anywhere. Not a sound and nothing to see. Nothing but the guano platforms spaced regularly along the empty sea horizon in the south and Fernando light and Niggerhead in the north. It was like Mr. Ritten and I were the only things moving in all those miles of sky and water and empty stillness. He must have felt it too, because he didn't say anything for a long time. He just went ahead untangling his tackle. He didn't even curse. I opened the bait box and took out a couple of frozen mullet and cut them up into small pieces on the seat. Then I charged the two hooks on my line and pitched them overboard. It was easy to watch them sink down to the sand banks three fathoms below. But I didn't see any signs of fish moving around among the little clumps of kelp and sponge and weed growing all over the water floor.

"Well—that gets the damned thing!" Mr. Ritten looked at me sort of surprised as if he thought the sound of his voice was queer by itself.

"Here's some bait," I said.

"Obliged—any luck yet?"

I shook my head.

"Well, we'll bring 'em out in no time. They can't escape old Charlie Ritten when he gets started. No sir-ree!"

"I haven't seen a minnow."

"Wait'll they catch a sniff of this." He slung his line over with a big clumsy movement of one arm that rocked the boat. We sat like that for a while. There wasn't a bite.

"Sort of slow today," he said presently. "Must be the tide."

"Yes," I said.

"God—ain't it hot!" He flipped the sweat from his forehead and looked around. He stirred a little uneasily on his seat. "And it's quiet. I've never seen it so quiet."

"It's awful quiet," I said. I didn't look at him. I couldn't look at him. I was beginning to wonder how it could be so quiet outside of me with all that noise going on inside. I felt dizzy and all mixed up. I was afraid I was going to be sick. I mustn't think. I kept telling myself I mustn't think. But it didn't do any good. I couldn't get away from it, and I was going to be sick. I closed my eyes and grabbed the gunwhale next to me until it made my nails ache. The sweat poured down under my shirt. Then the line jerked between my fingers and everything stopped. I pulled up a violent little croaker and threw him on the bottom of the boat. Then Mr. Ritten pulled one up, and after that we were pretty busy. The tide had turned. It was bringing them in fast. Suddenly they stopped. We sat quiet again.

"Any more bait cut?" said Mr. Ritten.

"Sure," I said; "sure, Mr. Ritten."

"My God, Dayly, stop calling me *Mr.* Ritten. This isn't the office."

"No sir."

"Well stop calling me *Mr.*"

"Yes sir."

"How long you been working for me, Dayly?"

"Six years next November."

"Well that's long enough for any man to call me by my formal title. Drop it; this is a fishing trip. You brought me on it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well call me Charlie then. Let's hear you say 'Sure Charlie'."

"Sure, Charlie."

"Atta boy! Bill—atta boy. Now we can be real pals."

I didn't say anything. And it got terribly quiet again. I could hear my heart beat in it like it was the only thing moving there. Mr. Ritten lit a cigarette. I didn't smoke.

"The trouble with you, Bill," he said, "you've got no initiative. Not a speck. If you had, you'd have been calling me Charlie two years back."

"I know."

"I like you, Bill. That's the reason I'm telling you. No offense meant."

"I know it; it's all right."

"I want to see you get on. You've got it in you."

"Thanks."

"Sure you've got it in you. Why'd you think I changed you to the traveling department last month if I didn't think you had it in you?"

"I don't know." Shut up you fool. Shut up you damn fool.

"Go on! sure you know. That trip to Charleston proved it. I knew you could swing that Harrison thing if I gave you the chance. I was proud of you when you came back last Friday."

I was going all cold inside again. I could feel it creeping up the sides of my stomach. Why in the hell doesn't he shut up.

"Then I got other reasons for wanting you to get ahead in the business. You know—Edna. She's a damn fine girl—your wife—a damn fine girl."

"Yes," I said; "yes."

"She's deserving of the best, Edna is, Bill. Sometimes I wonder why I stayed a bachelor. You're a lucky devil, Bill."

Yes, I thought stupidly, I'm a lucky devil. A lucky devil. There wasn't room for anything else in my head. There was a slow screaming going round and round in it. And right through it I kept thinking; My God, can't he please shut up. It was like a chorus I was saying in a dream.

But he went on. Nothing could stop him.

"I suppose Edna told you I came by to see her while you were gone to Charleston. I was by your house last Thursday night."

"Yes," I said, and it wasn't my voice, "She told me."

"I stopped in to see how she was. I didn't like to think she was lonely with you away."

All the tearing noise in me kept getting so loud that I could hardly hear him. I felt the fish line slipping through my fingers, and I didn't care. It slipped all the way through. It was kind of funny the way I didn't care anymore. Then the sky started to come down. It pressed down slowly on me, and I could feel the sea pressing up to meet it and I was between them. I couldn't let them crush me between them like that so I reached down in the bottom of the boat and picked up the gaff. It was heavy and it felt good in my hand. Then I stood up. I stood up very slowly.

"Ritten," I screamed, "*Ritten!*"

And the sky pulled back sharply and the sea dropped down again. And there was no noise inside of me and no noise outside of me. Only terrible, terrible stillness again. I looked down at

(Continued on page seven)



## CARNIVAL

(Continued from page one)

ling lights in the other quasi-darkened mountains of man.

But Anthony did not dwell long on the American propensity for the garish-music from an invisible hand-organ, in perfect time with the certain undulations of the waves, poured forth from the stern. Anthony turned in his seat as a lithe, dark young girl, a rippling cape enclosing her with rhythm, a dark, even-brimmed panama at an angle on her glinting brown hair giving her slightly swaying figure verve and determination, leaned forward graciously and began to sing in a clear, light alto voice:

*"Gipsy fiddles are playing  
It is you I'll always adore  
Gipsy fiddles are playing . . ."*

The accordina welled a flawless accompaniment to the waves as they clunked out small sections of eternity against the prow. Anthony and Carlos sat in unaffected worship of accidental, unexpected beauty. The song—sentimental, and, in the cold light of reason, absurd—took on a deeper, almost spiritual meaning. Quiet, and at peace with the world and themselves, they drank deeply of the symphony that was the girl, the music and the scene.

When Anthony turned again toward the lake, a man-made sunrise, more beautiful than the most infinitely colorful of the concoctions of heaven, was looming over the squat dome of the Adler Planetarium. All the colors of the rainbow melted into a surpassingly beautiful halo for the head of science. The chilled marble loomed into heavy, chiselled relief against the red, blue green, orange and yellow fingers of the imagination, aspiring, like the dreams of man, to the heavens, and, like his deeds, glorious in their failure to achieve their goal.

All the thousands of lights on the exposition grounds were two lights—one fixed and brilliant on the land, the other shimmering and ethereal in the darkness of the lake. Out of the purple smoke that was Chicago the giant skeletons of towering buildings, like so many shoe-boxes, punched full of breathing holes and standing on end, loomed behind the boat.

Like a farmer stepping over rows dug for sweet potatoes, the little boat put row after row of waves behind it, drawing closer to the exhibition grounds, glittering playground of a nation. At so close a range the grounds had an air of tinselled and tawdry unreality. The noise made by hundreds of the country's finest dance orchestras polluted the air, the feeling of unpleasant dampness which is invariably associated with the too-close contact of many bodies shattered the repose aboard the *John D. Johnson*. But only for a moment. As the sturdy little ex-tug plodded along the length of the grounds, its cargo seemed to enjoy its aloofness from the hectic, fast-paced zest for life as it was lived under the glow of thousands of electric candles. Even Anthony and Carlos, realizing that by the following day they would be leading that nervous staccato-like life with all the zest that youth, novelty and an endless capacity for enjoyment could put into it, enjoyed the temporary wave of seclusion which swept over them and the unknown passengers with one current.

Out into the lake once more with the city and its

trappings behind the boat, the only division between the land and the lake seemed the waveringly distant point at which the moonlight stopped glimmering on the water. Out here the air was crisp and vigorous and the sensitive little Italian started to play once more, in a fresher and quicker tempo, as the boat, like a finely bred horse headed for the stables quivered with expectation as it dipped across the waves into the harbor. As they passed the high-water wall the decayed smell of backwater assailed their nostrils. The manifold odors of the city still stinging the tender organs in his nose as they entered the boat, Anthony had not noticed the scent which seemed now to lie damp and heavy upon the air. After an hour on the lake the pungent, rotten smells seemed to Anthony to typify all that baseness and vileness and poverty and degradation a great city can symbolize.

But glittering Michigan Avenue is a broad, fascinating facade—for there is much more which lies behind it possessed of no glamor—for Chicago, and as they sped up the spacious boulevard to the whirling of wheels, the honking of horns, the whining of brakes and the not far-distant grumble of the elevated, on the upper deck of a Fifth Avenue bus, Anthony and Carlos regained their limitless zest for living life to the fullest with as much pleasure as they had set it aside a few hours before.

\* \* \*

Down into the surly, restless midway the riksha plowed a relentless furrow through packed humanity. The newspapers had screamed their warning—"350,000 At Fair Today"—to Anthony at the entrance, but he was not concerned. And now in his assured, solidly expensive way he was enjoying the crowd far more than the crowd was enjoying him. The sturdily-built runner from Northwestern tugged along, occasionally shouting, "Way for the riksha, please," occasionally nipping the toes of a heedless or insufficiently agile pedestrian, and at every turn grazing women's dresses with a slippery rustle. Anthony, both hands clasped on his twenty-five cent ebony cane, slumped back in the chair, his sunburned face olive under the riksha awning, supremely comfortable yet mentally alert, and rather wished that the riksha would, Roman-like, run down a few of the unwashed.

"What," he demanded of the runner, "do they do in Shanghai if it's as crowded as this?"

The reply was brief. "Go like hell and run them down."

They were passing the General Exhibits group. In this one, Anthony reflected, a bucketfull of molten steel poured every few minutes from a bucket atop a model of the main plant of the United States Steel Corporation. Across the street, intelligent people selected magazines from the largest magazine rack in the world (How thoroughly typical of Chicago that was!) and settled down in comfortable modernistic chairs to dump ashes on the heavily carpeted floor of the most tasteful commercial exhibit on the grounds. Here, a curious public was invited to manipulate an adding machine, there, the celebrated Chalice of Antioch, which a famous New York critic and not a few other people firmly believed to be the Holy Grail, was on display for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. On one side of the thickly peopled street the Gutenberg press, a carefully authentic restoration of the original, destroyed by fire in the sixteenth century, brought from Germany for display purposes, was turning

out sheets of finely printed manuscript by hand; on the other, in the Spanish pavillion, hawkers sold trashy, American-made trinkets as "genuine imported Spanish joolery."

And Anthony loved it all! He liked the scared-rabbit expression in the eyes of the middle-aged couple from Podunk, Kans., clinging close to each other for protection against the unseen onslaughts of the multitude. The grim, exasperated dowager from the North Shore, who had apparently lost something ("The T. Warren Hendricks and their party will dress alike to avoid confusion.") amused him. The wistful old grandfather, who might have stepped out of the Casa de Bonnyfeather in Sorrento, telling his seven-year-old charge of the glories of the Fair of '98 touched him. He liked the colorful red and blue uniform of the strapping cop who watched, with steel blue eyes, the ebb and tide on the midway. And he wanted to thank the surprisingly young mother from Texas for her smiling endurance of the boundless curiosity of the twelve-year-old son tugging at her arm. He liked to hear the young couples giggle as they tirelessly inspected the houses of the future—their future and his! And he couldn't blame the enraptured young girl who refused to budge from a bench underneath the amplifier while the orchestra played her favorite tune of the moment. Sentimental rot, maybe, but any rot which could produce such an ecstatic expression on anyone's face had certainly justified its existence. He wished the croaking barkers and the wary, jaded hawkers all the luck in the world. He gleefully parted with ten cents for a huge box of crisp, buttered popcorn which smeared his face from ear to ear. He stood in line half an hour in the dazzling temple of food-stuffs to get a glass of iced tea with the compliments of Chase and Sanborn that he could well have afforded to buy in a fifth the time twenty feet away. He regarded the crude airplane in which—and on which seemed more descriptive—Bleriot first flew the English Channel with proper and altogether unsarcastic reverence. From a revolving platform he marveled at animated prehistoric animals in a semi-tropical setting, animals which growled and roared just as they did, according to the barker, in "The World A Million Years Ago." He rode up his first escalator three times, walking down each time as there was no corresponding descent. He liked the native Californian who stood in his state's pavillion, correctly observing that it was at once the most expensive and tasteful of them all, with a gleam in his eye which seemed to say, "It's all this and more, buddy, and you haven't lived until you've seen it." Anthony, who had never been to California, wondered rather vaguely if maybe the place might not be all the Californian thought it was.

After an hour of plodding through the crowded midway once the riksha boy put the handles down in front of the comfortable B. & O. exhibit. Anthony, waiting for his change, and mindful of an enthusiastic article on the riksha as the ideal means of transportation at the Fair, demanded of his human tractor: "You didn't happen to pull Alexander Wolcott, did you?"

"Nope," replied the fellow, "but I did have Robert Montgomery."

Anthony doubted that Robert Montgomery had enjoyed the Fair more than he. Without any scientific curiosity whatever, Anthony enjoyed seeing them make ash trays, Chevrolets, coca-colas, pancakes,



Puffed Rice, radio tubes, rubber tires, tooth paste, caricatures, and smeary pencilled likenesses of subjects who had been cajoled into taking home a picture of themselves as a souvenir.

And always there were people, people who laughed and talked and chattered, wandering about inspecting whatever interested them—on Byrd's ship, *the City of New York*, in the Pantheon de la Guerre, at the Odditorium, in the Planetarium, in the Electrical Building, up and down the Avenue of Flags, rambling over the endless decks of the Hall of Science—joking, quarreling, spending, wasting, eating, whistling, singing, loving, and above all, living.

Fascinating as were the grounds by day, they could not attempt to vie with the nights in glamor and brilliance. At night the harsh, over-colorful lines of the modernistic buildings softened in the gleam of man-made light. And the people seemed less curious, less alert and more at peace with themselves. But the keen edge of enjoyment was not dulled—it was sharpened, but no sparks flew from the hectic pace, save in crowded cafes of the Streets of Paris.

The signs in French—"Quai Voltaire," "Rue de la Paix," "Urinoir, Messieurs"—were the first things to strike Anthony's eye as he wedged himself in the gate at the Midway end of that widely advertised village. Down past the peep-shows he wandered, pausing casually to examine some lace and trinkets, supposedly imported from France, when the smell of hot food assailed his nostrils. Anthony was reminded that he had had no dinner, and that it was now nearly seven. He stepped on the revolving bar to see the diving exhibition, demanded a glass of beer, and surveyed the situation.

In the cabarets, low-ceiling, smoke-filled little restaurants bearing famous names—"Harry's New York Bar," "Cafe de Montparnasse," "Cafe de la Paix,"—heavily painted women sat on pianos and sang, or leaned, their satin-sheathed flanks pre-eminently visible, across the bars, or swayed to noisy orchestras with men whose names they neither knew nor cared to know, the dirty edges of their dresses catching the heels of other dancers on the crowded floors. The scene was crowded, smelly, dirty, vile in its manifold suggestions, but it was fascinating. It was cheap glamor and tawdry illusion, but it was striking and unusual. Over the sidewalk, heavily peppered with crowded tables in front of the Cafe de la Paix, leaned a balcony. Here a few less easily accessible, and hence not so well patronized tables, looked down onto the tank, and the stage for the cabaret show just below.

Anthony parted with a quarter for his glass of beer—they had demanded the same outrageous prices the night before in the Belgian Village, so he had come to take it as a matter of course—and made his way to the balcony of the Cafe de la Paix. The food was excellent, and Anthony divided his attention between the paid entertainers—the dancers and the divers—and the people, a spectacle in themselves, milling about in clumps, sniffing, like a pack of curs, now at a peep-show, now at a cabaret, and now at the smell of rotten whiskey. But when the eternal artificial gayety of the place palled upon him, Anthony reluctantly paid the bill and made his way toward the midway again.

He strolled along the boardwalk next to the inside of the lagoon. The myriad of lights on the spur of the island glowed and beckoned across the

dark water. Couples, mostly youthful, strolled and talked and sat and dreamed and made love. The amplifiers were not so loud down here. The music, like all music ought to be, was remote and suggestive, not noisy and insistent. . . .

Anthony indulged in a little dreaming on his own account, while the childish little gondolas of the Sky-ride edged across the sky. The view from the tower had been the most fun, seeing the buildings, and Chicago's skyline, from there quite a creditable growth in the last hundred years, and the little ants that were people moving up and down to no apparent purpose. And the best thing at the whole Fair had been dinner at the Century Club, the Blue Ribbon Casino. The dinner had been thoroughly Chicagoan—heavy and (for the times) expensive and over-elaborate—but the floor show had been the least bad of the lot, and the eminently respectable girls they had first flirted and then danced with had been pleasantly casual and amusing. Anthony's personal March of Time came to a sudden halt, and jerked back into the present, thanks to a barker, shouting, of all things under the sun, the virtues of repose and calm. "Take a restful gondola ride," he croaked, "n' see the whole fair grounds from the inside. Ride in a gondola over the cool, refreshing lagoon, Be on the water a whole hour. . ." It was an excellent idea, thought Anthony, as he hitched up his trousers, stretched out his legs, and dangled his cane idly over the side of the boat, enjoying the endless panorama of the Fair from the water. At one end of the lagoon, toward which they were now headed, rambled the circular deck connecting the far end of the island with the mainland. Across the deck, thronged with people, on the mainland side the Midway began, and extended, an endless line of lights and amplifiers, and side shows and restaurants and barkers and people, to the orange glow of the General Motors Building. The shrill whistle of a giant Pennsylvania engine notified Anthony that the first of the evening performances of "Wings of A Century" was over. That was a show worth seeing. The modern spirit and the classical tradition. On a broad, amply floodlighted stage, six broad white columns of Grecian simplicity, three to a side, framed, for the jammed and colorful grandstands, a pageant of transportation worthy of the ideals of a Century of Progress. Beneath a proscenium of depthless blue sky, with the black and restless waters of the lake for a backdrop, the costumed figures moved majestically toward progress in transportation. Drifting pleasantly on the lagoon, it amused Anthony to recall the most tasteful and vivid of the thousand details which Carl Sandburg called, collectively, "existence without inner form."

Having extracted full benefit from his reverie, Anthony returned to the present, or more specifically, to a contemplation of the Federal Building, one of the few on the grounds which did not seem to have been inspired by an unforgettable nightmare of geometric designs.

The allotted hour was soon over, and Anthony, confident—of what he did not exactly know—and rested, directed his steps toward the A. & P. Carnival. In no mood for marionettes, even Tony Sarg's, he made his way to the lake side of the pavillion and settled, with a glass of iced tea, into a chair to resume his speculations. But by this time the revolving stage had swung about and the Gypsies had begun to bleat forth dance melodies. Thoughtfully,

## DIARY OF AN ARTIST

(Continued from page three)

on the new one. My secy. thinks it would be a good idea. Oh yeah, I almost forgot to say that I had a secy. She is Margie O'Hanlon, who used to clerk for Rabinovitz and learned to be a secy. at night school. We were going to get married but lately I have been figuring that perhaps I ought to marry some one more literary or intellectual. I haven't told Margie yet.

MAR. 12.—Boy! Could I shout for joy. As sure as my name is Paul Elmer Morgan a big white envelope came through the mail this morning and what do you think? It was from Harpers, who are pretty smart after all. Yes Sir, they have accepted my novel and I have a check for five grand! There is also something about movie rights and a lot of other things financial connected with my great novel. I have referred everything to my secy. who will handle the business end of my literary career, since I should put Art before mere pecuniary gain.

MAR. 14.—Today I went to the bank to deposit my check. I found out that the publishers must have made some little sort of a mistake because the check was made out to Paul Horgan, instead of Morgan. But I guess that is all right because sometimes smart people like my publishers make mistakes. So I explained it all to Rollo Jackson who was a frat brother of mine at High School and he said that he figured it would be all right but he didn't know. "Just deposit it to my account," I told him. "Tomorrow I will send my secy. around to clear up any difficulty that might arise."

MAR. 15.—Since every good writer should sort of seek Nature to get inspiration for his writing I figured that maybe I could pick up cheap some farm out in the country for about five hundred dollars and maybe commune with Nature. I am going to make a sort of studio in the barn and put in panels of real old wood to make it look like a Flemish garret which I see by the decorating magazines that some of the big shot writers has. Anyway I am getting tired of Brooklyn which is exceptionally unliterary and should like the calm and repose of the farm to commune like I said and get inspiration. Since "Grains of Dust in August" is a sort of novel of the soil I maybe should have some chickens & cows so that I could sort of show the newspapermen and the photographers what my hero Eric Cheselwick, an English country M.P., is really like.

MAR. 16.—I am thinking now about writing a trilogy, something like Galsworthy. I should have two more novels just sort of along the theme of "Grains of Dust in Etc." and call them "Grains of Dust in June" and "Grains of Dust in September." Also today I figured that when I get to the country I will get up at six every morning and walk the fashionable Great Dane which I bought for an hour; then have a breakfast of hot scones and tea; then answer my correspondence until about eleven when I shall be dictating to my secy. the next novel. If I can commune like I figured with Nature I can make my prose sound like poetry and have a sort of limpid flow, if you catch what I

Anthony tossed the cigarette to the greedy, expectant lake, put down a glass of iced tea, and along with it his reflections, acquired a nicely dressed wench and began to dance. . . .



mean. Boy! If Miss Kelley who taught me Business English at P.S. 141 could see me now wouldn't she be sore for flunking me!

MAR. 17.—Well today I am all mixed up. Ma brought me a telegram which is apparently from Harpers, my publishers, and which I had better put down here exactly as I read it. "FOR GODS SAKES DONT GIVE ANY INTERVIEWS OR DO ANYTHING FOOLISH UNTIL A REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS HOUSE CALLS STOP DO NOT WRITE AGAINST OUR CHECK STOP THERE HAS BEEN A SERIOUS MISTAKE STOP." Now what do you make of that. Maybe they have made another mistake and the amount of the check may not be right. So I had perhaps better wait for it is not safe to get your publisher riled up at the start. Oh yes, I bought a case of good champagne yesterday to serve to my literary friends when the novel is published.

MAR. 18.—Well, I sort of hate to write all this down. Today the man from Harper's called and said that he was sorry but that they had made a mistake somehow through a stenographer addressing that envelope to the wrong person. Instead of sending it to a fellow named Paul Horgan, who the Harper's man told me wrote "The Fault of Angels" which won the prize, they sent it to me, Paul Elmer Morgan. Of course I am in a bad spot and have got to pay for that champagne and all. So I called up Mr. Rabinovitz and he wasn't mad anymore about me quitting. Maybe even I will get my job back working in the basement of his store. I guess if I work real hard I can get to be floor walker in about five years and marry Margie, who has stood by me in my hour of trial. Also I can maybe sell that champagne to Mr. Horgan, who may want some now that he will be a famous literary man.

## AFTERNOON OFF SAN PEDRO

(Continued from page four)

Ritten and he looked at me for a long time. Then he looked at the gaff in my hand and began to get up. He seemed to know and yet he didn't. He looked very stupid. His eyes looked out of his big red face and his mouth hung a little open. Then I hit him. I hit him hard across the temple with the gaff. He staggered a little, but he didn't fall. He just stood and looked at me stupidly for a moment and crumpled up over the side of the boat as if something had suddenly torn the back bone out of him. He didn't even splash. He just slid in the water and his legs followed him over with a little whispering sound against the wood. He sank very gently down through the water. I watched him; it was so clear. He lay on the golden bottom face down as if he were tired. He was terribly still and all of him was down there except his panama. And it floated at the side of the boat where I could have touched it. But I just stood there and looked down into the water for a long, long time.

I should have told him, I thought. It would have been fairer if I had told him that I got back from Charleston that Thursday night at eleven o'clock—instead of Friday. His car was parked in the driveway and my house was all dark. And I couldn't get in the front so I went around back and I heard him speak and Edna laugh out of one of the darkened rooms . . .

Yes, I thought, I should have told him that.

Then I sat down and twisted the fly wheel on

## Devils' Den

By ROBERT LEEPER

Quiet.

*Clamber down through the laurel bushes  
And part the limbs.  
Peer into the half-darkness of the place.  
Sniff the musty air.  
Hear the drip, drip, drip of water  
From the ledge above.*

Quiet.

*Here is where the crazy man  
Hid from the officers  
On the stormy night  
When ghosts walked the woods  
On forked lightning.*

Quiet.

*Some say bats lived here  
Before men found the place;  
And some  
That spirits of the night  
Made this their home.*

Quiet.

*The man with the twisted mind,  
Who crawled into shelter here  
Out of the blackness  
Of thunder and wet,  
Did he talk solemnly  
With musty bats and mildewed spirits  
Till the gray morning broke?*

the outboard to prime it. And what I did with my hands was strangely apart from my head. And when the engine caught I turned back towards San Pedro.

Only once I looked back. And I couldn't see the panama lying quiet on the water any more. And there was a squall with black thunder heads coming up out of the south-east beyond the thin distant line of guano platforms.

## O. HENRY'S HOME TOWN

(Continued from page one)

the place. The houses of its 2,500 inhabitants were set far back from the streets which in rainy weather became merely muddy roads. Those were Reconstruction days. Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee, the first carpetbagger to settle in Greensboro, wrote up the town and its leading citizens in *A Fool's Errand* (by One of the Fools), punning on the town's name by calling it Verdenton. Judge Tourgee lived at an old-fashioned estate four miles out of town on what is now the Friendly Road. Though he made himself, as Colonel Servosse, the hero of his widely read book, Thomas Dixon made the same character the villain of *The Traitor*, one book of his trilogy which inspired the picture, "The Birth of a Nation." Ku Klux threats and general unfriendliness finally drove Judge Tourgee out of town and O. Henry's cartoon of the angel-winged Judge flying northward with carpet bag in hand was printed in *The Patriot*. The lad was at that time seventeen years of age.

Will Porter went out to Texas, married, was sent to the penitentiary for irregularities in his accounts at the bank where he worked, became perhaps the leading exponent of the short story art. The City of Flowers, its sparkling brook now a sewer, became the Gate City, the Hartford of the South, the pivot of the piedmont. Its growth was due to the coming of the railways, the colleges, the churches, and the Jews.

It was in the late nineties when the Cones arrived with their millions, established the largest denim mill in the world, and governed their subjects with benevolent paternalism. The mill villages were outside the city proper, but their financial success was as a bait to other manufacturing enterprises. The town thrived and grew and became interested in bigger and better things. Uncle Clarke Porter's drug store was now known as Farriss-Kluttz. The State Normal and Industrial School, later to become the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, was on its way to becoming the third largest woman's college in the country. Schools for Negroes were unexcelled in any other town in the state. Proud of being the state's cleanest city as well as a center of learning, Greensboro longed to be the metropolis of the state.

Someone remembered O. Henry. Greensboro began capitalizing on his name. For some time after the O. Henry Hotel was opened the stationery was captioned "O, Henry." Joking editorial comment caused the letterhead to be changed to O'Henry. Some man in Winston-Salem declared that the correct way of writing the name was O. Henry. Greensboro retaliated by placing the hyphen between Old Salem and Winston of the tobacco factories. A memorial tablet was erected in the yard of the old Porter place on West Market Street, O. Henry's cradle was enshrined in the Public Library, Farriss-Kluttz Drug Company became O. Henry Drug Store No. 1 (Nos. 2 and 3 were located elsewhere in town), there was an O. Henry Drive, and an O. Henry Study Club. The old porticoed and steepled courthouse was torn down and Courthouse Square became Jefferson Square when the Jefferson Standard building reared its marble facade above the dingy red of the other buildings like a baby's first tooth. The morning paper featured the city's population in dog ears.

A mother and her five-year-old child were eating ice cream at one of the tiny black tables in the narrow O. Henry Drug Store No. 1. At the rear of the store was hung an oil painting of O. Henry, arms crossed over the back of a chair, a wistful gaze in his limpid blue eyes.

"Mama, what's that man sitting backwards in his chair for?" piped the child.

"Hush, darling," replied the mother. "He might hear you. That's the man that owns the store."

## II.

The tail end of the Florida real estate boom swept across Greensboro with its extensive residential developments, its miles and miles of recently paved streets, its many new and brick-veneered homes, its magnificent high school plant built in the woods northwest of town because certain men thought its situation there would enhance the value of their nearby real estate holdings. That was the beginning of financial troubles. The Cone-controlled Atlantic Bank and Trust Company merged with the American Exchange National Bank, stockholders in the latter losing heavily. A straight million dollars had been loaned to a visionary idealist who had turned it into artificial lakes with ancestral names and had installed himself as mayor of a satellite town which was never to be except in dreams. The United Bank failed, re-opened, failed again. The smaller fry were caught unawares, but an official who was in the know withdrew \$80,000 just before the bank closed its doors. The North Carolina Bank and Trust Company did not



re-open after the banking holiday. Greensboro was unique. For months it was the only city of more than 6,000 inhabitants in the entire United States that did not have a real bank. *Forbes Magazine* rated it as "D," the lowest rating given.

Beautiful homes were offered for sale at a fraction of their building cost. Garages which formerly had housed three cars now held one. Everybody was broke, dead broke, and there were several suicides. The majority of the people, however, went about their work, thankful that they still had jobs. Those people who had need of banks patronized those in smaller, surrounding towns.

The genial traffic officer on Jefferson Square blew his whistle to stop a motorist who had busted a red light.

"Look here," admonished the officer. "Don't you know you can't do that. Say, you must be from some hick town, anyway, driving through a stop light like that."

"Yes," admitted the offender, "I'm from Madison. But," he added as he drove off, "we have got a bank there."

It was late in the month of August before one of the old banks re-opened under a new name. In the meantime, a debutante whose blood is so blue that when she says "Gracious" the unknowing listener would think that she were trying to say thanks in Spanish was forced to rattle up to the Country Club in an antiquated flivver. And homes in staid old Fisher Park, which had been quite the place to live early in the present century, were turned into apartment houses or sold outright. And Greensboro's new post office, built by Hoover in appreciation for anti-Smith votes but dedicated by Farley, removed the last relic of O. Henry's days. The quaint old Logan place around which the youthful Will Porter played with his comrades was covered with ivy and had sun dials in its overgrown and shaded yard; the new Federal building looks like a Russian experiment. O. Henry would probably have called it the higher abdication.

## WORLD RESOURCES AND INDUSTRIES

(Continued from page one)

definition of the term resources. Generally thought of as being static and unchangeable, Dr. Zimmermann views them in the light of their dynamic significance. He differentiates, for example, between the iron deposit and the iron ore. Both possess the chemical properties of iron, but only the so-called "ore" is of economic significance. A resource, then, is a subjective concept, valuable only in terms of human appraisal, and useful only insofar as it satisfies human wants. The complexity of this definition will be recognized only when the reader sees the capacity of the human being to develop a keener, more critical appraisal of his environment, and his capacity to change and enlarge his wants. A resource, then, be it coal or sisal or sunshine is not static but dynamic, related today, even more than ever before, to myriad cultural, social, psychic, physical forces.

*World Resources and Industries* contains critical examinations of sample industries, agricultural and mineral. Fifteen years of research have enriched these studies with statistical data of great value. But this data is of only secondary importance. It serves, rather, the purpose of showing the need for an intimacy with facts which have a changing relation

## Bitter Lament

By WALTER TERRY

Slowly she gathered bits of dried sage-brush and placed it in a pile. Then, having set fire to the pyre, she took the baby in her arms and placed it in the blazing mass.

As the flames and smoke enveloped the child, she knelt down and raised her arms to the stars. "O mighty Spirit of my race, I offer you this son that I bore to a white man." She paused a moment and thought about this white man. In his possessive, white-skinned way he had taken her, an Indian girl. Then, when she was ungainly with his child, he went away, leaving her alone. And she had sat by the fields of fruitful maize, and watched with empty eyes the sage-faced lizards that paused, blocked by her giant form, then quietly turned and crawled off on another journey.

Her child had come, but she did not love it, for it was white. Oblivion and brooding gone, she had suddenly taken her son and gone into desert land.

Again she raised her voice to her Indian God: "Much has the Indian suffered from the white race. Now our race is avenged. O mighty Spirit, take this child as the Indian nations' sacrifice to you. And with his dying spirit, let also the white race die."

Nothing but ashes remained. Her maddened brain now saw in them the ashes of her race. Hopelessness passed through her. The father of the child was alive, the white race was still supreme, and she had borne a white child.

Quickly she gathered more sage-brush and lit it. And throwing herself into the flames, she perished.

to each other and vary in importance, than of giving these facts great inherent importance. However, it is possibly the very excellence of these separate studies and the extraordinary familiarity with and critical understanding of them that makes it possible for the reader to subordinate them to the larger principles which they illustrate. A lesser treatment of the same topics would arrest the attention of the reader to the immediate manifestation of the author's erudition.

The book falls into four general divisions. The first part considers the nature of resources, human wants and social objectives, arts, energy's place in the environment, an interpretation of land, the man-land ratio, and a study of resource patterns. The second part studies the agricultural resources of food, animal, fiber, tree. In part three minerals and machine industry are examined. Coal and iron, petroleum, water power, copper, other metals, the chemical industry, and waste resources are analyzed. Part four, called Foreground and Prospectives, discusses economy and conservation and finally touches some of the political implications of economic trends.

In a book of this scope it is obviously impossible to summarize the author's findings and conclusions except very generally. It is impossible to give the essence of important chapters. However, to be quite arbitrary mention should be made of Dr. Zimmermann's illuminating comparisons and contrasts in the wheat and steel industries. By analogy these observations reveal much of the cause for North Carolina's economic ills. Dr. Zimmermann's study of the man-land ratio in China and in Europe is instructive in understanding the related significance of man power, land, and capital equipment. The

chapters on coal, petroleum, and electricity, too, are of extraordinary interest because they show something of the physical framework, the skeletons, upon which the great corporate bodies have grown.

This book has aroused interest among candidates for the diplomatic service. This interest arises from the realization that there is no such thing as "political" statesmanship disengaged from economic statesmanship. The statesman is one who is an artist in social guidance. He is a man of foresight and idealism. He appreciates the significance of large trends. He is more than either a fluent visionary or an exacting technician. His leadership, if it be real and not specious, must be rooted in the soil of an understanding of physical and psychic reality. *World Resources and Industries* offers to the statesman as well as the economist and industrialist a useful approach to the problems of social change.

Relative to this comment upon the message *World Resources and Industries* carries to the modern statesman, one might point to the fact that Roosevelt's National Recovery Act conceives of resources in very much the same light that Dr. Zimmermann does. Both men have subordinated market forces, mere supply and demand and price, to the larger interests of the community. The community is here regarded as both producer and consumer, a community where there must be a balance of the two functions of production and consumption. Industries and resources have come to be appraised in the last few months not only for the price that they can command, but for the function they serve in promoting social health and the welfare of the individual.

Although Dr. Zimmermann insists upon an acknowledgment of physical facts, demonstrates their enormous formative importance, he never goes so far as to render the human intelligence subservient to their determinative forces. The book as a whole impresses one as offering a new attitude toward the totality of our environment. Instead of combating, of conducting a bitter struggle with Nature's resistances, Dr. Zimmermann thinks of our environment as an object of utilization, a powerful factor in our economic life with which the human intelligence can and must come to amicable terms.

Dr. Zimmermann's style is not easy to follow. This is not because it is arid or flatulent. Rather, is it because the richness of the content and the exactitude of vocabulary requires intense mental deliberation. This cannot be construed as a derogation of Dr. Zimmermann's style. If it were easy reading it would be weak soup.

In conclusion a few remarks should be made about the reception of this book. To quote from Charles Beard: "Dr. Zimmermann's book is, for many reasons, to be regarded as a significant contribution to American thinking in economics. It combines the latest and best thought of Europe and America in what may be called cultural geography and economics and is thus a trail breaker. It casts overboard the narrow specialism and empiricism so largely responsible for the sterility which afflicts our social sciences . . . it is great in conception and execution." Others, reviewers, geographers, economists, educators have been enthusiastic about the appearance of such a book. Iowa, Rutgers, Texas, and other universities have adopted it as a text book even though it was offered on the market only two and a half weeks before the opening of most autumn sessions.



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

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NUMBER 2

## Death in Chapel Hill

By JAMES BONI

October 15, 1933.

DEAR HAL:

We were too young for copy books, you and I, but in the copy books it was written that an honest confession is good for the soul. So I'm confessing to you. I remember well that you considered my coming down here a kind of fool's dream. You warned me that I would hear less good music here than I heard in the churches at home, that the faculty contained good men and true but also pseudo-ists, that the undergraduates were dullards, grade-seekers, or else unreliable geniuses, that it was a pleasant place to live though living was somewhat dear, and that whatever I did not to stay more than a year else it would be fatal.

You were right. I should have left at the end of the first year, sought greener pastures. But I stayed on, am in a rut, *cul de sac*, or what have you. So, I have observed, are most of the other residents of Chapel Hill. I shan't bemoan these last few years, unprofitable though they may have been, for I've learned much about people. There's an aristocracy here, you know, not intellectual but merely self-styled, and its members have yet to learn that breeding and graciousness bespeak the aristocrat more than bragging. The faculty, save for those few individuals who inherited or married money, exists in shabby gentility perhaps superior to that of the average college community.

Gossip runs rife. Wherever men gather there is discussion of the dissension just under the surface in this department or that, of the high cost of paving West Franklin Street, of the suddenness of the change of postmasters early in the year. The women talk of themselves and each other, never seeming to realize that they themselves are guilty of what they most severely condemn in others. There is much talk of the liberality of the place, but those who should be most liberal-minded are frequently the narrowest in their opinions. You remember why a then practically unknown economist who has since won fame refused an offer to join the faculty here. He was wise. They say you

## Franklin Street

By BRADFORD WHITE

Franklin Street,  
Franklin Street,  
Young men swagger down Franklin Street,  
Turn in the store for an ice cream soda.  
A man hung himself in South Dakota.  
Lord, he's done laid down his load,  
Laid down his load.  
The world is too full of skinny people.  
A worm has eaten the base of the steeple.  
There'll be a big crack in the street if it falls,  
There'll be a big crack in Franklin Street.

The looms of these last years  
Have woven robes for prophets.  
This land that is no wilderness  
Yet was a valley of strange bones,  
Where a man wandered in a multitude  
Of things and still was lonely.  
Call them a mist, a dream, these years  
Which came between us and our clearer

can do anything you want to in Chapel Hill, but a very intelligent girl of my acquaintance tells me she can't do several things she wishes because "people make little comments, you know." I think her excuse should be paraphrased, "little people make comments, you know."

Those who have lived here a number of years have a certain air of smugness. There is a caste system, with the oldest residents comprising the top layer and they're none too anxious to take the stranger into their homes unless he is a paying guest; and they make him pay well for Ancestors and Antiques. They will ignore him until they want him to do something for them or vote their way; then they will wear an ingratiating smile. But I have learned not to think too harshly of them since they are prone to judge a person by their standards rather than his own which are usually of a different calibre. They remind me constantly of that translation from the Persian: *Woo not the world too rashly . . . for it is a faithless and inconstant thing.*

So it's true that I've stayed long enough to die a slow death of ambition, initiative, desires. Around me I see pompous people, puffed up with their greatness which is small, denouncing

selves.  
If for tomorrow we crave more  
Than laughter, take it with no surprise,  
Bright street. Some may come quietly here  
For a vision; Not for a show of new wings  
On celestial creatures, but for an image of man  
That we can believe in,  
Something to put hands on, at last.  
Franklin Street,  
Franklin Street,  
Young men swagger down Franklin Street,  
Turn in the store for an ice cream soda.  
A man hung himself in South Dakota.  
Lord, he's done laid down his load.  
East-running street and street to the west,  
What answer shall you give this man,  
What answer?

their colleagues perhaps, and behaving in manner astonishingly childish for holders of so many and such awe-inspiring degrees.

But you were not entirely right. The most delightful people I've ever known live in Chapel Hill. They are just as superlative in their way as the other residents of the village are in theirs. And I would not have known the delightful ones had I gone away at the end of that first year. Life grows continually more pleasant, and I manage to be comfortable at all times except when doing my daily stint of work. And there are a few people here, people who stroll beneath the hallowed oaks of this village, who are so fine and good that just to see them, pass them on a gravel walk, or answer their cheery "Hello" makes one want to quote Browning. That's the effect Chapel Hill has on one who stays here for several years. Whenever I shall eventually assert, as many people here do, that I could never be happy anywhere else on the face of the earth because I've held a job here for an interminable stretch of time, then you shall make ready for the autopsy, for I shall be completely dead.

Yours,

J. B.

## Snow

By VIRGIL JACKSON LEE, JR.

Manning raised his head slowly and sniffed the air; his keen eyes searched the heavens with painstaking thoroughness—and he sighed, not a sigh of relief or longing, but a sigh of exasperation. Snow! He had been on the trail of the criminal for six days now and each day seemed to point to the coming of a blizzard—and still it had not come. Manning didn't worry about blizzards; his many years as an officer of the Canadian Mounted had hardened him to such routine affairs. But after all, a snow-storm was something to be taken into account; it was formidable in its fashion, and could be extremely ill-tempered at times. It wasn't the blizzard *per se* Manning was concerned about; he was worried over the increased possibilities of losing the trail under such circumstances.

The "Mountie" (the term was misleading in his case, for he was using a sledge and dogs) pursed his thin lips reflectively and then shook his shoulders to arouse himself. It was becoming increasingly difficult to maintain the pace; Manning realized this. He had been traveling almost due north from the beginning of the hunt and the snow was ever becoming deeper. True, he could follow the trail better now, but his initial fervor of pursuit was fast waning in strength.

From the very first day of his setting out Manning had experienced a peculiar foreboding of ill-fortune. There would have been nothing particularly unusual about such a state of mind had not the person been Rex Manning. Of all the troopers in service Manning was reputed to be the most cold-blooded, the most self-confident. Perhaps this strange feeling was due to an over-seasoned beef stew or a stale pot of coffee. Whatever the reason, Manning had experienced a decidedly squeamish sensation as he whipped up his team for the chase . . .

As the first few scattered flakes of snow began to fall, Manning halted his dogs and made a careful observation of the terrain stretching out before him. He was on the edge of a sloping hillside from which the trees gradually fell away to the right and then came around again in a sweeping curve, making a dark smudge on the far horizon. Straight

(Continued on page six)



# The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....MARCUS FEINSTEIN

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1933

## WE TAKE THE WHEEL

Little less than three weeks ago the thought of becoming editor of The Carolina Magazine would have provoked in your writer a hearty laugh. But he returned from a protracted week-end trip one Tuesday morning and found his name graciously in the headlines as the "sole nominee" who had "automatically" become editor of the campus literary magazine. If his job could be performed with the automatism of his election, the somewhat inglorious position of editor would give him little room for complaint. But here we are—editor—so what?

The Carolina Magazine was founded to perform two functions; to encourage those on the campus literarily inclined and to serve as a medium for placing their work in print; and to provide the undergraduate student body with a readable, interesting magazine that could include in its limited columns articles, poems and stories of general interest. It would (in its present form) leave news to the Tar Heel, humor to the Buccaneer, and a review of campus activities during the year to the Yackety-Yack.

From 1844 until recent times, the Magazine has done just that. Its only other function in this period (excepting the incumbency of Editors Barnett and McClure) has been to serve the dormitories and fraternity houses with perfectly good bath mats. "Here is that damn Magazine," many would cry on Sunday morning. And in our candid opinion it was just that.

But 1933 is the Year of New Deals, not only in politics but in liberal, unbiased and courageous journalism. The 1933-34 Magazine editorial board is cognizant of this journalistic revolution, and to the best of its ability feels duty bound to give the campus an example of a new type of journalism, free from the dictates of petty campus politics, unencumbered by the conventional embarrassment that liberal thought

may induce, and feeling totally equipped to present in a moderately literate manner the work of a surprisingly large coterie of young writers.

Without relegating its literature to an entirely provincial background it shall attempt to exploit creative literature of the South, for it is from this section that America is beginning to produce her best writers. In its pages it hopes to present a certain modicum of humor, subject always to the dictates of taste. It is interested in creating recognition on the campus of the ballad form in poetry and in the short story in fiction. Its book reviews will be new, original, and when possible, concerned with works of major interest. Most of all the Magazine shall foster the "critical estimate" or essay form of analysis in searching the background and significance of problems concerning the undergraduate and his institutions.

The editor, whose chief literary deficiency is that he cannot write, finds himself pilot of America's oldest college publication almost over night, as it were, and readily admits that his planning is, at the best, vain altruism.

He begs your indulgence.

## SCIENIENCE

By ROBERT W. BARNETT

It appears to me that the trend in the arts today is away from descriptive treatment of subjects. By descriptive treatment, of course, I mean mere representation of appearances. In writing we find this kind of treatment done by a man like Dos Passos with his unquestionable genius in assembling detail effectively. In music we find the honking of the taxi horns in Gerschwin's *An American in Paris* illustrative of this artistic method. In painting the exquisite accuracy of a Meissonier depends, for its meaning, upon its object alone.

If at one time an artistic creation was deemed beautiful if it were moulded with painstaking craftsmanship, the day when mere craftsmanship, the mere fitting together of obvious details, has passed. The creation may dazzle, but at the same time, behind the surface show of brilliance may be vapid nothingness. Art can no longer be regarded as mere manual dexterity whether the medium be words or paints or stone. Art is a great deal more than that. It is the distillation of meanings, the searching out of the significant, the divining of motive, and the setting down in expressive form of the discovery of the artist's mind and soul.

Whether the average reader is conscious of this relatively new approach to the arts or not he recognizes the creation

which reaches below the surface and is excited by it. How often has a reader read through a story which begins with some such sentence "the sinking sun was a ball of molten fire, the tall pines speared the flames in grand contempt of etc.," continues with "he loved her" and then concludes with the statement that "the sun set upon a dying love, etc." And when the story is completed the reader says, "What of it?" He knows no more about any of the characters than he did before he began his story. If there was a plot it was merely a convenient framework within which he practiced various interesting word manipulations. But let the reader see an O'Neill play or a story or sketch by any of a number of good writers who are interested in tearing away the unimportant and grasping the motives and determinatives behind and the reader lays aside the book or paper to feel acutely the thrill of a discovery, the thrill of a revelation of things beyond.

It is not enough to see clearly what is and describe what may be seen by anyone with literary skill. A thousand painters during a half dozen decades have been able to see nature, see faces, bodies, and hands, and paint what all their friends could see, but it was for Cezanne to take the same objects and impart to them an intellectual meaning and an emotional message which was more significant and more beautiful than the work of his predecessors.

If it can be said that there is one overwhelmingly important object for the serious writer it is this: To thoughtfully search out motives, to discover the determining forces which lie behind the obvious and make even the obvious interesting and unique, and to give these discernments simple, straightforward, but vivid form. It is not the good fortune of every writer to be able to disregard petty non-essentials. However, many possess the capacity without ever exercising it, refusing to exercise it largely because they are ignorant of its importance.

## Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

*Ah, Wilderness!*

Gone are the neurotics, masks, dynamos, and extra five and six acts that have typified O'Neill for the past six years. In his latest play there are no tricks, few ideas, and precious little that even remotely resembles the O'Neill recently hailed as the greatest of American dramatists.

*Ah Wilderness* is a hasty look at adolescent strain in a small Connecticut

town at the turn of the century. After a dozen characters have done with the slang of two decades ago, and the father and mother dry furtive tears for their lost youth, O'Neill has said absolutely nothing enlightening on a vital and provocative subject.

The writer himself solved adolescent strain by tossing beer bottles into President Wilson's Princeton window and shipping for the four corners of the earth. In effect, he advocates similar personal solution on the part of youth rather than interference or half-baked guidance of parents. All of which has been said well and often since O'Neill has been writing plays.

Among many of O'Neill's readers there has always lurked the suspicion that he was primarily a dramatist who gained his effects and popularity by a flashy unorthodoxy, the sea plays and *Beyond the Horizon* excepted. The staleness and inconsequentiality of the writing and small thinking of *Ah Wilderness*, his first normal piece in years, go a long way toward supporting this view.

The single notable feature of the play is the creation of one of the few genuinely lovable characters in O'Neill, Miller, the severe but discerning publisher-father, who admits that raising a family is an art rather than an accident. Human, humorous, and sincere, Miller dominates the play, far overshadowing his Swinburne-struck son.

Perhaps there are important conclusions to draw from the low calibre of the play, and then again, perhaps O'Neill was merely enjoying a sentimental afternoon off. In either case, a keen disappointment is unallayed.

—O—

*Give Your Heart to the Hawks*

There is no trifling in the writing of Robinson Jeffers. Every line of this long, powerful poem strikes home with piston-like effect. At times the reader is left somewhat breathless and weak before the terrific strength and vitality that marks Jeffers' conception and expression.

The poem has as its theme a favorite Jeffers subject—remorse. In this case it springs from Lance who has murdered his brother for loving his wife. When the wife refuses to release him or denounce him publicly for his crime, retribution in the form of mental torture sets in and tears hawk-like at Lance's vitals.

It is a strong pessimism that pervades the work of Robinson Jeffers. Primitive, almost savage, it tends to destroy the soothing effects obtained from the poet's fine sensibilities to nature. *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* is a magnificent testimony of modern doubt and despair born out of something far grander than sophomoric sophistication.



*The World of Ideas*

In *The Meaning of Fascism* John Strachey expresses the belief that Fascism is the greatest present menace to Socialism in that it represents the last attempt of capital and political power to organize against labor.

Overstreet comments in his new volume, *We Move in New Directions*, "Nothing constructive or revolutionary will really be accomplished anywhere until the outworn concept of group loyalty is thoroughly discarded."

## The Golden Trash of Ogden Nash

HAPPY DAYS—By OGDEN NASH. 161 p.p. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.00.

(Reviewed by D. C. S.)

Ogden Nash of "Free Wheeling" fame And another tome, "Hard Lines," by Name,

Breaks forth this week in a vertible rash And contributes more of his golden trash.

For "Happy Days" are here again (Two bucks cash per copy of same)

Oh rax . . .

The tax . . . !

Your critic ventures that these new rhymes

Will ring the bell a million times,

For Ogden Nash is at his best

In diatribe or bitter jest . . .

And if you think he hasn't got material enough for some swell lines on intimations, of immayorality

Remember Tammany, Joe McKee, La Guardia, and their campaign in the greatest U. S. municipality

And how he rakes the fads, fashions and social system over the coals

With allusions to bare-backed gowns, democracy, Mr. Borah and the Vanderpoles.

You gather by this time

That we think it's fine—

As do Harpers and Izzy Patterson and George Britt and W. Soskin

And a dozen others who enthusiastically clump the toscin.

But the London Times Literary Supplement

A highly efficient cultural umplement

Says smugly in a few short lines—

"Humorous verse which would be improved if the author took more care with his rhymes . . ."

Mr. Nash is indubitably a Swift, or perhaps a modern Juvenal,

But in order that the reader may prove it all,

Let him gaze

Through "Happy Days" . . .

In re of which we don't blame Simon and Schuster

For crowing like a rhuster.

## Beautiful Lady

—A Story—

By VERMONT C. ROYSTER

It was, of course, Jean who suggested that we go to Schmidt's or Smitty's, as she called it. At least, I should never have thought to ask her to go there with me, although it was I who had told her of the character of the place.

She had only been in Berlin a day and so when, by way of being conversational I happened to mention Schmidt's—well, she immediately decided that she wanted to go there. And Jean was that way. Anything that savored of adventure or might be such as would shock the maidenly aunt her family had sent along as a chaperone was certain to fire her to action. I had known Jean back in the states—she was from Asheville, North Carolina—and I had bumped into her in the Continental the day before while I was sending a cablegram to celebrate an anniversary. The aforementioned aunt turned Jean over to me because she knew me to be a very moral gentleman, although morality was something Jean was hardly searching for at the time.

Anyway, Tuesday night—it was the fourth of July—found us at Schmidt's for supper. Even if you've been to Berlin you probably don't know where Schmidt's is. It's just another one of those queer little saloon-bars built in a basement which one finds so plentiful on the side streets. This one was only two blocks up *Fredrickstrasse* off the *Unter den Linden*, and it really wasn't as bad as it looked.

I've forgotten just what we had for supper, but I do remember that Jean drank a little too much; she always grew more affectionate when she got lit. The trouble here, though, was that the affection strayed away from our table and chose for its victims a gentleman sitting in the corner alone. He looked to be about thirty or perhaps younger, and while he was nice looking enough in a rough way he gave the appearance of one who had absorbed too much beer during the past few days.

As for myself, drinking intoxicants and especially the complete absence of temperance ruffles my disposition, and so it was with alarm that I noticed the interest the stranger was arousing in my companion.

"Darling," she said, and I knew then that my fears were justified. "Do be a dear and ask the gentleman over to our table. I know he's either English or American. The loneliness in his eye moves me."

"That loneliness," I replied, "is the result of the artificial stimulation resulting from the excessive use of alcohol, bringing about an enlargement of

the pupil." But she looked at me so sweetly that I acquiesced, for after all her eyes were brown.

It was old Schmidt himself who brought the gentleman over. To Jean the stranger offered a bow, then took his seat in silence and without even a nod to me. I signalled Schmidt to bring us three beers, though I doubted the advisability of our new guest's consuming any more. With the arrival of the beer Jean put her hand on his and said softly: "Please."

"I am," he began, "the unhappiest of men." Then stopped.

Again, but this time more softly and more sweetly: "Please."

He drained the stein in a gulp, and the loneliness in his eye increased. "The unhappiest," he repeated, "of men." Here he paused and for the first time deigned to look my way. He settled back and began his story:

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful lady. So great was her beauty that but to gaze upon her made men fall upon their knees and offer to her their very souls. To describe her beauty even the poet and that great moving finger would find the words to lie beyond the field of dreams.

"Such was her beauty that they who saw her loved her, and they who loved her lived only to possess her, even were it but to hold her in their arms for but a moment. Theirs was a desire which drew them on and left no peace, no end to the vanity of their dreams.

"Then one day there came into her life a man. The other's had stood around outside her life, but this one entered in the door. Not that she loved him. Such would have been too much even for him to dare dream of. But that she liked him was a certainty, though it may have been the whim of a child for a toy—who knows? But wherever she went, there you might find him. To be near her, to have her touch him, to taste the sweet ecstasy of her hand against his lips opened up a world of happiness so complete, so intense that by its very intensity it seemed to consume his whole being.

"And then one day she was gone. She had met a man, a dark man with the flash of life in his eye. And she was gone."

Here the stranger paused again, and a lone tear trickled down his cheek. Her eyes too were filled with tears, and I somehow forgave him for the loneliness in his eye.

The stranger arose, and bowing to Jean turned to make his departure.

"I," she said, "am so sorry. Such a loss is only for a brave heart."

"But I," he replied, "am he who married her." And with that he left.

But then, this is an old, old story.

## The Wind Laughed

By TOM WALKER

*To what end? . . . and where shall be the end?*

*In the straight-jacket of our own*

*thoughts we struggle,*

*groping hungrily for a glimpse of that faraway spot once*

*seen, but lost and forgotten behind a wall we ourselves*

*have made.*

*The wind rises . . . the shutter opens. . .*

*Vaguely the open spot shines greenly in the sun . . . we*

*fight to shout . . .*

*Then the shutter swings, and darkness comes again as the*

*wind laughs . . .*

*Where shall be the end?*

## Danny

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

It was warm in the country store. Even though the north wind howled outside, the little stove in the center of the room shed a glow that spread to the farthest corners, and was to be felt even in the kitchen in the back, when the door was open. It was warm, and it was comfortable. Moss Etherby sat in the deepbacked rocker by the stove. A folded newspaper lay in his lap, and the horn rimmed spectacles that he used for reading were settled precariously on the tip of his nose. He leaned back with his eyes closed. It was getting dark long before it was time to turn on the light.

Behind the counter sat his buxom wife. Every once in a while, she would pause in her knitting to glance over at her husband. She had a hunch that he would try to get away for a game of poker after supper, and she was keeping a wary eye open for some proof. Suddenly she stopped the clicking of her needles, and looked up.

"Hanging around in your vest the way that good for nothing Matt Robinson does." She sniffed, wrinkling her nose, and drawing one corner of her mouth down. He was silent, and she, as if not expecting to answer, went back to her work. Then she looked up again.

"You know that O'Flaherty woman that moved in on Elm Street last week?" Mrs. Etherby seemed to have forgotten her anger of a moment ago, for she leaned forward in a confiding manner, and almost whispered at him.

"She was in here this morning while you was on your way to town. She talked . . ." here Mrs. Etherby nodded her head in confirmation of her own remark. "She talked to me for one solid hour, an' me tryin' to give the Uneeda man my order." Mrs. Ether-

(Continued on page eight)



## Carnival City

By NELSON LANSDALE

(This is the second of two articles on The Century of Progress Exposition and Chicago.)

The enigma that is sprawling, towering Chicago has puzzled far keener minds than Anthony's. He could not decide whether the city was more childish than the Exposition or less so. Certainly it was less cosmopolitan, for the babel of foreign tongues which spluttered on all sides added, not to the city's doubtful charm, but to its confusion. Always, day and night, it emanated a roar. The other cities Anthony knew grumbled by day and growled by night, but not so with Chicago, which gave forth continually the healthy roar of a Colossus awakening from refreshing sleep. Chicago was healthy and American and proud of it, full of the self-confident arrogance and puzzling contradictions of adolescence. Beside it, the cities of the East seemed a little shame-faced and degenerate. And only here and there were there any indications of its coming maturity.

When Anthony's mother lived in Chicago, Marshall Fields was the most beautiful store in the world. In twenty years not the store but the times had changed, and as Anthony, seated in the Mission Room waiting for lunch, peered over the balcony into a peristyle which extended downwards for perhaps eight storeys, he was struck not by brilliance, but by an inescapable feeling of solidity. It seemed strange in the flighty uncertainty of Chicago to find such a fixed and permanent institution. Here, at last, was something that Chicagoans could, and apparently did, swear by.

But they certainly could not swear by the food. Anthony did not remember having had an entirely satisfactory meal since he had been in Chicago. It seemed strange that in the "hog-butcher for the world" that steak had to be tough. Disgusted, Anthony paid the bill and set out to find Jo Davison's bronzes of modern English authors in the bookstore. They didn't sit well on a practically empty stomach. Wells and Bennett looked like nothing so much as a pair of owls, and Huxley looked like a bespectacled crow. And there were others, equally bad.

After Jo Davison's English authors, it was with some misgivings that Anthony headed for the Art Institute. Anthony could not believe that even the biggest butcher in the world could have acquired artistic sensibilities in the short span of one hundred years which stood between the throngs he edged his way through downtown and the tiresome little settlement of Fort Dearborn he had seen reproduced on the Fair grounds. But the hoary, smoke-bearded

lions at the entrance reassured him, and he ambled up the sweeping marble stairs somewhat complacently for a young man who had just parted with twenty-five cents for the completion of his cultural education. Once at the top of the stairs, his nonchalance deserted him with the speed of light. It was as if his complacency had been unable to make the grade, and had been left panting behind, six steps from the top.

And the room at the head of the stairs was dominated by six El Grecos, the pride of the Institute's collection, and he instantly recognized the work of the master Spaniard. Their spell descended upon and enveloped him, and from that first momentary impression Anthony was forever afterward determined in his own mind as to the greatest artist of them all. Something in the erie, half-mad blues and greys and greens of the figures caught, and secured, his imagination. If infinity there was, these were its colors, these fantastic dimensions its proportions. Beside them, the priceless square which was the handiwork of Leonardo da Vinci, the really fine collection of modern French art, and even Whistler's portrait of his mother, dwindled into insignificance. Though knowing nothing of art, Anthony felt, as Gertrude Stein would say, the "bell within him ringing" as twice he returned through an apparently endless maze of Picasso and Matisse to the rectangular room at the top of the stairs. Even the soft, infinitely refreshing blues of the Wedgewood ware left no such impression upon him. Dutifully, Anthony did the rounds of the entire gallery, accepting and rejecting, and absorbing. Anthony passed the lions on the way out, a little subdued, a little more thoughtful, with the air of one who has learned a great lesson by experience. A hundred years was a pretty long time after all . . .

Next day Anthony sat in the heavy, over-elaborate lobby of the largest hotel in Chicago and alternately cursed himself for having checked his bags here, of all places in the city, and read into an editorial in the *Tribune*.

Suddenly his eye caught the date at the top of the paper. It was his birthday. Trust him to forget it.

And Anthony had not planned to eat any great amount of dinner that evening. He had gone to Chicago with the understanding that he would return only when his finances were exhausted. And, on his last evening in the city, he was not far short of the mark. Anthony regarded his pocket-book for some time, counted the change that had rattled in his pockets, and thought for a minute "Sure," he said to himself, "I can do it. After all I can eat breakfast late and not have any lunch. Who wants lunch anyway?

And anyway, you only have a birthday once a year." And so Anthony, with his taxi fares on both ends, his breakfast, his magazine, and his tip to the porter all figured in exactly, marched up the stairway into the lofty-ceilinged dining room—where Oggie Nelson was playing—and sat down.

Anthony began with Bluepoints and waded through sherbert with his steak to parfait with demi-tasse, and enjoyed it. For one thing, the music was excellent. For another the dinner was nicely served. And for a third and overpowering reason, the people were—as always for Anthony—a fascinating conglomeration drawn together only by circumstance.

Outside the long French windows the Michigan Avenue traffic rumbled and growled and shrieked, and from the tops to the Fifth Avenue busses row after row of people craned their necks for fleeting glances into the lives of the other half. Anthony felt that the dinner party seated in the broadest of the windows must have felt like fish in the aquarium. They made a quiet clatter with their silver, and a great pretense of eating. They were under the strain of keeping up a pretense of gaiety, not only for themselves, but, placed at the most conspicuous table, for the whole dining room, and when an enameled face dropped into repose for an instant, the strain was perfectly apparent. Then there was the couple who obviously did not belong, and who were celebrating a trip to the World's Fair with a dinner at Stevens, and who were lost in themselves doing a little hop, skip, jump and slide step, which careened them, though perfectly sober, in the course of time, into nearly every couple on the floor. Though she wore a flimsy, ill-designed dress of the fashion prevalent about three years ago, and though his hand, the one holding hers, looked like nothing so much as the frozen tail of a halibut in the big tin case which held fish on market days at home, they were obviously the only people who were sincerely enjoying themselves on the floor. They were getting a great deal more out of life at the moment than, for instance, the nicely dressed son of one George Babbitt, who felt himself immeasurably superior to the largest hotel in Chicago. No doubt he had been to college! At any rate, there he was, a slightly bored look in his watery blue eyes, pushing around a girl who just missed being on his own social level. Every swish of her white-satin flanks, every swirl of the dress at her heels betrayed her self-satisfaction, betrayed the fact that she was convinced that the boy, the hotel and the dinner were perfect. She was a pretty little thing, too, and deserved a better lot than her jaded pseudo-sophisticate.

## Cripple Creek

(Stringfield)

By ROBERT LEEPER

*A dandelion moon  
found the lip of the valley  
while they were lost  
on the lonely road;*

*"And the madcap ripples  
of the cool dark wind  
tousled their hair  
and sang."*

*Above and below,  
on the banks by the roadside,  
herding the moon-gold asters in fields,  
ran a two-rail fence of cricket-song;*

*"And the thin moonlight  
lying under the wind  
and the high white stars  
hanging over the dimness  
were shadowy voices  
that sang with the wind and the night."*

*Pressing the dust of the road  
with their feet,  
beating the lonely miles with their song,  
they passed;*

*"In the mad moonlight,  
goin' down Cripple Creek,  
goin' down Cripple Creek  
to have a good time."*

Mentally changing the subject, Anthony sent the waiter over to request "Love Is The Sweetest Thing," which had not, at that time, as yet been played to extinction, and presently the "old, old story" floated through the smoke-hung Chicago air to the ears of fifty million listeners. Then he turned his attention to the little wisp of a tango dancer, and her bored, dreamy-eyed emasculated partner. She was giving him hell, evidently going as far as she dared. Once his eyes flashed, and he looked like he was going to hit her—nothing would have pleased Anthony more—but he apparently thought better, or worse, of it and resumed his nonchalant indifference until the orchestra struck up a tango, the signal for their entrance. As they swayed in the sensuous rhythms of the dance, his dark eyes, passionate and tender, intent upon her, it occurred to Anthony that they could both act as well as dance.

When the polite ripple of applause died down, Anthony rose, trotted out briskly past the commercial traveler in a blue shirt, (seated in the corner and obviously bewildered and ill at ease amidst such expensive gayety where he remembered none before,) skipped nimbly down the broad stairway, acquired his luggage from the checking room, mumbled "Grand Central" at the starter, and sank back in the taxi.

A few minutes later a snake, dotted with phosphorescent spots, lurched and



rumbled through the blackness of a mid-western night, spewing forth great gobs of smoke into the already smoke-ridden sky, whirling Anthony across the endless plateau which is the Middle West away from A Century of Progress and Chicago.

## A Dire Disaster

By CARL G. THOMPSON

A tall, slender man with long tapering fingers, which were trained to flow smoothly in gestures, seated himself in a squeaky office chair and leaned back, a pencil delicately twirling between his fingers. His well-trimmed mustache bristled over his pursed lips as he impressively pointed the tip of his pencil and glared along it at the person to whom his speech was directed.

"Extremely temperamental," One thought on first impression, "very much the artist, the musician."

John T. Freeman had come to Southeastern University well recommended and with impressive credentials and music degrees. His advent was rather unusual. Arrangements had been made for another man to head the University music department—the other man was already established in a small home in the college village. But there had been some misunderstanding, some mix-up. It had been supposed that the new man would take over the same home as the former head had lived in, but, having found it too large for himself, this new man laid his head on a pillow in another house one night, awoke in the morning to find that another man had usurped his position.

John Freeman was willing to live in the house of the former music head; he became the new music head.

That was in 1930.

It was amazing the way the personality of the new music head was effused. Anyone calling in his office immediately fell under the spell of his dynamic personality. New students talking with him for the first time were amazed at the extent of this man's musical knowledge.

"What a brilliant man!" they thought. "He knows music of all times and places. How fortunate that I can study under him."

But the shock of surprise on his classes! The man was peculiar. He talked and talked; he talked about music, he talked about musicians, he talked about art—*But he never said anything.*

Students were dumbfounded. They were sure that their knowledge of music must be more than his; he seemed so entirely ignorant of the technical—even the spiritual elements of music. But he was the head of one of the best

music schools in the South. It must be the students themselves, perhaps they were too ignorant, too uneducated to understand him.

Some of the more assertive, some of the more positive, the more independent musicians complained of Freeman's inability. But the matter was always dismissed, disregarded, or the matter disgusted the officials to whom the complaints were made. The complainants were made to feel very guilty and sheepish, were sent back to their work with a puzzled feeling of defeat and victory. They knew they must be right, but they were told that they were absolutely wrong.

The glee club lost prominence; the musical department of the university lost eminence; most of the great strides made in music of the university were made by students or non-faculty members. Three years is a comparatively short time, but three years did a great bit of harm to the music school.

Students became desperate. Certainly this man could not be a great music teacher, a great musician. He did nothing—he appeared to know nothing of music.

The students were convinced that something radical had to be done, were determined to see that something was done. All three were recognized both within and out of the University as musicians of great talent. Their word should mean something.

They applied for permission to investigate, to determine in some manner just who and what this man Freeman was.

The deeper they dug, the muddier it became. Like a leak in a dam, the minute the slightest hole was punctured, the water and muck flowed through, widening the hole and revealing more than had ever been suspected even by the most imaginative student. Futile and weak attempts were made to stop this flow, but too much was already revealed.

With their damning and conclusive evidence, the students went before the president of the university—he had given them permission, had encouraged them as much as possible in their investigation. Sometimes they were hindered in the leeway they were given. The president was not always accessible and not all the high officials were cordial to this investigation—even if it did mean the cleaning out of a department. But despite any protests and lack of cooperation from the officials just under the president, the students carried through their project.

Freeman's recommendations were forged, his degrees were forged, his education was negligible, but his ability to bluff and maintain a pose was astounding.

Even when brought before a solemn

committee composed of the president, two of the accusing students, and only one or two others, his demeanor was in no way ruffled. Confronted by the damning evidence, Freeman figuratively straightened his tie, twirled his mustache and murmured "How interesting, how very, very interesting," handed in his resignation and sauntered out, chatting in a friendly tone with his accusers.

But his absolute nonchalance couldn't last forever. Even though he confessed to having forged credentials, he had the brass to insist that he be kept at the university—saying that he would earn a degree and become a mighty, mighty good Dean of the Music School.

But the University lost an interesting character. In spite of his pleas, he was not allowed to remain. The chief reason for this were several other matters which were not revealed to him, but which were even more damning than forged documents. He had been rather peculiar in some and many affairs—or *les affaires*.

And the state papers carried the stories of his 'Resignation,' gave no reasons and all was hushed. New faculty members were added, and the music school enrollment doubled.

Freeman is studying music—but not at Southeastern.

## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

In place of his ignoble tri-weekly bro-mide which graced the editorial page of The Daily Tar Heel prior to April's Battle of the Ballots, the editor offers to the hardy of spirit and patient of mind a new literary zombie (how we love that phrase!) which we trust will prove to the reader that somebody is really getting paid for this job, even if it is in inflated dollars.

\* \* \*

"Memphis Bell Terry, the young man who introduced the 'huddle' system of management to baseball . . . signed a five year contract to continue as pilot of the New York Giants. . . ."

"A big cigar in his teeth, the thrill of conquest still lighting his face, the 53 year-old first baseman . . . signed a document reliably reported to call for \$40,000 a year" . . . Associated Press.

Nothing like a big cigar to put the grey hairs on your head.

What amused us most about the Century of Progress exposition was the vast number of souvenir concessions on the grounds. The other night a friend of ours was showing us a cup and saucer he had bought at a handsome price which belonged to the set of table ware taken by Admiral Byrd to the North

Pole, sold on the Fair grounds at the polar exhibition. We laughed but we didn't tell him why.

You see, a friend of ours is vice president of a fresh water crockery company in Zanesville, Ohio. He says that his firm ships four car loads of "Admiral Byrd Table Ware" per month to Chicago.

\* \* \*

"Appointments for today are as follows: E. A. Davis, C. Delbaum, A. R. Forneberger, Mahatma Gandhi, W. D. Henson . . ." The Daily Tar Heel Class of—?

\* \* \*

Before some sports columnist beats us to it, this department suggests that the Cherrios adopt for their battle song in the Carolina-N. C. State football game that ever-popular melody "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

\* \* \*

We are informed that in New York they have been having a lot of trouble with God this summer. He think's he's Nicholas Murray Butler.

## With the Authors

Bill Anderson, author of *The General Comes with Honors*, is a sophomore and divides his time between Chapel Hill and Raleigh. Founded on historical documents discovered by the author in Raleigh, his sketch of North Carolina's capitol in post-colonial days represents a sadly unexploited period in the state's history.

J. F. Alexander, who contributes *The Sleeping City by the Sea*, is a native Southerner, although he now lives in New York. A senior, Alexander has been a prominent member of the DAILY TAR HEEL editorial board for several years.

Carl G. Thompson, who gives us an interesting fictional sketch, *A Dire Calamity*, is from North Carolina's literary heaven, Southern Pines. A junior, he is editor of the *Carolina Handbook* and more recently the editor of the North Carolina Student Federation journal.

Robert Leeper, poetry editor of the Magazine, divides his extra curricular activity between the Magazine and the Playmakers. His "Cripple Creek" is the third in a series of verses descriptive of the music of Lamar Stringfield.

Virgil Lee, author of "Snow", is a native of Maryland, a junior, and the present chairman of the DAILY TAR HEEL editorial board. Two more short stories from his pen will be featured in these columns during the Fall quarter.

J. Stone, who says he comes from Alabama, writes the first of a series of humorous sketches "Keeng Football", which will be followed next month by "Frustration".



## SNOW

(Continued from page one)

ahead lay the trail, sharply outlined in the crisp snow—a rather heavy sledge, Manning judged, with a team of four dogs. It was evident that the tracks would be completely covered before night-fall (which was about eight hours away). As near as the mountie could surmise, the fugitive was within striking distance—certainly not over ten miles from the spot. To overtake his quarry that day was imperative; if he failed to sight the fugitive before dark—well, weeks and perhaps months would pass before his trail could be picked up again.

Aroused at last to a definite goal, Manning mushed his dogs onward with all the skill his years of experience could muster. At first he thought of the desperado and the type of man he was: about thirty years old, the report had stated; slim; light hair and eyes; suspected of being "Red" Lewis, a Winnipeg gambler, the man had robbed an Edmonton store of \$2,000 and afterward, cornered by police, he had shot his way clear, killing one officer and wounding two others; traced to Berwyn, he had been tipped off just in time to escape Manning who had been sent after the lead.

The snow began to fall more quickly. The steel cutters of the sledge slipped along with an almost musical sound. The rhythmic stride of the huskies, the light tap of snow against the face, the dim outline of the forest falling steadily behind gradually lulled Manning into a kind of watchful reverie. He thought of a multitude of things—chiefly homey pleasures and youthful episodes: a thick whirl of snowflakes became his mother's hair; the intermittent pat-pat of the traces was suddenly his father's peculiar pipe-sucking, and was as suddenly the sound of the traces again. He also thought of his younger brother and the last time they were together. They were in Uncle Steve's hay loft once more—young Phil pretending he was making a last desperate stand against an Indian horde; while he was rigging up a miniature gymnasium with cross-bars and—an innovation—a punching bag filled with corn shucks. How vivid it all seemed! Stray bits of conversation began to float up into his mind . . . little "sayings" of his father and mother . . . Phil being shown the old Indian trick of placing one's hat on a stick to trick the enemy . . . the endless good-times the first snowfall brought. . .

At length his thoughts reverted to the task at hand.

"He probably knows that I'm hot on his trail," mused the veteran man-tracker, and shifted his rifle to a position of readiness. Suddenly the tracks

veered sharply to the left—away from the forest—and struck out across the rolling snow plain. For several miles the prints of the sledge and the huskies seemed very fresh and the mountie slowed down his team to a walk as a precaution against surprise. Suddenly he saw projecting over a little hillock not fifty yards away what seemed to be a gun barrel. As if by instinct he fell flat to the ground and yelled a command to his team. Everything seemed to happen at once. Two shots came whizzing through the air, one killing the lead dog and the other striking the steel runner of the sledge and careening off with a singing whine. Manning reached up cautiously from behind the sledge and secured his hatchet. With two quick blows he had freed the team. His action was none too soon; two more shots rang out, wounding two of the dogs. This threw the pack into a veritable turmoil, some of the dogs running one way, some another, and all thoroughly terrified.

From his position behind the sledge Manning began to laugh softly to himself.

"By golly, the man's clever. Who would have thought—" and he broke off and chuckled heartily to himself. Then, turning to the business before him, his lips tightened into a thoughtful scowl.

"Well, there's nothing like the old Indian trick," he muttered to himself, and placing his fur cap on the end of his rifle he raised it gently above the top of the sledge, at the same time placing his pistol in position to fire around the edge of the provision box. His pains were rewarded by a shot which drilled the cap cleanly; but hardly had the shot been fired when he emptied the contents of his revolver at the rifle muzzle which protruded over the hillock. His fire was greeted with a short cry from behind the mound and the gun was seen to slip down slightly and point toward the sky. Manning kept his eyes glued to the hillock for fully ten minutes, during which time the snow-fall continued to increase in volume and all his dogs disappeared into the storm. Then the mountie crept from the shelter of his impromptu fort, crawling stealthily away to the left and around the hillock of snow.

There lay his quarry stretched out in the drifts, a dark red stain dyeing the ground near his head and shoulders. Manning slowly approached the sprawled figure and turned its face upward. A rather youthful, good-looking countenance was revealed. For a moment Manning stared fixedly at the immobile features before him—then—

"Phil," he cried out; and something within him seemed to be shattering into pieces.

A single flake of snow fell gently upon an eyelid of the face before him and, melting, slowly coursed down the unlined cheek. . . .

## The General Comes With Honors

By BILL ANDERSON

Two school lads were jumping the many puddles on the path which bordered the Fayetteville Road. Heavy wintry weather and March rains had made the walk practically impassable, but slight moderation in the weather and an abundance of still, standing water. The boys were coming from school, the Raleigh Academy, maintained by the venerable Dr. William McPheeters.

"Look out there, Billy Gales, you know your Mammy will tan you if you splash mud on your pantaloons!" the other youngster warned the eager Master Gales who was jumping one puddle after the other with not too much deftness.

"Well, see here, Walter Richardson, just because you had a perfect Latin recitation this morning and persuaded Doctor Billy to let us go see the festivities—don't you try to boss me. I'll give you a good one!" young Gales warningly retorted.

"Now be sensible, you scoundrel, you," continued Richardson. "I don't give two continentals if you lie down and wallow in the mud, all the way up this path, too. But for your own sake—you ought to look half way respectable when you see the General."

"Why the blooming Frenchman probably doesn't know or care about a soul here in Raleigh but Colonel Thomas Polk. What would he care if I was muddy? Guess there's plenty of muddy younguns in France that couldn't do their Algebra as well as I did mine today," Gales replied.

"You are a conceited little ass—but looka yonder! Don't the Mecklenburg Light Horse look good?" Richardson enthusiastically queried. "They are going out on the Louisburg Road to meet him."

"Uh huh—and the County Militia are forming to march out there. General Lafayette stayed at Colonel Allen Rogers'—across the Neuse last night—"

"Stupid, say: 'Général' or 'the Marquis'. Where do you go to school?" young Master Richardson interrupted. Indeed, the youth was proud of his progress in elementary French.

"Well, let's take a short cut or somethin', and go out the Plank Road as far as the Mordecai's. There we can see the General, first.—How 'bout it?" Billy suggested eagerly.

"Aw shucks, I don't know but what

that would be the best thing to do. We would like to see 'em before the rest of the town, wouldn't we?" Walter agreed.

The two boys made their way through the woods until they came to the spot indicated. The soldiers had already gone by, so the boys sat down for a brief rest. Suddenly around the curve came a party of horsemen who turned out to be the Mecklenburg Light Horse, serving along with the Wake County Militia as honorary guard to the eminent revolutionary general. The general was riding in an open *barouche*, drawn by four fine iron-grays. He was followed by a small retinue of town-folk and members of his party, also riding in carriages.

"Who's the gentleman in the carriage following the General, Walter?"

"Oh, that's his son, and the other man must be his secretary—M. LeVasseur. Don't they look elegant?"

"H'mmm, uh huh—But why do swells have secretaries, Walter,—just what good are they anyway?"

"Dunno,—'cept that they might help—you write letters an' mebbe—pshaw, just act and look big and—why just stylish!" Walter finally triumphed, although his definition would not have been an entirely satisfactory explanation for Doctor Billy and him.

"Guess we'd best hustle, if we want to see the doings at the State House," Billy suggested.

The boys immediately started a "dog trot" through the woods and arrived at the capitol almost simultaneously with the troops and the distinguished guests. Every window and piazza overlooking the street was crowded with ladies, who manifested satisfaction by waving their 'kerchiefs and calling to friends in the ranks. As the militia filed off, giving way to the General and his following, a salute from a canon in the capitol grounds formally greeted the great colonial army officer. As Colonel Polk and Lafayette entered the east portico of the State House, the Frenchman, being moved emotionally by the ovation of the crowd, suddenly was overcome and with sincere feeling threw himself on the breast of his former comrade in arms, *kissing* him furiously.

"Why—ah, aw—what the heck, is the darn Frenchy doing to the colonel?" Billy quickly burst forth.

The crowd shouted with mirth, never having seen two grown men kiss each other. The Scotch-Irish reserve in Colonel Polk was distinctly moved. He tried to sever himself from the embrace, while at the same time was unwilling to offend his guest, so he continued to pat Lafayette on the shoulders.

Both men proceeded into the State House, arm in arm. Governor Burton

(Continued on page eight)



## The Sleeping City by the Sea

By J. F. ALEXANDER

Down where the Cape Fear pours its tide into the blue Atlantic, Wilmington sleeps. A hazy aura of sea mist and memory hovers over her protecting against the harsh realization of the present. Between the wharves on the cobblestone streets and the low dark foliage of the other shore, the river stretches away to the sea where white beaches fringed with pine frame the lagoons where lay at anchor the corsairs of Blackbeard. Near the river mouth the ocean bites away at the sand dunes that were Fort Fisher, last stronghold of Confederate sea power.

Not so long ago Wilmington was the most important city of North Carolina, the center of trade and culture. Great ships put in to feed upon the product of cotton field and pine barren. Here the aristocracy of the Cape Fear gathered for the transaction of business and for the exchange of social courtesies and generous hospitality. The War Between the States relegated the planter nobility to the limbo of the dodo, ships grew and the harbor did not. Cotton moved towards the west, industry replaced agriculture and Wilmington began to worry. Charlotte, Winston and other towns that were villages when Wilmington was in her prime began to forge ahead. On the rolls of the census Wilmington began to slip from first to third, now she is sixth or seventh and according to all evidence still sinking while the others grow.

The city streets are not deserted, merchants still go about their trades, the stores on Front street are still busy, near the city a factory or two are operating, there is no lack of activity. But the merchants are small, the stores and factories small and the activity is the bustle of little transactions—big business in Wilmington does not exist. Were it not for the Coast Line upon which the city depends to a great extent for its trade the fall of business would be precipitate. There is a constant fear that the Coast Line may remove its terminals following the example of the Clyde Mallory line whose ships no longer come to Wilmington as they once did a few years past.

Perhaps the most attractive physical attribute of Wilmington is its trees. They stand on the green plazas in the middle of the streets and in the yards of the numerous churches. The roads are canopied with live oak that flutter with grey banners of Spanish moss. In Greenfield Lake the cypress stand in cathedral-like array reflecting their odd trunks in the limpid dark waters. Magnolia, wisteria, and elm are all about

and the city is hemmed in everywhere by armies of pine. The stately homes on Market street stand in the shade of old trees which were saplings when the city's name were changed from New Town in honor of Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington a half a century before the British yoke was cast off. The old buildings and the churches are lovely indeed but the trees are loveliest of all.

Near Wilmington are the resorts Wrightsville and Carolina Beach. During the summer months folks come from all over the state and all over the South to enjoy the surf and bask on the long white beaches. Dances and parties are perpetually going on and a surge of new life and new vigor is breathed into the city with the coming of the vacationists. Crowds sit at the little tables at Station One sipping coca-colas and greeting the electric cars as they arrive from the city on the trestle over the sound. Motor boats hum across the blue water and sweating negroes pull little trucks filled with baggage to the hotels and the cottages along the ocean. Soon the pleasant summer days give way to autumn, the little cottages are boarded up, the great frame hotels close their doors and soon the gulls circle over deserted villages of empty wooden houses. Then the townspeople settle back to wait for the summer again when the tap of dancing feet and the blare of the saxophone at Lumina shall match the wash of the tide against the black shore and young couples walk hand in hand along the pine board walks under the semi-tropical stars.

Wilmington's modernity for the most part clings to the water front.

A fine new bridge of white cement crosses the river into town, a beautiful new customs house fronts on the Cape Fear and at anchor before it lies the Modoc, the Coast Guard's very modern representative. Along the river's edge stand the cotton compresses and the waterhouses and near it too at the end of Front street is the railroad terminal. Moving back away from the river one comes to the residential sections on either side of Market street which stretches away perpendicular to the river. On Market street stand many beautiful homes, grassy plazas, and monuments, some a trifle the worse for wear. Further up is the big high school that serves the entire county and the curb service drug stores that cater to the numerous folks who spend a good part of each evening checking Market street.

Unlike Charleston, Wilmington, the city of historical importance has comparatively few sights and landmarks. Fort Fisher, the most important of these is many miles outside of the city and there is almost nothing to commemorate

the various incidents that took place within the town itself. A new and very beautiful Confederate monument stands on Third street a reminder that Wilmington was one of the great cities of the Confederacy, but the people of Wilmington need nothing to remind them of something that story and radiation have stamped upon their minds and hearts. Pathetic is the little cemetery where sleep the Union soldiers who died far from home and whose graves their families never saw. Only their government which is now Wilmington's too, watches over their last resting place behind the low brick walls thru which no one ever goes to pay respect to the dead enemy of seventy five years ago.

The people of Wilmington are no doubt the same as the people of other North Carolina cities but they seem more friendly and more interested in strangers. Wilmington families are old ones whose prestige is of so long a standing that there is no need for pretense or show. Here the people are not so busy as are their cousins in the new in-

dustrial cities and the town is small enough for every one to know most everyone else. Even the negroes seem different, more affable and simple, not absorbed into the drive of progress.

Wilmington is a difficult city to see in true perspective. Upon those who like it it exerts an influence which works like a spell blotting out the ugly and magnifying the beautiful. The moss covered oaks put one in the mood as the city is approached, the legend surrounded river, the old buildings and the friendly people do the rest. There is a culture in Wilmington, greater than in any city of the state, but it is a culture of the past that draws one back out of the present to the day of greatness when plantation owners rode thru the streets and the harbor was alive with masts. Pictures come to the eye, the scarlet of the British cavalry, the funeral cortege of Calhoun, and the marching gray ranks filled with hope and pride in their new born nation, and their city, the old port city, the greatest city in North Carolina.

## Keeng Football

By J. STONE

I haf been in thees countree only one, two, tree weeks when a fren' of mine sugges' that we see thees American college play what ees call in your countree foo'ball. It is so differen' from the sport of my native Barcelona, the fight weeth the bull, that I request' of my fren' when we go to the beeg arena where the peeg skin is played weeth that he tell me how eet is play so that when I return to my native Barcelona I may perhaps organize at la universidad a team to play as they say "weeth the peeg skin." "Fine, eet is one hondred per cent okay," says my fren,' so he weel tell me how eet is play. I have figure eet out now, I think.

Firs' there ees a fiel', about oh so long from one en' to the other. All cover weeth white stripes of paint which run across and in differen' direction at the end, the field ees green, fill with grass, which ees a shame, for so soon eet is trammel weeth feet an' soon ugly. On one side there ees eleven red men, on the other elven blue men. Also there ees four white men, the matadors, blowing funny leetle whistles.

The reds all run kicking the peeg skin, which goes up in the air an' which is seize by the man in blue. The red runs liks the blue, only in differen' direction an' try to push over the blue. But always it seems the blue run right into the red, not stepping aside or twisting as eef eluding the charge of the bull. Somehow the blue, he is never able to go agains' the red, even eef he has four chances to run from across the

paint stripe to another. These are downs, as ees explain, but there seems more than four downs for sometimes one of the fighters ees down for longer than eet is suppose and he leaves. This game ees more dangerous for I see many go for "downs" and not get up until the others walk heem aroun' and pull hees leg or arm. Why do they not pad the red players like the horns of the bull so eet would be less dangerous?

For sometime, I never know how long, the blues an reds run agains' one another, but the reds they seem better weeth the peeg skin on their side. Somebody yells "touchdown" but the blue side, eet does not shout and only groans. They should have shout, for eet was clever of the red men to run away from the blue, just when I could see heem right in hees way.

Sometimes the peeg skin is keek up high and sometimes eet is pass, but eet mus' be sleepery, for the blue man can not hold eet, even if in hees hands. There is soon the "half," but my fren' says eet is only for rest, so we go out behin' arena for refreshment, wheech is not what Americans call punch when I come over firs' time long ago, but only something more strong, made from the yellow corn, which tickle my throat an' make me warm, even though I gag. But that ees soon over and we go back to see the musicians parade aroun' the arena where on the other side they stop and play what I think was "Battle Hymn of Republic" which seem funny to me in the South for universidad to have when they talk all the time about "Dam' Yankee." Then the musicians feenish their game and go off when the matra-



dor come out again weeth skin of a peeg and again the blue and the red they rush at one another. Soon eet is over, but the blue it can never make up hees mind where to go an' always the red ees right in front. Sometime again they "punt" which I confuse for "punt" in baseball I see in Washington when the Beeg Men from New York defeat the government team by "punting" down the third base. Eet is all so confuse, but sometime I think that why should the senators play with the baseball when they should maybe be making laws?

## DANNY

(Continued from page three)

by paused, both for effect, and to show plainly her opinion of Mrs. O'Flaherty by means of an excellently executed sigh. Then she looked at her husband for confirmation, and though he made no move, she continued. "She's got a boy down south somewhere, and she got a letter from him yesterday. She's as excited as a mother hen with a brood o' chicks, an' she was tellin' as how . . ."

Mrs. Etherby paused suddenly. From the chair beside the stove, had come a faint, rhythmical sound, that to her practiced ear was suspiciously like a snore.

"Moss Etherby," she said. There was a world of righteous indignation in her voice.

His head, which had fallen forward on his chest, jerked up as if pulled by invisible wires, and he turned around and looked his wife full in the face.

She had no time to loosen the fires of her wrath, however, for without warning, the outer door opened, and the rusty hinges of the screen creaked, as a man stepped in and closed it behind him. He brought in the cold air, and a smell of soot, and greasy iron. He wore a dark coat, too short at the sleeves. The collar was turned up so as to cover the lower part of his face. His rough, square jaws were covered by a two day stubble of beard.

"Give me what you've got in the register." His voice was quick, hoarse, almost a whisper. He held his right hand in his coat pocket. There was a bulge there that might have been a gun.

Moss, who had stood up at his entrance backed slowly toward the counter, his hand behind him, unconsciously feeling for the ledge. Mrs. Etherby's knitting was suspended in mid-air. Her heart was making queer, jumping motions within her the way it had done when she got the telegram when Aunt Susie had died. Her breath stuck in her throat, and though she tried to cry out, she was unable to utter a sound.

"Hurry up about it." He drew his left hand out of his pocket quickly, and pulled the points of his collar closer to-

gether. Nervously he darted his eyes from one side to the other.

"Come on. I aint got all day." He made an impatient move toward the counter.

At that moment there was a step on the walk outside, and the scraping sound that is made when someone quickly rubs snow off he sole of a shoe.

In a flash, the man had sprung to the kitchen door, and opened it. He turned with his hand on the knob.

"One false move, and I'll plug you," he said, and the door closed behind him.

The cold swept into the room as the outer door opened. The screen creaked again, and an elderly woman entered. She was a dumpy little thing. A heavy shawl was wrapped again and again about her neck, covering the top of the old brown coat she was wearing. She shivered as she walked over to the stove and held out her hands.

"Aye, an' 'tis a cold noit we'll be havin', eh Mr. Etherby." She looked around astonished. "An' phwat could be the mitter now," she asked suddenly, "ye all astandin' there as if the world be accomin' to a bad ind."

The man in the kitchen could see her back now, through the crack in the door.

"Uh . . . good afternoon, Mrs. O'Flaherty." It was Moss who spoke. It had taken him a minute to collect his wits after the kitchen door had closed.

Now he spoke quickly, unnaturally. "What can I do for you?"

The man behind the door held his eye glued to the tiny crevice now. He licked his lips, and his eyeballs almost started from their sockets. His face was white, and damp, and tense. Then he heard her speak again.

"It's only a bag of flower Oi'll be needin'," cheerfully. "That'll be twinty noin cents." Laboriously she opened her purse with her stiff fingers.

"Would you want me to carry it over to the house for you?" he asked. Involuntarily, Mrs. Etherby's glance sped to the kitchen door. She looked back quickly when she saw the eye framed in the crack.

"No, but Oi'll be thankin' ye jist the saime." The old lady turned to the woman behind the counter.

"Did Oi be tellin' ye yit?" she asked. "Oi got a litter from Danny yisterday mornin'." He's got a good job in Atlanta." She didn't notice the growing uneasiness in the room. "Oi knew me Danny would turn out rhoit. He's such a good boy, Mrs. Etherby." She sighed, and smiled slightly. "And Oi'll be seein' him fur a Christmas prisint." She turned toward the door. "Oi'd bitter be goin'," she said, and slowly she opened the screen. Turn-

## Youth

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

### I.

*Dark eyed maiden, you are youth,  
Coursing through green forest glades,  
You are firm young life, and truth,  
Old as are the Pleiades.  
Raven blackness is your hair,  
Lustrous night is in your eyes,  
Starlets flash in triumph there;  
Are the smoldering love's disguise?*

### II.

*Maid, your lips are heady wine,  
Firm and full and ruby red.  
Stolen life's incarnadine,  
While the youth Apollo bled.  
Now you're mine, but oh how long,  
Ere you'll run and hide from view.  
Flame the farflung stars among,  
While I die in search of you.*

ing again, "Good noit to ye," and the outer door closed behind her. Again the steps were heard on the pavement. Then there was silence.

No one moved. The air in the room became warmer again from the stove. Moss waited a minute, then he went over and opened the kitchen door, but the man with the gun was gone.

## River's End

ONE MORE RIVER—By JOHN GALSWORTHY, 362 p. p. Scribners, New York, \$2.50.

(Reviewed by H. N. L.)

It is mere commonplace to announce that the *Forsyte Saga* marks at once a high water-mark in English literature and in the writing of John Galsworthy. Late Victorian and Edwardian England Galsworthy knew and felt and portrayed with all the masterful power and skill and clarity which made him outstanding among his contemporaries. In Soames Forsyte, Galsworthy created a character who was at once an individual—closely associated with Galsworthy himself by no great stretch of the imagination—and a type, that of the typical intelligent, slightly-better-than-middle-class Englishman.

But times pre-war in England were settled and peaceful years in which Englishmen muddled through more or less complacently secure lives at a comparatively even pace. Beginning with the *Modern Comedy*, Galsworthy launched into the post-war period, which neither he nor anybody else has been fully able to understand. And the further the march of time removed Galsworthy from the era he could understand perfectly and portrayed so flawlessly, the more aloof and gently tolerant he became of his characters.

He is friendly toward them, inter-

ested in their hopes, their ideas and their aspirations, but he is very definitely nor of their generation. This is not so say that the characters of the *comedy* and of the three novels which comprise the Charwell saga (*Maid-In Waiting*, *Flowing Wilderness* and *One More River*) do not live and move with a real significance, and against a background that vivid, accurate and decidedly well-drawn. It seems rather that characters in Victorian times had better chances of being personages and not merely people in the maelstrom of a hectic, aimless, fast-paced existence.

*One More River* is an entirely satisfactory ending to the epic of the Charwells, a family which inherits the rich tradition of the English middle class, and which meets, in ways as devious as they are typically English, the crisis of economic turmoil. It is decidedly worth reading as a picture of England today, and though none of its characters reach the lofty level of Soames Forsyte or Fleur, it is enlivened with real people, not puppets which are bull's eyes for ill-natured satire from the author. Even the most vivid and loveable character in *One More River* is a hangover from days of less uncertainty and more glory. Lady Mont is a superb characterization of the old England, adapting, or not adapting, itself to the new.

The fires, the power, the skill and the warmth which rise to a crashing crescendo in *The Forsyte Saga*, went forever from Galsworthy when he began the portrayal of an age with which he was not quite in harmonious sympathy, but much of that which distinguished his style—the clarity, the careful workmanship, the excellent characterizations, and the skillfully etched-in background—remains, to make *One More River* a novel decidedly worth reading.

In the Charwell saga, as in the others, Galsworthy has laid his hand on the pulse of a great nation, from which we are in large part descended, and his reading of that pulse is true and well-recorded enough to merit our attention.

## THE GENERAL COMES WITH HONORS

(Continued from page six)

made a most eloquent speech from the balcony on the east portico to the assembled crowd. That night a huge ball was given complimentary to the General by the Governor and his wife in their home, the Governor's Palace (located then at the bottom of Fayetteville Street). Lafayette and his party were given every honor and pleasure that a small and struggling town (verily a small village) could offer.



# The Carolina Magazine

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## Stuff of Dreams

By WILBUR DORSETT

Last night when the curtains closed on Paul Green's *The House of Connelly*, the lights eased up, and the audience filed out, we wondered how many in that audience realized that the building they were in had had just as enthralling a drama in its life story as that in the plays they had seen on its stage for the past eight years. We wondered if they knew that here a merry set of beaux and belles danced till dawn, many dawns, or that college boys had fought every Saturday night over the use of the bath tubs in the basement.

*A little more of the stuff dreams are made of . . .*

"We therefore dedicate this building tonight in the confidence that it may make possible about our common life a little more of the stuff dreams are made of . . ." With these words President Chase, on the twenty-third of November, 1925, dedicated Smith Hall as the new home of The Carolina Playmakers, and the first state supported theatre in America to the development of native drama.

After the ceremony, the first play to be given in the theatre was one quite appropriate for the occasion, Frances Gray's *Out of the Past*. The scene is the portico of Smith Building itself reproduced realistically on the stage. Within a dance is in progress; we hear faintly the music. It is on the eve of the War Between the States. In fact, in the course of the drama the news is brought that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. This news is announced to the throng inside, which breaks up the last dance until the University is to be re-opened in 1875.

The actual incidents of the play are imaginary, of course, but the picture given by it is true.

Judge Robert Winston, famous jurist and biographer, and a student in the University soon after its re-opening, has given us a few of his reminiscences. In fine equipages, from all over the state, and even from the North, they come to these balls, he tells us. Richmond and Wilmington sent the largest crowds. Special coaches on the train of the old Richmond and Danville Railroad were given over to the young folks. It was a great event when the

(Continued on page six)

## The Puritans Hold Fast A Footnote to Repeal

By JOE SUGARMAN

It is doubtful that Carrie Nation will turn in her grave on November 7th. When the last ballot has been counted and the bulk of the nation's population cheers itself insane over the repeal of the eighteenth amendment, that toughened crusader will probably purse her lips, clasp her hands firmly, and whisper to herself, "A momentary flurry. The essential spirit and purpose, my dear friends, remain unaltered and unshaken."

Carrie Nation will very likely be more nearly correct in her analysis of the situation that the majority of the rabid wets throughout the country would admit. Being rather out of touch with the inner workings of the liquor situation, she might fail to estimate accurately the excellence of repeal's chances for permanence. But she will surely be able to detect even amidst the lustiest of hurrahing for the death of prohibition the preservation almost intact of the ideology and purpose that made the eighteenth amendment possible.

Literary Digest poll notwithstanding, she would realize far better than have newspaper editors that repeal as a reality is largely a triumph for the depression. Neither she nor most impartial observers could hail the movement as an indication of a general break-down of the Puritanical spirit. She would need only to look at blue laws, listen to women's contemporary clubs, and read "white lists" of spiritually-advocated movies to realize that repeal and liberalism are distinct issues.

There is scarcely any tinge of liberalism or opposition to the Puritanical spirit which conceived prohibition in the Democratic plank of 1932. There is even less in the administration's method of strong-arming repeal in the several reluctant sections. It is dispiriting to admit that had there been no General Johnson appealing for voters in the South and West to aid the Blue Eagle by permitting the manufacture of liquor and had there been no Jim Farley dispensing patronage only to those who saw eye to eye with the "big chief", repeal would still be a fit topic for collegiate debates.

More important, however, as a factor in the accomplishment of repeal is the depression. Not until poverty obliged people to vision beer-caps as gold dollars did the politicians dare attempt anti-prohibition propaganda in a national sense. The political machinery achieved the mechanics of repeal, but economic difficulty was the force which made the politician's appeal possible. The Hoover victory of 1928 on a dry plank may in certain general respects be taken as an indication how much wet sentiment then existed. In like fashion, it is difficult to see liberalism in the shift to the wet Roosevelt of the starvation year of 1932.

It is hard to understand how this business of liberalism ever became seriously involved with repeal. To be sure, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler periodically boomed forth with high-sounding phrases concerning, "inalienable rights", "free will", etc. but not even the dries considered these a cardinal point in the wet attack. Throughout most of the wrangling over prohibition during the past decade, the question resolved itself in practical terms into a battle between men and women who desired to drink and those who were determined that the Heavens above had ordained them to prevent such wicked transgressions.

Prior to the time Congress made prohibition respectable by writing it into the Constitution, all the philosophy had been on the side of the dries. Miss Willard, Miss Boole, Bishop Canon and their ilk appealed for dryness on moral and religious grounds. They roared that those who drank would go straight to Hell and that the Devil was most assuredly in league with every Milwaukee brewer.

This argument succeeded where the tirade against liquor as a detriment to sound health failed. People became wild-eyed with fear of the Devil all over again, begged forgiveness of the pulpit, and voted against all forms of intoxicating liquor.

With this in mind it is not a little befuddling to hear newspaper editors, lecturers, and college professors claim

(Continued on page eight)

## The Demon Rum

By JAMES T. MIFFLIN

I am just in the midst of finishing my story on the Princeton game when the door of the city room opens and in walks Joe, who is our star reporter when he is sober. Most of the time he isn't. Sober, I mean. He sees me and lurches up to my desk, me all the time playing like I am very busy and have no time for newspaper drunks.

"Slats," he says to me, and I shudder when his foul and whiskey laden breath strikes my unsympathetic nostrils, "I am a good man, yes, the best reporter in New York, but the old whiskey is getting me. Alas, I am but a shadow of the man I once was."

I thought he would begin soon to cry and maybe distract me when I was just trying to put into some flashy English how the "Tiger quarterback streaked comet-like down the sidelines and in the deep shadows that engulfed Palmer stadium, scuttled to the goal that snatched evanescent victory from the mounting despair of imminent disaster" (all this is just to show how yours truly can sling the idiom when he feels like it). So I leaned back in my chair and tried to console him, for Joe is a good man and can weep to shame the best of them.

"Joe," I says, just like a father, "Why do you not give up the demon rum and become again a good newspaperman like in the old days? Remember the fine work you did in the Daddy Browning case and those stories which you wrote about the chorus dame being washed up in the bay with nothing on but a water-logged life preserver? Give it up, my son, and soon again you will be a great reporter."

All this time Joe is sitting sprawled on the desk across from me staring into space and looking sort of stupid. I think that maybe I am getting somewhere so I keep on talking to him confidential like.

"Joe, you know that you have a bad heart. Just like the Doc said, someday maybe you will puff out just like a Saratoga two-year old which has slipped in the stretch and broke her ankle. You are too fine to waste your life on the demon rum. Look at me, only thirty-five, and maybe if I keep turning out this scintillating kind of

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# The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the  
United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....MARCUS FEINSTEIN

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1933

On the average university campus enthusiasms move in cycles, rising with one student generation and declining with the next. Faculty members and townspeople who have been in constant touch with the undergraduate student body in the last thirty years frequently remark that student questions recur regularly each six years. The columns of the campus daily for the last seven years corroborate this opinion. In 1927 student leaders crusaded for "more spirit" and "fight" in backing the various athletic teams. This was in the day of the collegiate Ford, the bell-bottomed trousers and the shrieking cravat. Carolina "got the spirit" that year, and strangely enough the fall athletic season was not particularly successful, as State, Davidson and Wake Forest mopped up the Tar Heel team.

In the same year we find the bill "resolved that the honor system be abolished" coming before the Di Senate (this was before that organization had begun its long period of decline) and the earnest arguments "Since the honor system is not working it should be abolished" and the no less erudite opinion vouchsafed by a senior "In all my seven years I have never seen any cheating" proffered in pro and con as the debate waxed furiously.

And so the cycle moves again and in 1933 we find the campus decorated with bunting, freshmen armed with megaphones, "split it for the team" reverberating through the campus. The Di Senate, casting aside its labors with bills calling for senatorial investigation into the Book-Ex, fraternity rushing and the laundry plant, deliberates at length on the honor system, with expressions from the senators that they have "never in their seven years at the university seen any cheating," and concludes that after all it is a pretty good thing.

In this cynical age it is a difficult task to awaken the average undergraduate student body from its lethargy by demonstrations and exhortations of pep and

fight. Rugged individualism and our stoic determination to hold the honor system in a personal light are too strongly entrenched to make any lasting impression on the cycle. Many consider it a personal affront to be informed that the individual must be considered as a ward of the student body, and that his judgment to obey the tradition of a society must be subordinated to mass sentimentalism.

The honor system controversy will never be settled, at least by the undergraduates. The Magazine recommends that discussion be dropped and the problem of cheating on examinations be referred to the faculty, who may see it fit to adopt a proctor system or interpret the traditions of honor sufficiently to freshmen each fall.

## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

Puzzle—

Who, we have been asked, is Franklin Post? Is it the name of a Sousa march, an American Legion contingent, or maybe a political commentator like Jay Franklin? We will explain.

It was like this. When this column sprung forth full armed in last issue of the Magazine the headline was marked on the copy "set in Franklin Post," which we thought was a type font. The man at the linotype thought that it must be a by-line so he inserted above the column "By Franklin Post." This name, obviously a pseudonym, puzzled our readers and the writer, who couldn't figure out the mistake for a couple of days. Many writers have acquired fame through pen names, some of them misapplied through typographical errors. Comprehending the encomiums that will be heaped upon us, we like somehow to think that Charles Dickens' "Boz" was the result of some type setter's mistake in seeing the instructions "Box," which means set indented with rules. And then too there was the famed "A.E." whose by-line was lost through an error in type setting. For the minute we can't remember who "A.E." really was, or who we are, for that matter.

\* \* \*

Key Hole—

We are mildly amused to note in The Campus Keyhole, a highly prized feature of the campus daily, the comment:

"A roast to that goofy poem, Franklin Street, in the last issue of the Carolina Magazine."

And as examples of the literary qualities conducive to the rare critical ability of that column:

"... and his orchestra will knock out the melodies at the Thanksgiving dances, which gets a big okay from me.

"... pretty hot biscuits I think ...

"... they've got a crowd of contributors who can dish out a better grade of humor. Come on, Pete, kick 'em in the pants and make them kick in ..."

\* \* \*

Mr. E. C. Daniel, who emerged from the interesting plebescite of last spring with the editorship of the Magazine and a practically unbesmirched reputation, is now dividing his time between the editorial offices of the Dunn "Daily Bulletin" and a coterie of young artists whom he is directing forward into the paths of literary glory. This week he sends us two contributions from one of his pupils, "done without the aid of conscious thought and representing the workings of the creative mind on random speculation":

"SQUOOKIE"

"It comes on  
heavy feet

pit  
pat  
pot  
put  
pet  
putt, putt, putt.  
It leaves a

tail of grey, and a  
face of frowns.

You can never tell but what  
it might  
be you."  
and

"ECONOMICS"

"thick and blue and heavy with sweat. night comes but once a day. silence is less than noise and of the two neither is better than the other. every question has nine sides but it bothers less to stick your finger. buy before five becomes six and let the difference turn into the dawn for a free for all."

Think what we'll be like this time next year.

## Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Winner Take Nothing

Ernest Hemingway's first fiction in four years, a collection of fourteen short stories, is distinctly a major autumn literary event. More verbal and pen battles have been waged in the last decade over his merit than perhaps any other American writer. By his highly individualistic style and bizarre personality, Hemingway has in a few short years achieved the position of a "force" in American letters.

His latest prose is in a general sense characteristic of the Hemingway who became a literary storm-center with *The Sun Also Rises* and *Men Without Women*. Yet, despite the familiar fundamentals of plot phraseology, and

characters, *Winner Take Nothing*, as Horace Gregory has expressed it, "shows the author on his way to genuine adult writing." There is an absence throughout of the brutality, disillusion, and disgust that marked the earlier writings. While Hemingway never becomes maudlin and is seldom openly sympathetic, the tone and treatment of material which he formerly painted so bitterly indicates that he is achieving a kind of objective understanding of human problems.

Typically Hemingway characters form the nuclei for the brief, dynamic tales. Nuns, expatriates, adolescents, failures, pervers, all appear in a much more human and genuinely convincing light than did the same coterie when they merely crushed handkerchiefs for the youthful author to sop his tears shed at the world's chaos.

Perhaps the most brilliant study is that of a man and woman discussing in magnificently restrained speech the tragic hold which sexual perversion has upon her. In four pages here Hemingway has packed more of the despair and misery in such unfortunate cases than Hall, Thayer, and Bourdet were able to in full-length works. Equally good are a surprisingly tender study of an old drunkard and the slightly mocking "Homage to Switzerland."

Whatever objections there may be to the author's barren, fragmentary style in his novels, it is the reviewer's opinion that in the short stories it serves admirably to gain the effects of precision and compactness, stripping the action and thought of the characters to bare essentials. In the same way, Hemingway, however he may be castigated for his novels, appears as the most stirring power to-day in this country toward revitalizing an art which suffers from politeness and aimless efforts, vaguely termed "sketches."

\* \* \*

Flush

Looking at Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett through the eyes of the poetess's pet dog, the spaniel Flush, is an idea especially reserved for a mystical romantic such as Virginia Woolf. This appealing chronicle of a dog's affection and devotion to its mistress is noteworthy as a contribution to artistic animal literature and as a rather startling revelation of a hither-to seldom manifested side of Miss Woolf.

She demonstrates capably that she can write simple, direct prose and has a decided facility for continuity and earthliness. Place *Flush* beside *The Waves* and Virginia Woolf is a greater enigma than ever before.

\* \* \*

The World Around

Andre Maurois has written an ex-  
(Continued on page eight)



# Mountain Witch

A Legend

By A. T. DILL

The mountain folk always viewed her with a mysterious distrust. Occasionally one of them would meet her walking a lonely trail, apparently without purpose, except for the solitude it afforded, and this was an experience which few welcomed. More often she rode into the village on one of those old top-heavy covered wagons which one sees so rarely today unless driven by an old couple with apples and soft cider to sell. She came regularly once every fortnight, and this never ceased to be an event, for it always started anew the futile stream of speculation about her. The old women shook their heads in their great gingham bonnets and often caught at their children's hands to point her out to them and thus frighten them into obedience when she passed. Though the young ones might speak lightly of her, in surreptitious tones, as if in defiance of her singular appearance, they too were afraid lest she "hex" them or, fantastically enough, withered their image before the fire. And as she rode by one of the young bucks often spat upon her wagon wheels, and by this small defiance, of which she took no notice, would relieve himself of his want of ease at her presence. They said she was a witch, and since Jethro Wayne's boy had wandered off into the mountains never to be heard of again, this belief was confirmed if by nothing but lack of contradiction.

She had grown to be a legend among these simple, primitive people. Isolated from the inroads of civilization, cut off from the rest of the world by lack of communicating roads, their lives were turned within themselves, and anything foreign to themselves they explained by the wildest of imaginings. And the old woman had become for them a symbol of all that, like herself, lived in the mountains' fastness, of all that bespoke the impassiveness of centuries.

Wrinkled and wizened, she seemed old as the Alleghenies themselves; like theirs, her origin was lost in the past; and like them, she seemed destined to endure forever. The scores of years that had ravaged her body had left it with a peculiar strength, and one that seemed to command attention, or rather an ophidian fascination. (Her eyes, sunk in their sockets, shone like fires from a cavern, and one looked into them wondering if his stares were entirely out of place or whether—foolishly enough—he had fixed his gaze on anything at all!) The village folk declared her possessor of an evil eye . . .

But the strangest part of her existence was her companions.—Great dogs, hound dogs, whose howling on a clear

*Lady of heaven, and queen of earth  
and sea,*

*Empress of lower hell's infernal mere;  
Thy humble Christian know and shelter me*

*Who would but live in thy eternal  
care,*

*Who have but little merit, small and  
spare.*

*Thy tender smile, my lady and my  
queen*

*Will not forget me, poor as I have been;  
Without thy mercy never soul can buy  
Nor win to heaven; no treachery I  
mean:*

*For in thy faith I wish to live and die.*

*Commend me to thy son most grate-  
fully;*

*Absolve me of my sins in his kind ear;  
Grant me the love that did the Egypt-  
tian see,*

*Or that the clerk Theophilus held dear,  
Who was forgiven and to thy grace  
drawn near*

*Though to the fiend he sold him in his  
spleen.*

*Save me, who may die without having  
seen*

*(Mild Virgin, who art blameless in his  
eye)*

*The sacred mass in all its great serene,*

night could be heard even in the village, miles away. She kept them pent up in an enclosure made of split saplings;—none knew whence they had come, whether they bred from one or two. But all knew their viciousness when hungry, when their mistress had not gathered enough berries to produce them scraps from the market, or had failed to supply them and herself with enough small game. And when the moon rose bright and yellow, like some fantastic eye, they howled bleakly as much in hunger as in longing for the unattainable object above. It seemed their only outlet to the subjection in which their mistress held them—always by the rawhide whip which she did not hesitate to use. And then their prolonged wailings were like expressions of human anguish. People called them were-wolves . . .

It was a queer coincidence that the villagers observed one summer strange lights, sometimes flashing at intervals, at others burning steadily, above the ridge on whose side rested her lonely cabin. Those who came to see the phenomenon ascribed it to the burning of natural gas which, they declared, might have escaped from the fissures of rock and been ignited during one of the severe electrical storms so prevalent

# Dame Du Ciel

By FRANCOIS VILLON

(Translated by Ben Napier)

*For in thy faith, I wish to live and  
die.*

*An old and helpless woman, bent of  
knee,*

*I have no learning and no lettered air.  
In cloister, where I kneel, there are to  
see*

*A paradise, with harps and zithers there  
And a hot hell, where all the damned  
are sere;*

*One to bring trembling, and one to be  
seen*

*With joy of faith, Goddess of gentle  
mien,*

*To whom we sinners here must always  
fly,*

*Filled with thy faith, no doubt nor  
sin between:*

*For in thy faith I wish to live and die.*

Envoi

*Virgin and princess, thou didst bear  
with thee*

*In joy King Jesus, and most happily.  
Lord Powerful, ever holding us in fee  
Leaving his throne, he reached us from  
on high*

*Offering to death his youth most self-  
lessly;*

*Now shall so great a Lord hear my low  
plea,*

*For in thy faith I wish to live and die.*

at that time of year. But though no such prosaic explanation seemed to suffice—since such a mysterious occurrence had happened so near to the even more mysterious old woman—the lights were found to be nothing more than the reflection of automobile lights upon some low-hanging clouds. For there was being built at last a paved road through this out-of-the-way village.

With this simple discovery, all wild speculation on the matter should have ceased, but a new discovery supplied food for simple, imaginative minds—or rather climaxed their growing convictions.

The old woman had not for some weeks made her usual trip to the village. Not that it might have occasioned the inhabitants some anxiety; but some of the more enterprising felt it their duty to find out the reason for her absence. Accordingly, a party was dispatched into the mountains . . .

It was unusually quiet there. No barking of the dogs signaled the advent of the searching party, only the far-off thunder of an approaching storm. The air was becoming heavy, and black clouds were beginning to roll up until they seemed directly over the mountain ridge. The mountaineers began to feel some apprehension because of the lone-

liness of that particular part of the range and the nearness of the storm. And then as they approached the clearing within which stood the cabin of the old woman, the rain pelted down upon them, soaking every man, and to this discomfort was added their fear of the ever-increasing lightning flashes, which left the tense and unfamiliar smell of ozone in the air. Some wanted to turn back; yet all, as if drawn by the mystery of what had happened to her, went forward with the conviction that a tragedy was before them.

They came in sight of the cabin, which soon confronted them intermittently lit up by the lightning flashes. It was deserted. They approached cautiously the near-by corral where the great dogs had been kept, and the rails of one side were now seen to be broken down. It, too, was deserted. And then on the other side of the cabin, they came upon her body, its flesh partially torn from each limb.

The storm cleared as suddenly as it had come. They buried her in the wet earth. A buzzard circled a little while above, then flew away. A rain crow cawed. And from far off came the howl of a dog. Then all was silence . . .

No one has ever known what happened to the old woman, whether she was attacked by the dogs or—but, then, no one even knows what became of the dogs. All that is part of a long past time, and many things have changed in the little village. There is a new generation there now. But on clear nights when the moon is full and lights flash reminiscently over the ridge where the new road is, the old folk say that they hear the old woman's dogs howling, though their children would say, with you and me, that it is only the echo of automobile horns through the gap.

## PUBLIC COMMENTARIES

No. 1

" . . . Looking back to my childhood I can recall only one man who was partly drunk; now I can see whiskey carried by my house, have seen women and men both pass here since I came here in 1927 too drunk to walk straight. . ."—Letter to the *News and Observer*.

## Autumn

(Two Hokkus)

By ROBERT LEEPER

*In the silence*

*You may remember her.*

*Poplar leaves*

*And the first frost.*

*To burn gloriously*

*In the leafsmoke-scented dusk.*

*But—*

*To leave the purple shadows?*



## Square Dancing

By R. CHASE

"—When you do dance I wish you a Wave of the Sea: that you might ever do nothing but that:—"

*A Winter's Tale. Act IV, Scene 4.*

"Wave of the Ocean! Wave of the Sea! Wave that pretty girl back to me!"

*American Square Dance Call.*

### I.

One recent Saturday night there took place on the campus an "old fashioned" Square Dance; but, "country" though the music and the dancing were, there were none of those things we usually associate with a "regular" country dance—such as: likker in the atmosphere, an over-crowded dismantled bedroom lit with one dim oil lamp on the mantel-piece, the musicians huddled in a dark corner, grannies sitting in the doorways and old men leaning on the doorposts to look on, children scampering underfoot or going to sleep in all the available rockers and sofas, groups of men-folk slipping mysteriously out in the dark and returning more rowdy than ever, the fiddle tunes beginning to totter and drag, the high pitch of the Caller's voice growing huskier and huskier, the incessant shuffle of dancing feet beginning to weary . . . and so on to the final scramble of many too many couples in the Set—and Grandpa's midnight announcement,

"No sir! No more dancing here tonight. There'll be no Sunday dancing in my house!" . . .

This country dance, dignified and temperate, but none the less real for the absence of the elements above, took place in the Banquet Hall of Graham Memorial. The music was played by a local fiddler accompanied by a banjo picker and a young girl who "picked the box" most tunefully and untiringly. The Caller, recently settled in Chapel Hill, had figures from several states, one of which figures "The Wild Goose Chase" was particularly exciting and spectacular. The dancers were faculty members and a few students, all new to this game, but the Calls were explained where necessary, and the music was so good that they soon forgot their first fear of the unknown, let themselves go with the running tunes and figures, responded finally to every Call with mounting confidence until they were "Allemand-left-ing" and "Ocean-Wave-ing" as expertly as any mountaineers.

### II.

What, then, is this sport? How did we get it? What is the use of it?

It is the social and recreational medium of those curious and wonderful Southern Highlanders and, in fact, of

all Anglo-Saxon country communities all over America—our own "folk" dance, call it what you will: Square Dance, Barn Dance, Break-down, Set-running, or Country Dance . . . It is all one thing, from Alabama to the Adirondacks; whether the rural community know two figures or twenty, and whether their dancing of them be "traditional" or almost "modern" in its style.

Traditional Ballads and Songs have been and are being recorded endlessly—sometimes by men who seem to make little effort to record the most vital part of them—their tunes (as inseparable from the mere words as milk from its whiteness); and who seem neither to sing nor to teach others, even children, to sing them!

In the same category of Tradition is this dance; but it eludes paper and pencil, PhD theses, and the dust of library shelves. Only one man has recorded it, but with what a difference! Through him this dance is being done, danced by men and women, all over England, and by certain groups in New York and Boston . . . Does it have, then, for us, any value or importance—racial, historical, social, recreational, or "artistic?"

Racially: There is no need to consult learned folk-lorists or "exponents of folk arts" on this question. We cannot help but respond to these blood-kin things. By a tingling of the scalp we know them when we contact them, whether it be something in The Eddas, or in Shakespeare, or in a Folk Play, or a traditional Mountain Ballad. This Dance, well-performed, is certainly one of them.

The traces of its arrival and development in America are, at present, unexplored. It may have come from the north of Ireland with Appalachian Scotch-Irish stock. For all the advocates of its Anglo-Saxon origin, we might find out that it was Celtic.

It should be done socially or not at all. It does make a good show; but it is a thing really to do, not "just watch." And it is social in the best sense—involving unit groups of four couples in an art form that can be beautiful.

Recreationally: It is "moderate and healthful exercise," makes demands on your intellect, and, being musical, it does something else to you as well, so that sooner or later you cannot help but lose all self-consciousness in plain delight of rhythmic movement.

Artistically: It is a highly developed, complicated, and spectacular form of the folk dance of English-speaking peoples; being in form (as near as it can be described in words) at its best, something like the following: It begins with the ancient sun-wise circle—

*"Sixteen hands, roll that wheel!*

*More you roll, the better you feel!"* and runs through varied rounds, squares, lines, interlocked and whirling "Baskets," serpentine "Grapevine Twists," the "Snake" winding and doubling on itself until—you never quite know how—head and tail link and the circle is established again, four couples in line "ducking and diving," three-hand circles circling each other, wheels within wheels; Figure and Promenades constantly varying follow each other like verse and chorus . . . to the final—

*"Icecream and lemonade!*

*Take your honey and promenade!*

*You know where, I don't care!*

*Sit her down in a rockin' chair!"*

### III.

The late Cecil J. Sharp, an English musician and "folk-lorist," who came to America to collect traditional ballad music in the Appalachian Highlands, ran across this dance in Kentucky, recorded it, and published it as Part V in the six parts of The English Country Dance Book. Mr. Sharp traced the origin of many of its figures and patterns to certain "quasi-religious" pagan ceremonies of our Teutonic ancestors, traces of which rites are also found in many Children's Singing Games . . . In speaking of certain figures he says:

"'The Wild Goose Chase' is one of the many serpentine movements which are so often found in dances of religious or magical significance . . . The ring movement around a central dancer in 'Bird in The Cage' is like one of the figures in the 'Scottish Eightsome Reel' (itself a Nature Dance) and is probably derived from some sacrificial ceremony. The dancer within the ring may be the victim about to be seized and sacrificed as in several of the 'Sword Dances' and in the 'Morris Dance,' 'Brighton Camp' . . . Indubitably ancient figures are incorporated as organic movements (in this dance) and occur in no other recorded dance. . ."

Whatever the ritual nature of its far origins, surely full-blooded and vigorous Earth-rhythm has gone into the creation of this dance.

But may we never adopt any self-conscious, neo-pagan, "revival" attitude toward any of these "folk" things. The "paganism" is all there, but to rationalize over it is the sure death of the real thing, latent in our blood, even the farthest primitive elements, timeless rhythmic qualities that "civilization" cannot quite obliterate among our children and our country folk.

### IV.

However, wholly aside from all scholarly and "quasi-religious" considerations this dance is excellent fun. But it is not the sort of fun that implies a loose and rowdy "letting go"; nor has a strict and lifeless restraint any place in it. In this as in any recre-

## Banner Elk

By ROBERT LEEPER

*We woke when heavy cows crunched by  
Along the paths of broken gravel;  
Daylong we challenged earth and sky  
In the sparkling ecstasy of travel.*

*Daylong we garnered sunbright dreams,  
To be recalled in quiet hours  
When frost has clutched the mountain  
streams  
And killed the mountain flowers.*

## Lapis Lazuli Dimly Graven

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS

*Who is this that walks the foam path  
And prints the sand with memories . . .*

*If the cyclamen of Lesbos  
And the cypress over Leukadi do not  
know—*

*Who may say?*

*Look to the deep wine of that one  
voice;  
And paint the years with answers  
And long ago.*

*Erinna is gone, O small Dark One;  
Do not cry her voice in the night.*

*Aye, Psappha laid her head upon these  
rocks.*

*But the yellow papyrus is frail—  
More frail than many voices  
Called down to dust.*

ation, only a fine balance of control and freedom can make it fully worth-while. The maximum of enjoyment can be reached, then, only when the entire Set of dancers is thoroughly familiar with the figures and chorus movements as they are "called"; and only (perhaps this is even more important) when the musicians are unconsciously imbued with those qualities in the music and the playing which we might call "traditional." Good music is the life of any dancing, but a real "fiddler" and a good Caller add something to this dance which is unteachable.

And, though it happens rarely, to experience this "something" when it is running high in musicians and dancers, is to get somewhere near the very roots of race culture, and to feel dimly even those primitive religious elements from which this our own dance arose.

Among the Indians these traditions are relatively unbroken; for us they exist only in the Singing Games of children and in the evolutions of this dance.

As in past years, The Carolina Magazine will continue its policy of withholding communications to the editor regarding material appearing in these columns, except on the advice of the editorial board.



## The First of Us

By CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.

America was a new and wild land, scarcely touched by civilization of the old world and only beginning to be known to the people of Europe. Jamestown had just been settled to mark the establishment of the first permanent settlement in the New World and people in England were beginning to take an interest in the vast opportunities which were being opened to them far across the Atlantic. Men of ability and of adventurous spirits were tempted by the great unknown of the New World and were making attempts to further colonization and settlement of this world.

Jamestown had just been settled, and Sir Thomas Dale was sent over by the London Company in June 1611 to become governor of the colony. The duties of governorship of this colony were tedious, and Dale fretted under the yoke of his bonds, was genuinely glad when he was relieved in 1616 and left free to carry on the work which he had long had his heart set on—the establishing of a colony of his own and of the first university in the New World.

When he came over in 1611, he had papers containing plans for a school in the new world which was to further the culture and education among the settlers and to enlighten the "heathen Indians."

Although the old commission had given him permission to establish a university, a new charter of 1612 gave definite instructions as to the locating of the institution.

Thus it was that in 1616, Dale sailed up the James River, and coming to a peculiar land projection on the river, fifty miles above Jamestown Island, decided upon this spot as the location for his settlement. And, taking over the land in the name of the king, he called his colony Henrico in honor of Prince Henry.

Immediately he set to work on the establishment of the University of Henricus, and 10,000 acres were granted for the campus. What a campus! What a University! In the wilds of the new world, with 1,000 acres set aside especially for the education of the Indians, this university must have been alive with activity—in fact, it died because of too much activity. But that was later.

In England, the enthusiasm for the new University was running high. Because of the religious significance that the school was to have, the bishops of the Church of England raised £15,000 as part of the funds and a special lottery netted a total of £30,000 which

was also to be used to finance the new school.

Rev. Thomas Gargrave rector of Henrico Parish, donated his entire personal library to the school; Rev. Patrick Copeland was appointed rector of the university, and George Thorpe was sent from England as superintendent of the campus and school. Settlers flocked to this new location, this new settlement, which seemed much more advantageous than the small island of Jamestown. Over a hundred tenants settled on the campus proper to till the land on a fifty-fifty basis, half going to the support of the school and the other for themselves.

In 1616 buildings were beginning to be erected on the campus. By 1622 there were three streets of houses, a church was already erected, the brick foundation of another was being laid; there were stores and storehouses, and the little village of Henrico was prospering. In 1620 the first hospital in the New World had been established there.

The reason for its rapid growth is easily explained. The little island on which Jamestown had been established had become crowded with starving people, striving to keep alive by any means they could. For protection against the Indians, they had banded on one little island which could not produce as much food as was necessary to feed the settlers. In some cases the hunger became so great that even cannibalism was resorted to. The morale of the colony was thus rapidly breaking down and the men in England who had financed the venture realized that something drastic had to be done immediately to keep their total investment from disappearing completely. Thus it was with satisfaction that they had chartered the new colony further up the river, situated in such a way that attack from the Indians seemed impossible.

Henrico and Henricus University grew. Of course, growth in the colonial days was by no means as great as in the modern times. So when the settlement and University had reached a total number of inhabitants of about 400 people, it was considered as having an enormous growth and having become a large community.

Sir Thomas Dale, an engineer, had cut a ditch across the point on which the colony was situated and had made a virtual island out of the small peninsula, thus insuring, he thought, the colony against attack from Indians. Today, this channel has become the real bed of the river and the old colony on the point is an island.

Everything prospered in the new colony. Even the Indians appeared to be friendly. The braves of one tribe, whose chief was called Opecancanough, had hired themselves out to the whites

as servants in their homes. Faithfully they executed the duties exacted of them, never showing discontent or dissatisfaction in any way.

By the spring of 1622 the colony and University was an established community and was fast becoming one of the most popular colonies in the new world. But one morning, when spring had first begun to put its glorifying touches on the beautiful landscape of Virginia, the Indians around the colony rose *en masse* and committed one of the greatest atrocities in history, wiping out practically every member of Henrico and every official of Henricus University, leaving the new settlement bare and dismal.

The superintendent, George Thorpe, was cruelly murdered and over 340 of the inhabitants were ruthlessly massacred and scalped. The Indians burned the buildings and murdered nearly every inhabitant. Only the loyalty of one brave to his master saved any lives in the community. And those who did outlive this bloody battle were too engrossed in their own troubles to worry about the disintegration of the educational activity which had been established. They had forgotten about education, about new settlements, about everything, except their hatred for the race who had been responsible for the torture and murder of their relatives and friends; and they set their hearts and minds to revenge these horrible deeds. For years after the massacre, no Indian was safe near a white man; the situation became reverse and the white man became the murderer, the avenger.

And so Henricus ended its brief venture as an educational institution; education was practically forgotten in the New World for many years. Seventy years later, in 1693, another attempt, this one more lasting, was made to establish a University, this time at Williamsburg, and it became known as William and Mary's College.

Thus the first University in America died a tragic death and left scarcely a memory behind it. Few have heard of this noble attempt, fewer still credit it with being the first university in America. Only a narrow stone monument bearing, in part, the inscription "... on the site of the town of Henricopolis to commemorate the college and university which on May 26, 1619, the Virginia Land company decreed should be established here."—only this slight marking is left to remind the Americans of the first educational venture in the New World.

## A REVIEW

*The Carolina Buccaneer*, 28 pp., Publications Union Board, Chapel Hill, N. C., October, 1933, \$.25.

Very funny, Mr. Editor, very, very, very funny.

## The Sword Is Sheathed

By DON SHOEMAKER

"With this issue of Green Book the Editor announces his decision to sever all connections with the publication. He shall retire to the country and there amidst the germinations of two novels and a fine drove of Poland China hogs lead to the best of his ability the contemplative, agrarian life."

Edmund Henley reluctantly tapped the space bar of his battered typewriter and struck "30," the cryptic symbol of completion that follows every piece of newspaper copy beneath the last line. His pipe had gone out. As he reached in his vest for a match somewhere across the square a clock slowly toned the hour . . . "bong . . . bong . . . bong" With the last note of the sonorous bell, the tenth, Henley found that his lighted match was scorching the end of his fingers. "Ten, it struck ten," he muttered slowly, "ten hours, ten years . . . and what?"

Tomorrow every newspaper in the land would flash the news on its front pages that the veteran editor, America's master satirist and errant crusader against the petty banalities of modern civilization had forsaken his post. With him would pass a great tradition, great though it was but one decade old. He had ushered in those ten long years ago a new era of American journalism, the age of cynicism, of bitter rebellion against the institutions of rock-ribbed convention whose utter lack of imagination made of life a drab and colorless flight from day to day. But now the job was done. He had railed against the Babbits and the Philistines, he had scored the Rotarians and the evangelists, his bitter calumny had pierced the very vitals of mediocrity. For years his diatribe had made them gasp. They called him fool and demagogue, but his vitriolic pen seared their conscience.

No institution no matter how remote or powerful had escaped his notice. No custom, no fad, no picayune foible could rear its sorry head in the face of his scorching abuse. They laughed and called him quack and poseur, but he snorted and made them blush.

To his school came many fledglings and he sent them on to greener fields of cynicism. He decorated the fable of the illiterate middle-west and the stagnant south with a crescendo of sectional blasphemy that shattered the pillars of smug chauvinism. He libeled with a finesse that was naught but poetic license. He made them Main Street conscious, corn-fed conscious, Bible conscious, and few dared laugh.

But now he was through . . . with  
(Continued on page eight)



## Adding on a Chair

By ADDLE STARK

The title illustrates the point that tautology inclines toward ambiguity, which, in turn, tends toward a better type of literature, that of suggestion as opposed to the school of the complete revelationists, who leave not a stone unturned. Now "adding on a chair" has nothing whatsoever to do with scratching sums in arithmetic with penknife in hand upon the seating arrangements of school or home, nor of sitting enchaired while adding. It is a plea of a sort for the adding-on of a chair of tautology to the curriculum of the average American university, for the express benefit of the average American scholar.

That the tautological method would be effective is indicated in the teachings of an ancient professor of esoterics, who illustrates his occult points with truisms in faintly varied triplicate in order to appeal to the three types (according to him) of mind, the static, the dynamic, and the organic. His students, thus thrice assaulted, never forget his points, which by virtue of their remoteness from the subject in hand, do little or no harm. Were the principle of tautology to be infused into all pedagogical pursuits, the effect would be the same as that of the pneumatic rock drill; one stroke goes only a little way, but rapid reiteration would break down resistance until the repository of points was pierced, and the fact lodged in the vault of memory.

Such a repetitive method would be not only salutary but natural, because of previous experience and training on the part of students. The back fence, the caddy yard, and the bridge table are not afraid of tautology. When a gossip says, "He's a nice boy, but they say he's one of these loose, free-lovin', promiscuous men," her hearer has no trouble recalling the point in her subsequent enlargement of the description. When a caddy calls his pal an "illegitimate bastard and a double-crossing rat," the friend is convinced on both scores; and in bridge, if an ace is trumped the trick is surely won, and it is not soon forgotten.

Tautology, if judiciously employed, would serve as social insurance in personal relations of a didactic nature. The mechanic who instructs his helper to "Raise it up a little; now lower it down" and the novelist who writes "As the crimson sun sank in rubescent raiment of old rose clouds, etc." are both assuring themselves that they are being understood and that the proper effect will result. In addition and furthermore, a chair or department of tautological redundancy would both serve and help to enhance better the freedoms of

## Whistlin' Man

(Ballad)

By ROBERT LEEPER

*He come to my house one night, he did,  
When de swamp-wind whine lak a  
a hound;*

*I open my door and ax him in,  
And say, "Won't you set down?"  
Whooo-lay, whooo-low,  
Swamp-wind whine at the door.*

*He warm his hands at the flickerin'  
blaze,  
And I feed him pone and lassy-cake;  
And he set there still and solemn-like  
And listen to the wind in the brake.*

*My gal, Agie, she come in,  
Pretend she s'prised they's a stranger  
there;  
She make her smilin'est bow, and ax,  
"Howdy do?" He say, "Putty fair."*

*I fetched my jug of cider out  
And chunk de fire till de blaze was  
red,  
And then we talked and dreamed for  
a while.*

*"Putty good night for a tune," he  
said.*

*He pucker his big red lips and whistle*

*A tune that 'gun down deep in his  
mouth,  
Soft and gentle like de rustlin' sedge  
When de wind is warm in the south.*

*He whistle high lak de red-bird sing  
And cheep lak new biddies call to  
the hen;  
And den look Agie in de eye and stop.  
I say, "Whistle dat tune ag'in."*

*He whistle ag'in lak a whippoorwill  
callin',  
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill," all  
soft and low;  
He blow in his hands and mock de  
wind  
Dat whine lak a hound at the door.*

*The very next mornin' de man was  
gone,  
And Agie went wid him and never  
come back;  
And her pappy sets rememberin' here  
When de hound whine off in de  
brake.*

*Whooo-low, whooo-lay,  
Swamp-wind whine all night and day.*

speech of the middling average American school-going student, in that and since it would lift up the restricting ban on one of the most common modes or methods of exchanging and swapping psychic ideas in duplicate or triplicate, et cetera and so forth.

### THE DEMON RUM

(Continued from page one)

sports copy at forty I will be assistant sports editor. I never touch it, for liquor ruins many a fine newspaperman."

Joe sort of nods his head, or maybe I am thinking he does, for he slips down and rests his head against the wall and looks very contrite. I am very busy, but perhaps I think I can save one poor floundering soul on this great sea of life which unmercifully casts those who cannot take it on the bitter shoals of ruin and disaster. So I go on.

"Why, my friend, you were the envy of every city desk in New York when you sprung that scoop on the Seabury investigation. And then the time you beat the *Herald-Tribune* man on the Shaw interview. That was brilliant, and although I have done some pretty fine stuff on the heavies up at the Garden last winter I think it was as good as anything out of my line that I ever read.

"I remember in 1927 when they said you should have got the Pulitzer prize for reporting and only some politics

kept you out of it how bad we all felt. But then you went out and got drunk and I had to go down to Giuseppe's Tea Room and haul you home because you thought you were the lion and the unicorn and wouldn't let anybody in unless they said they were Alice in Wonderland. And all the way home you kept shouting "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley" and a flatfoot thought we were a couple of gangsters."

By this time he is very quiet and is looking at the floor sort of dumb like. I am itching to get back at my story, which the sports editor is howling for like a hungry seal, but I go on. I feel that it would be wrong to throw the best reporter in Manhattan down when some of my sage advice could perhaps save him from ruination.

"Of course that was a tough break when Molly died with the kid only a year after you were married and everybody was so happy. But a good newspaperman doesn't let sentiment keep him from serving the public and doing his duty for the Fourth Estate. And of course it was a tough break you got your foot partially maimed covering that May Day riot in Union Square. But none of that was worth going out and getting drunk about. Even that time when Regan fired you for refusing to give him the dope on the Vendetti shooting case that would have ruined that poor little innocent girl's reputation wasn't any excuse for getting pie-

eyed and jumping off a Staten Island ferry to save a helpless little orange crate from "drowning" in the propellor wash. There is no excuse, my friend, for touching the demon rum, when you could even be turning out good sports stuff like I do even if you could not get back your city hall beat."

I look over at Joe, and he seems so helpless, so far removed from this hurly-burly that is life, that I feel sorrowful for him. But maybe he is beginning to see the light, so I try to cheer him up.

"Of course, Joe, we don't hold it against you. Every good man has to drink sometimes in this racket, and even if I am an exception I think maybe a little of it is alright. I know maybe that I should not be talking to you like I am when only yesterday that dame you thought you were in love with down at the automat was picked up for street walking after work. There is no excuse for getting drunk about it."

But just then someone across the room hollers at me, for Joe has fallen off the table. We rush over and pick him up, and he looks kind of funny. I listen to his heart, but I can hear nothing, probably on account of his thick overcoat. A doctor comes finally and feels his pulse. He says that Joe is dead, and is already getting cold. He has been dead for about twenty minutes. It was an alcoholic heart, the Doc says. I always knew it would get Joe.

### STUFF OF DREAMS

(Continued from page one)

students met this train in Durham, and probably a greater event when they escorted them proudly in their carriages over the twelve winding miles to the University village.

The girls had been getting their apparel ready for months. Special newspaper representatives were sent to report the events, and gave three columns in all the state papers to a description of these gowns.

The Di and Phi Societies managed the ball, just as they managed everything else on the campus at that time. The most important officials at the University, except the President, were the Marshals and Ball managers. They wore elaborate regalia, which were presented to their fair young partners at the conclusion of the dance. The lady escorted by the Chief Ball Manager was the most distinguished visitor of them all, somewhat of a queen of the affair.

The ball room in Smith was a marvel. Tall French windows along each side, multicolored decorations, floor slick as an ice rink. As commodious as it was in its day, it was jammed to the



doors with the dancing couples, who swung in waltzes, cotillions, and reels. That was before the Germans and Lancers came into vogue. The lamp chandeliers added to the heat of the late spring night. The Richmond Orchestra, composed of both string and brass bands, occupied the balcony over the front entrance.

At one o'clock came the pause for refreshments. These were prepared by professional caterers, some of the cakes being five tiers in height.

The grand finale was the 'Virginia Reel.'

This building was erected in 1850, and named after Governor Benjamin Smith, who had over sixty years before given the University valuable property. The architect, A. J. Davis, of New York, designed the most graceful structure on the campus along Classic Revival lines. It is in absolute proportions according to the relation of its height and width, span of the pilasters on the side, and slope of the roof. The doorway follows that of the entrance to the Tower of the Winds, in Athens. A tribute is paid to Carolina corn, by substituting it for the usual acanthas leaves in the capitol of the columns. This is the first time that a native product has been used in classic architecture, and is said to have been suggested by drawings left by Thomas Jefferson.

Smith was built to accomodate the University Library as well as a hall for the Commencement Ball and Alumni Association gatherings. The Trustees ruled in 1885 that it should be used no longer for dancing. 'Twas a bad influence. So the Library took possession. This was very small, never used by the students, untouched by the Faculty, and consulted only twice by visitors. The Di and Phi held the books that were really read. During the Civil War the 7,000 volumes were hidden in Old East, thereby barring the damn Yankees from some very good literature. To the present Hill Music Hall the Library was moved in 1907.

From 1885 on, Smith reeked with the odors of the chemistry laboratory in its basement. A little over twenty years later the State set up is agricultural experiment station in the same place. The farmers of the commonwealth were ruining their land with the use of the wrong fertilizers, and were being ruined by unscrupulous manufacturers. The station, with its information from hundreds of tests, ended that. With its bones, manures, and fertilizers, the State laboratory was moved to Raleigh five years later.

Before the lawyers established themselves in the building, when the library was moved, it enjoyed an era of purity. In 1893 it became the University Bath Room. Six beautiful white tubs were

installed for the five hundred students. As an added inducement, hot water was furnished for the ceremonial Saturday night affair. Ambitious boys who bathed more than once a week braved cold water, as did the athletes plodding their weary way bathward at sundown. In that co-edless age it was quite permissible for the students to cross the campus from their rooms in bath robes.

But five hundred to six bath tubs! Somebody's math was wrong.

\* \* \*

Then "Proff" Koch hit Chapel Hill in the fall of 1918. By now it's a well known story, that of Frederick H. Koch's arousing the state to the fact that it harboured a folk drama to be cherished and developed. This man of resilient movements despite his silver hair does not mind admitting he is a fanatic about his art. Let's see the result of this fanaticism.

Those first Carolina Folk-Plays, including Paul Green's earliest offerings, were produced on the stage of the local high school. The stage was a part of the hallway and opened onto the side steps. It was small and completely without equipment. Rehearsals were interrupted many times by the school children passing across the stage. But "Proff" designed and built a false proscenium, constructed scenery of materials at hand, with the aid of students and the stage was used for seven years. These realistic dramas of folk characters known by the playwrights brought forth many 'ohs' and 'ahs'. They created even a greater sensation when they were taken on quarterly tours.

The Playmakers were developing into a nationally known organization, and still lacked necessary equipment with which to carry on their work. When the Law school moved to its present location in Manning Hall, both the History and Geology Departments wanted Smith for their museums. But it was destined for a living art.

When "Proff" first asked the Building Committee for funds with which to convert it into a theatre, there was a chance of his getting \$25,000 from the Building Repair Fund. But the reconstruction of Old East ate that up. However at commencement, 1923, the Trustees voted *unanimously* to give the same amount from the Smith Trust Fund. When President Chase announced this a little later there was some sentiment against it. A *theatre* on the campus! "A THEATRE!" But the tours had created a stronger, favorable impression and plans for renovation were begun. Two details of this change are to be noted. The frames of the original bookcases were set back into the walls as pilasters, maintaining the original design; the old or-

(Continued on page eight)

## Reading and Writing

By R. W. BARNETT

*The Illiteracy of the Literate*, by H. R. Huse. Appleton-Century, New York. \$2.00.

—A Review—

Mr. Huse is not satisfied with the definition of literacy as the capacity to sound correctly the alphabetical symbols that appear on the printed page. Literacy in his mind involves the process of "conversion into meaning." Or, as he further explains, "What is involved, rather, is reading with *translation*, that is, translation into motive, authority, probability, and into meaning as expressed by one's own words." The literate reader is not the man who simply deciphers with moderate mechanical facility the printed word, but rather, is the man who perceives meanings and understands their implications.

The pages of *The Illiteracy of the Literate* throb with contemptuous, pitying, rebellious impatience with our complacency, careless prostitution of language. The little book offers a passionate plea that language be thrown into the light of honest evaluation to be cleansed and rehabilitated.

Mr. Huse has divided his book into three parts. The first part concerns the Nature and Functions of Language. Here Mr. Huse sketches the historical development of language, figurative and emotive use of words, word magic, hypnotic effects of words, abstractionism, and the problem of meaning. In the second part, entitled Verbomania, Mr. Huse's observation is that in education, advertising, oratory, scholarship, poetry, there is a tendency to emphasize words *per se*, high sounding, elegant, scientific words, instead of emphasizing meanings. He calls this the pathology of language. In this portion of the book he has assembled some immensely interesting illustrations which he presents with exceptional wit and clarity. In the last part of the book Mr. Huse discusses criticism and the problem of value in which he offers a credo for the "literate" reader.

The book is valuable as a brief and comprehensive survey of the development, uses, and purposes of language. But it has more specific messages to convey to the poet, the advertiser, the graduate student, the minister, politician, or the salesman. For the poet Mr. Huse goes into the hypnotic use of words in verse, verse where the thought is secondary (sometimes entirely lost) to the word pattern itself. To the advertiser Mr. Huse says that the great part of modern American advertising is

no better than poorly disguised larceny. To the graduate student Mr. Huse pictures some of the futility of picking away endlessly at words, words, words and trying to put them together into a rational pattern, without ever quite recognizing the meanings which probably are not in the words but form a sort of aura around them. The minister is asked what he *means* by his continual employment of an abstract vocabulary. The politician is asked what "Washington and Lincoln and what not and the flag and so forth" has to do with what he has to say, is asked if he has anything to say, or whether he is simply trying to produce an effect upon a body of gullible, suggestible listeners. The salesman is asked why he tells a pathetic little customer that he is the sort of man to whom this or that fashionable haberdasher is catering and then sells him an article at thrice the price the poor customer can afford. In all of these cases and others Mr. Huse finds in this misuse and abuse of language, this fraud and hypocrisy, this tyranny and calculated flattery, something filthy and unwholesome for both the mind and the spirit.

Mr. Huse's book will not interest the man who is amoral, who is totally unconscious of any real responsibility to think and act truthfully, who is willing to do the dishonest thing if it is conventional, who will strike down the person who asks *why* he did this or that and say that its none of that person's business. But the person who at rare intervals finds himself wondering what the *real* reason for a person's saying this or writing that is, will find in Mr. Huse's book an exciting disclosure of what some of the methods of deception are and how we can see them.

In the concluding part of this book is to be found this sentence: "Scientific detachment has led to scholasticism and sterility in literary study precisely at the moment when democracy has given the gift of literacy to vast masses of men who flounder with their new gift, unaware how to use it, victimized by the most palpable commercial, religious, and literary frauds." Elsewhere is quoted: "The unity and well-being of any people depend above all upon the efficiency of communication." And again: "Two attitudes toward democratic education are possible—(1) that the literacy it insures represents an advance in culture and civilization, and (2) that this education has created a paradise for fakers who formerly were limited to personal contacts." These random excerpts suggest the importance of literate reading, literate conversation, literate writing. Mr. Huse's book is unquestionably stimulating in a way helpful to anyone who reads, writes, or talks.



## THE PURITANS HOLD FAST

(Continued from page one)

repeal as another nail in the coffin of Puritanism. It is even more confusing when one realizes the total absence of "liberal viewpoint" before economic and political pressure had been brought to bear. It is a rather wry commentary on American thinking and action to realize that prohibition which was passed on moral grounds has been repealed on a purely economic basis.

The Georgia planter who was drummed into the repeal line by White House pressure is not taking a more tolerant attitude toward the negro; the Maine farmer is not giving way an inch in his Fundamentalism; and the Kansas merchant still loathes Norman Thomas. Liberalism? Most of the voters who have made repeal a fact these past months despise the term or have never heard of it. In fine, liquor has been tolerated by the electorate as an aid to the restoration of prosperity, not as the natural right of man.

The Puritanical spirit will not be washed away by an unstemmed flow of champagne. Even if repeal is permanent, the same attitude which caused the passage of the eighteenth amendment will soon be redirected toward some other form of human pleasure which it can brand as evil and godless. Puritanism yielded in the same way on the score of cinema censorship because it was demonstrated that pictures without sex were profitless. Yet the censors turned about and concentrated their efforts on burlesque and pornographic literature. As history records, the field for Puritan activity is virtually limitless. Anything within the realm of human activity may be outlawed as counter to "the good way of life."

It is difficult therefore to view repeal as accomplishing anything other than unrestricted liquor activity. Drinking itself will probably fall into the same category for Puritans as the cinema and sex. Religiously and socially they will be disapproved, much in the manner that the Catholic church ignored the Copernican theories. Practically, even "the good people" will learn to indulge themselves in pleasures sanctioned by law and custom secretly and somewhat shame-facedly. The spirit will remain essentially harmonious with that which prompted the citizens of Plymouth to cast out Hester Prynne.

That the Puritans have relented but for the moment on economic grounds regarding liquor consumption has been offered as the most important and socially significant reply to the general cry that repeal is a liberal triumph. Yet, no one would be more surprised than the Puritans themselves to realize that this relenting is a perfect example of

## With the Authors

Richard Chase, school master, playwright, poet, and exponent of the native folk dance, is a native of Alabama, now living in Chapel Hill. Mr. Chase graduated from Antioch College in 1929 and occupied himself thereafter teaching in Switzerland, Germany and England. His first play "Home to Cannan" will be produced in Cleveland in February of 1934 by the Gilpin players. His poetry, he says, is "mostly unpublished," though the Harvard Advocate and the Antioch Blaze have featured some of his verse. The CAROLINA MAGAZINE hopes to present several of his poems in an early issue.

James T. Mifflin, is a native Southerner, though he has claimed New York as his home until recently. He was formerly associated with the New York Daily News and asks us to point out that the denouement of his story "The Demon Rum" is not a plagiarism of "The Reticence of Lady Anne," which hasn't much connection with what we are driving at.

Wilbur Dorsett, who writes of the Playmaker building, is a senior from Spencer, N. C., and a valued contributor to both the Magazine and the Carolina Buccaneer, publishing in the latter publication one of the few literate columns featured in the last issue.

A. T. Dill, a junior, is from New Bern, N. C. This is the first contribution to this publication. He tells us that his sketch is prompted by the famed Brown's Mountain Lights, once a phenomenon of western North Carolina.

the Marxian theory of history in terms of economics.

It is perhaps at once the most amusing and most piercingly prophetic sidelight on the whole prohibition debacle that the Kansan in forsaking his lifelong conviction to do his part in reviving the capitalistic system has furnished an American manifestation of a view Marx expounded in a book which that same Kansan has probably excluded from his community library.

## THE SWORD IS SHEATHED

(Continued from page five)

what? Where was reform? Where were the legions of militant intellectuals who would follow his flaming sword to hew down the ramparts of embattled provincialism. What had happened to the evanescent god of liberalism? Were the evangelists hushed, the Rotarians gagged, the dullards and Philistines cast in the limbo? Had his blatant invective shattered the commonplace? Was the battle won? What battle?

Edmund Henley tore the sheet from his typewriter to crumple and cast it in the dying embers of the fire by his desk. But this was not an awakening; it was a re-awakening. So he smiled and penciled directions for the printer.

—30—

## Wisdom

By CARY ELLISON

*Here is your heart again.*

*I have enjoyed it, but now I have mine.*

*It was returned today,*

*A little soiled. Still, I can use it,*

*Put it out to usury, being more wise.*

## Down to the Sea

By CARY ELLISON

The woman stepped from the doorway. The rain bit savagely at her cheeks. The wind pushed her skirt around her legs and pried with cold fingers into her clothes. She set her face, with its arrested young-old quality, hardened it into passivity, and, hunching her shoulders a little, dragging her sodden feet over the rain-dark pavement, went forward.

The thin water on the sidewalk followed her, eating her shoe-tracks, and falling drops closed in behind her unweariedly. Bodiless automobile lights slid past with the sound of licking tires. Street lights swam in and out of sight as she passed unnoticed.

Presently she stopped before a door. In the darkness her face remained impassive, firm and desolate with the comfortless quality of habitude. Her eyes dwelt on the door without expectation, without regard. After a moment her hand rose and tapped, waited, tapped twice more. The door opened and she went in.

The woman went to a corner and sat down. She took off her hat and laid it on the table, and drops of water collected and ran down the creases onto the dirty cloth. Hot loud air pressed against her. The sweet decayed smell of alcohol filled the room.

Presently she went up to the bar. She stood absently, as if she had forgotten or lost the momentary desire that prompted her. Even when she drank there was that immobility about her, about the dead upcurve of her arm, unhasty, undesirous. From somewhere she produced a half-dollar and laid it on the bar and continued her absent-thoughted sipping.

She set the empty glass down by the untouched chaser and turned and went out again. In the street the rain had densened, and the greedy wind carved the air with gigantic strokes. The thicker blackness of her figure disappeared into

the thick black rain as steadily as unmoving.

On the wharf she stood, a splotch against murkiness. Her stagnant eyes dwelt on the slow still muddy current below her, into which the traceless drops melted ceaselessly.

In the water, her eyes stared unseeing into the thick current; and the drizzle closed on the water folding over her body, moving unprecipitately with that quality of drifting immobility, down to sea.

## STUFF OF DREAMS

(Continued from page seven)

chestra balcony was made into the offices now occupied by Harry Davis, business manager, and Samuel Selden, technical director.

A theatre with no lights, seats, or stage equipment! That was the situation after the appropriation had been exhausted. A nice place in which to rehearse, but hardly one for a public performance.

Koch, hearing of possible aid from the Carnegie Foundation, departed immediately to New York, with the Playmaker Business Manager and his right hand man, George Denny. His friend, Augustus Thomas, author of *The Witching Hour* and head of the Producing Managers Association, introduced him to the president of the Foundation, Frederick Keppel, and told Keppel of Koch's work in North Dakota and in North Carolina. Poker face, Keppel gave no encouragement.

Several months later, a telegram was handed to "Proff" in Charlotte, where the Playmakers were stopping on one of their tours. This announced a Carnegie gift of \$13,000. With this the theatre was completed.

And so on November 25, 1925: "— a little of the stuff dreams are made of . . ."

## BOOK MARKS

(Continued from page two)

haustive study of the now popular Edwardian era . . . Circulating libraries object to *Anthony Adverse* because the month it takes readers to finish it was formerly good for renting four or five other books . . . No less than seven new books have been recently published on the Pre-Raphaelites . . . S. S. Van Dine, god-father of Philo Vance is really Willard Huntington Wright, who wrote unsuccessful serious novels fifteen years ago.

\* \* \*

Mr. Phillips Russell's new biography *William the Conqueror* was received too late from the publishers for examination. It will be reviewed in the next issue.



# The Carolina Magazine

NOV 20

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME LXIII

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NUMBER 4

## The Synopsis of an Unpublished Biography . . . By Harrison Cape

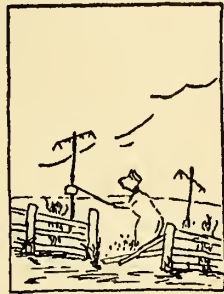
I

Miniver Cheevy Ingles was a child prodigy. There was no doubt about it. Emerging from the infantile state through which we mortals pass and some of us tarry, he learned to walk and talk as do most children. Only Miniver did whatever he did in a manner superior to other children. At least, Miniver's mother said so. Miniver's mother said many things; Miniver's father said little. But this is Miniver's story.

Miniver had things very much his own way until he became of school age. Then he learned that there is a system which is novel and therefore interesting until it interferes with other pastimes and as a result becomes monotonous. But Miniver, being by heredity a prodigy and by choice the recipient of bribes in the form of candy, movies, and nice shiny quarters, studied assiduously and generally received the highest marks in his class. The fact that Miniver's mother was P. T. A. president and frequently had teacher to dinner affected his grades not at all. So Miniver increased in stature and in wisdom and won an oratory medal the last year he was in the grades. Miniver's high school career was notable because of the facility with which he translated Latin, used polysyllabic words, and played baseball. At the graduation exercise he was both class poet and valedictorian.

II

It was at least two years before Miniver adjusted to the *laissez-faire* atmosphere of Auld Lang Syne University, that haven of the wise and the blessed. He worked harder than he had ever worked and made poorer grades. Miniver's mother, convinced that her son's professors knew not his real worth, sent his father down to see the Dean. Miniver's mother would have succeeded better in her mission had she managed the interview herself. It was just as well that she did not bother, for inside Miniver a metamorphosis was taking place. It did not happen overnight. Miniver, discouraged by his poor scholastic standing and his inability to cope with dogmatic professors, started running wild. On a drinking bout with the editor of the college paper he became so inebriated that he unloosed his marvelous vocabulary. The editor was delighted and



Drawing by Bradford White

### House of Connolly

(Paul Green)

By ROBERT LEEPER

*Then there were other ruined gardens  
And lightning-blasted cypresses  
That waited,  
Silent as long-riven stone,  
For the moonlight  
To warm into beauty  
And the fieldwind  
To curve into music.*

*Then the long hope lived  
That some remembering spring  
Would call back flowers,*

*Dew-chastened and strong,  
With new life ebbing and flowing  
Through tense, expectant stems.*

*Oh, then the vision grew,  
From which a song of beauty would  
arise  
And all the strength of music  
Live again,  
All the vibrant strength of beauty  
Breathe again,  
After many days.*

said, "Come up to see me some time. And write something."

Writing made of Miniver a new man. He upheld that which others denounced and denounced that which others upheld. He received the approbation of one group and the criticism of another. He became well-known. He went radical with a keen sense of humor. He became notorious. Students said, "Miniver Ingles says . . ." Members of the faculty said, "Who is Miniver Ingles?" Those in administrative positions fumed and said, "How dare Miniver Ingles . . .?" Miniver was in his element. At the end of the quarter he made the Honor Roll. Never again during the remainder of his college career was his name missing from that category of the brilliant and the damned. For Miniver had learned his lesson, learned it well. A large portion of bluffing and a pinch of cheating were the ingredients which went into his collegiate recipe for good grades. And the whole was seasoned by jollying the professors along. They liked it, expanded under flattery. Let the dullards study. Let them burn the midnight oil. There was no equality, no fairness, no justness in the system.

There was no breaking the system and those who tried to buck it had their wings clipped like just so many pigeons. Underneath Miniver's air of *savoir faire* he thought and thought about it, for Miniver was president of the student body.

III

After a year at a distant university Miniver returned to Auld Lang Syne University in the capacity of an humble instructor. Things were not the same. Shorn of his undergraduate glory and hampered by departmental red tape, Miniver took his teaching duties seriously in an attempt to forget the grandeur that had been his. He graded papers with zeal, collected a rare list of boners, made notes on who had deliberately copied what and never bothered to guess why, and booted the professors under whom he was taking graduate work. Around him he saw his older colleagues taking life easy and accumulating dividends from books which were merely a rehash of other people's books. Miniver thought about it, scratched his head, and kept on thinking.

Then came the great tragedy in Miniver's life. He had never had time for

women. Before he became the man about the campus he had been too serious-minded. Afterwards he had been too busy fomenting this or that private rebellion, though he had not entirely neglected his co-ed constituency. Into his life there now came a beautiful co-ed, Daphne. That is to say, she sauntered into his classroom, turned her limpid gaze upon him, and he began to weaken. The other members of the class sat back and watched, for they knew Daphne. It did not take her long to get her man. In the frenzy of disillusionment which followed upon his learning the truth, Miniver carried to one of his superiors positive proof that two of his students who had been sitting side by side at the time of the exam had cheated. The evidence was there in the little blue books. He was told that there was an honor system but that if he reported the occurrence thumbs would be down on him for the remainder of his career. He would be dubbed many terms, perhaps not unjustly. Miniver coughed, called it fate, and kept on drinking.

### Sons of France

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

I

*Hail to the brave Desaix,  
Glory to France was he,  
Dead on Marengo's plain,  
Trodden and bare.  
Knew not of fear of death,  
Gave France his last drawn breath,  
Covered his troops with fame,  
Leading them there.*

II

*Lannes and Duroc and Ney,  
Heroes immortal they,  
March through the ages on,  
Stern and unconquered.  
What might they not have been,  
Had not a greater man,  
Deathless Napoleon,  
Been leading them onward?*

III

*Such men as these have been,  
Stir deep the souls of men,  
Dreaming of glamor when,  
Reading their story.  
Those who trod Wagram's field,  
Saw the bold Austrian yield,  
Wore light the Emperor's shield,  
Live in their glory.*



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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....MARCUS FEINSTEIN

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1933

### SLEEP NO MORE

(In the first issue of our little magazine under new management the editor was fortunate to obtain the services of Mr. John F. Alexander in an article "The Sleeping City by the Sea," dealing with the various charms of Wilmington, N. C., a city on the North Carolina coast about two hundred miles north of Charleston and some 160 miles south of Norfolk (as the Blue Eagle flies). It is, of course, not the prerogative of the editors to defend Mr. Alexander's article in that it was not aimed to disparage Wilmington per se and that no attack was made on the city whose watch dog, The Chamber of Commerce, has so efficiently defended herein.)

Oct. 28th, 1933

The Editor,  
The Carolina Magazine,  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Sir:-

A recent issue of your magazine carried an article by J. F. Alexander, entitled "The Sleeping City by the Sea." This contribution is the most ridiculous and misleading combination, of a tender friendship, and of indefensible and carping criticism, which has come to our attention in a long time. Due to its misrepresentation and avoidance of truth we will appreciate space for this partial analysis, at least of some of Mr. Alexander's unfair statements.

For his occasional comment as to the attractiveness of Wilmington to visitors, and of this city's reputation for hospitality toward strangers, as a matter of course, we are grateful to Mr. Alexander. For his utter and extreme ignorance, and his lack of knowledge, apparently, of the volume of the Port of Wilmington, we simply feel sorry and extend to him our sympathy.

As a real industrial item, the pay-roll of the Atlantic Coast Line Rail Road

which has its headquarters here is between three and four million dollars annually, and this single enterprise and industry as a unit of volume will be hard to duplicate elsewhere in North Carolina; Wilmington ranks in volume as the second most important port along the Atlantic sea-board in fertilizer imports and manufactures; between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 gallons of petroleum products flow through this port annually to interior North Carolina, and practically every large distributor of any importance now has important distribution terminals at this port; the volume of sugar moving through the Port of Wilmington serves a great portion of the population of North Carolina; there is a tremendous movement of lumber to various coast-wise points; during the past two years there has been developed a vast volume of tobacco for export to foreign points, approximating from twelve to fifteen ship loads each season; the port volume of Wilmington at times recently has reached the rather comfortable figure of \$70,000,000 annually; the Port of Wilmington was recently selected over every other point along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts by the Ethyl-Dow Corporation for the establishment of a tremendous plant to manufacture bromine from ocean water, it now being an interesting fact that approximately one thousand men are now engaged in the construction of this mammoth enterprise, which, when completed, will be a model plant, solely alone in its particular field, which will attract, and has already drawn national attention.

If Mr. Alexander doesn't know that there are few, if any ports, which are recognized as real industrial centres in the true sense of the word, because of the fact that practically none can serve an area which could be described as a circle, why then, he himself, and no one else is responsible for his characteristic ignorance. At the same time if he hasn't sufficient comprehension to understand that every ship, and every load which it brings to a port, represents a real industrial asset, from the view-point of pay-roll volume to stevedores, railroad employes, banks, business houses, stores, etc., why, then he might enroll himself in some nearby grammar school for proper instruction, since the average school-boy could confirm the statement just outlined.

Your kindness in publishing this reply to Mr. Alexander's unfair and most misleading strictures against Wilmington will be appreciated.

Cordially yours,

Wilmington Chamber of Commerce,

LOUIS T. MOORE,

Executive Secretary

## Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

### Testament of Youth—

"The war betrayed my faith, mocked my love, and irremediably spoilt my career." Such is the cast account of the World War given by Vera Brittain, latest spokesman for the English youth which was maturing as the conflict broke forth.

Though a novelist and poet of ability, Miss Brittain chose to record the tragic fate of her generation in terms of her own life and the experiences of her immediate friends. The direct method employed heightens the personal drama, vivifies the suffering, and renders indelible the exploitation of a youth which had ample reason to expect the best in life.

Originally the writer regarded the war as an intrusion on her embryonic efforts to become something more than the conventional young lady of polite 1914 society. A deep and sincere love, however, for a splendid, accomplished officer drew her into hospital work and gave her an opportunity to view the post-war disillusion in the making.

The pain sustained by this sensitive, ambitious young woman when her lover, her brother, and their friends all perished needlessly in France would be ineffectual pathos if she had not succeeded in giving the reader the impression that her testament is that of thousands of other Britons. Love, dreams, ideals, and courage of the entire youth involved in the war were shot away with the same brutality and unconcern that slew men on the Somme and the Meuse. As Miss Brittain comments, not even a particle of one's self remained to mourn—all in all had been swallowed up.

Yet, after men warily announced, "The war is over," she found in her political and social reform interests a means of carrying on. Turning lecturer and pamphleteer (no longer ridiculed as an occupation for women), she lent her strength and skill to effecting prison, labor, and educational reforms. Ten years after her gifted lover had been killed she married, raised a family, and sought further comfort in her poems and novels. Unlike so many of her generation who were content to pity themselves and stagnate in their own moaning, she sought to rebuild, to salvage, if nothing else, her rights as a woman, wife, and mother.

In her informal, fluent manner, Vera Brittain sets forth the bewilderment and trust that trailed her generation from beginning to end of the war. Not until the ex-soldiers and nurses saw Clemenceau duping Wilson, Italy attacking the Balkans, and armies and navies swelling to pre-war proportions did they

realize how futile had been their contributions. A pacifist of the best order is the writer, for in demanding peace she asks for her children only what her own parents failed to grant her. Economics, politics, traditions, and glory fade into the background before the poignancy of Miss Brittain's appeal for a guarantee to preserve the faith, love, and careers of the rising generation.

Ablly interspersed with the war turmoil are excellent reliefs of the social, literary, and political life of England for the last quarter of a century. By her associations as well as by her own artistry and courage, the writer assumes the position of a personality eminently qualified to depict the torment and tragedy of "the lost generation."

### With the Authors

Aaron Krich is a sophomore in the University and claims Newark, N. J. as his home. This is his second contribution to the Magazine; some of his poetry was published last spring. *Missus Nobel, That Pig*, is the first of a series of local color sketches that will appear in these pages through the winter. Mr. Krich has had the distinct honor of contributing to *Contempo*, a little contemporary of ours.

Charles Poe is the son of Raleigh's able farming journalist Clarence Poe, editor of the *Progressive Farmer*. Poe is a senior and a member of Mr. Russell's creative writing class.

Cecil Carmichael writes in *Plunder Over Mexico* (which the editor picked as a title in a lucid moment) of his adventures in the tamale country this past summer. He spent thirteen weeks ho-boing it from Los Angeles east just south of the American border. Total cost, he tells us, was \$2.15.

*Apologia Pathologica*, is an essay from the pen of Mr. R. W. Barnett, ex-editor of the Magazine. The author requests us to announce that the characters are not necessarily those of any university town, and that the scene is laid in Chapel Hill.

*Sculptors* is the Class Poem for the Class of 1933, read by Miss Mary Frances Parker at commencement exercises last June.

The Editors are amused to note that the staff of the campus comic, the *Buccaneer*, is still puzzling over the meaning of "literate," which we said they ain't.

### PUBLIC COMMENTARIES NO. 2

Headline in the *Daily Tar Heel*:

-12,290 ALUMNI

LIVE IN STATE

And the rest in rags?



## While Thousands Cheer

By JOE SUGARMAN

Every Saturday a lone vote is cast in protest to the football game so vociferously approved by thousands in Kenan stadium. While these thousands are cheering end runs and forward-passes, a single faculty member mounts his horse and canters over the countryside. He travels out of earshot of the din of the spectators and does not return until the crowd has dispersed itself through Chapel Hill.

The man who stands out from the crowd in this singular fashion is Horace Williams, long head of the University philosophy department, a figure generally regarded as an "influence" in student life. In his four decades he has assisted in founding the Tar Heel, maintaining a high scholarship standard, administering the University, and bringing about better relations between fraternity and non-fraternity men. But today he refuses to attend any football games.

Professor Williams' case would be strange under any circumstances, but with his particular background oddity becomes meaningful and purposeful. Curious as it may seem, it was he who sponsored the introduction of football as a University activity back in the 1880's when he was one of the younger instructors. Wearied and concerned with students who strung pigs to chandeliers and greased blackboards in an effort to expend surplus energy, he offered the sport as an excellent health-preserver and a means of common pleasure.

The austere faculty was aghast. Football was a roughneck game, not fit to be played by "Carolina gentlemen." A faculty member who advocated it must be a suspicious character. Despite almost united opposition, the keen-minded young humanist won his point and soon saw football being played by practically every boy in school. Himself an ardent player, he watched with great satisfaction choose-up contests on the campus green between Old East and Old West dormitories. That citizens and colleagues pointed him as "that professor who likes football" worried him not at all; he was too occupied in seeing an ideal realized.

Nor was he disturbed when a righteous brother wrote to him that this football business would take him straight to the devil, "but would he please not drag the family name with him." When a Raleigh paper greeted an expedition of players that he led over there with astonished headlines to the effect that a supposedly sane and dignified professor was sponsoring this fool

game, he was amused.

Two years ago as the Virginia game was beginning he saddled his horse and rode away to his farm out in the country. On his return when he reached Carrboro his progress was halted by automobiles coming from the victorious contest in the stadium. He noticed then that half a dozen persons recognized him and pointed him out as "that professor who refuses to go to football games."

In forty years Horace Williams considers that he has seen the birth, life, and death of a glorious hope. To his mind, the healthful, enjoyable game which he so earnestly urged has now become nothing more than a glorified emotional debauch. "Football," he claims, "was never meant to be a game in which ten thousand people watched twenty-two men play. It was intended as a competitive sport in which thrills lay in actual participation. The vicarious experiences felt by spectators are spurious and ineffectual."

When Professor Williams started his campaign for football, the coach, a splendid chap from Yale, had to be coaxed to accept even a negligible remuneration. Intercollegiate contests were banned by the trustees. To-day he sees the sport as an industry, systematized and commercialized with no less care and energy than are expended by large corporations. The health and pleasure motives have been swallowed up in universities' pecuniary desire and players' susceptibility to popular praise. Where once the sport afforded an opportunity for a great many students to achieve the conventional but desirable "sound mind in a sound body stage," it has now degenerated in the venerable philosopher's eyes to an activity which serves only to upset the entire student body emotionally once a week and to distract it unceasingly from the serious business of scholarship.

He began to lose interest in the game about ten years ago, just in the period when universities were beginning to boast of million-dollar teams, gigantic stadiums, and coaches whose salaries exceeded the president of their university. Three years ago Horace Williams, wounded at the destruction of his ideal, made up his mind to avoid intercollegiate football completely. With characteristic fidelity to his ideals and concepts he has rigidly maintained that vow.

There is, however, one type of football which he endorses unreservedly—*intra-mural* competition. This he considers the logical and valuable outgrowth of the sport. Intercollegiate games, viewed by him as dangerous to both life and the development of a worth-while student, he would abolish. He would have all the energy utilized in thrilling to college games and attending cir-

cus-like pep meetings drained into channels of personal participation in the game and more zeal to scholarship. Football, he is convinced, will, if permitted to continue unchecked, eventually defeat and demolish the very idea of a University.

Even as Horace Williams surveys the nation suffering in depression he can trace its lamentable state to the football spirit. "Too many Americans," he thinks, "have been bred in the football tradition of leaving the play up to the quarterback; hence few of us to-day can either conceive or interpret a constructive act."

Saddened by this degradation of what he considers a glorious hope, Horace Williams, once regarded as the godfather of University football, has lived on to see himself again a solitary conscientious objector to popular thought on the issue. It is one of the ironies of Chapel Hill that he has at length locked fast the door which once he so triumphantly swung open. Yet, to him the key is not lost—it has merely been mislaid.

## The Decision

By CHAS. A. POE

Henry Norman's blood-shot eyes glanced at the clock as it struck 3:30. He was sweating profusely, although the thermometer on the wall of his office registered only 74 degrees.

He poured another drink and downed it. Running his trembling fingers thru his hair, he again told himself that suicide was out of the question. That would solve nobody's problems but his own.

As he had told himself a fortnight before, suicide was a crime. And since it was a case of one crime or another, he had chosen the one which offered a chance, however slim, of a way out for his wife and son as well as for him.

The word "embezzlement" had always brought a peculiar feeling of repulsion to Norman. Now it was more to him than a repulsive word: it was a crime of which he was guilty. The word "suicide" had an even more disgusting effect on him. Suicide was a coward's act; and although his defects of character were numerous, Henry Norman had never been called a coward. He was a criminal, a potential convict; but somehow he felt that he did not mind half so much that the world should know he was a criminal as that people should be able to justly say that he was a coward.

Norman's desperate thoughts were interrupted by a knocking. He dried his face with his handkerchief, and called "Come in."

A tall, heavy-set man entered and

closed the door.

"Howdy, Norman," he said.

"Have a seat, Brooks."

Brooks placed his hat on the desk and sat down. For several moments neither spoke. Norman and the bank examiner appraised each other carefully, each trying to size up the man on the other side of the desk. Norman thought that Brooks had a successful air and a good face, if one were not too particular about eyes.

Norman was particular about eyes. Brooks' shifty eyes gave him an entirely unexpected ease and confidence. Whereas he had dreaded the coming of this day and this meeting, now that it was on him Norman forgot his fear, forgot that soon he would be deprived of his rights of liberty and pursuit of happiness, and thrilled with the realization that this was a big moment in his life, a dramatic moment. He experienced the exquisite sensation of an athlete who has lost his pre-game nervousness in the joy of battle.

"I suppose you know why I'm here, Norman," began Brooks.

"Yes."

"Your accounts are short a considerable amount. You fixed the books very skilfully, but not quite well enough. You see, I too am a very clever man."

Norman said nothing. He continued to watch Brooks' restless eyes.

"Of course you realize what the penalty for embezzlement is. And I assure you that you won't get off lightly. The public is most indignant at crooked bankers now."

"No need of his rubbing it in," thought Norman. But Brooks continued:

"When you go to the penitentiary, it's going to be mighty tough on your wife and child. Mortgaged home, no relatives that are well off, disgrace, and all that. I've investigated you pretty thoroughly."

"I hate his soul!" thought Norman.

"How much of the money you embezzled do you now have left in cash?" asked Brooks.

"Around twelve thousand."

Brooks hesitated a moment before continuing.

"As I just said, Norman, you are clever and sensible. So am I."

Brooks' eyes now met Norman's.

"Give me ten thousand and I'll fix it so that nothing will be discovered until next month. That will give you time to clear out of the country with your wife and kid and a couple of thousand."

Norman did not move. Many thoughts raced thru his brain. Brooks, rich, trusted, was a common blackmailer, a cheat! Brooks had betrayed the people's trust in him, just as he himself

(Continued on page seven)



## A Look Into Davie Clark's Locker . . . By Don Shoemaker

### \*THE ERA OF RUCK-MAKING

For some unaccountable reason the University of North Carolina during its lengthy and proud tenure has fallen victim to criticism of one kind or another, all calculated to demolish that institution which, standing unscathed like the brick chimney of a fire-ravaged building among the litter of faculty cuts, appropriation dismembering, and curricular curtailments, is the sole possession which we retain unblemished, our vaunted Liberalism. Strangely, the University has been made the proving ground for the entrance of a Negro student into a southern white university, even though that University has perhaps more than any other institution in the country been responsible for disseminating sociological data and theory tending to cast light upon the race question. More recently another entrance case was forced, this time without benefit of legal argument, and concerning mainly a division of applied science.

The central protagonist for the last half decade in the history of the University has been, however, not a liberal force, but an extremely conservative agency, the militant editorial pennings of David Clark, editor of the Southern Textile Bulletin. A graduate of the University, staunch Rotarian, cotton textile expert and trade journalist, David Clark has sought to drum away the voodoo of radicalism and communism that surrounds the University in a series of ringing editorials to those of his hearers who subscribe to the Southern Textile Bulletin. What interest they could possibly entertain concerning the radicalism and subversive teachings of the University is puzzling to the lay reader. Yet in the journalistic scheme of things each diatribe from David or "Davie" Clark, as he is affectionately called by amused persons on this campus, opens fresh the wounds which the University has suffered for her avowed championing of the cause of Liberalism.

It is interesting to trace this unsounded stream of invective through the pages of the Bulletin from 1928, when the Chapel Hill boogie was born, until the present day, when it seems to show little sign of retreating into the limbo from which Mr. Clark feels certain it has sprung. The Bulletin, through the years, has been most partial to nouns like "communist," "socialist," "radical," "bolshevik," and queer combinations

such as "baby radical" and "radical professor." But a discussion of the content could not bear such weight as a cursory examination of the material at hand.

Our examination from 1928 indicates that Norman Thomas was the first boogie for the ruck-makers. From the Bulletin of October 4: "We notice that Norman Thomas, candidate for president of the Socialist Party, spoke at the University of North Carolina on Monday. At very few institutions of learning would Norman Thomas find more kindred spirits than at the University of North Carolina and their spokesman (?), Paul Blanchard says, 'We must bring the most provocative speakers (to the colleges) obtainable.'"

Mr. Thomas is a favorite target of the Bulletin (he is often called "Thomas and his gang"), but we pass to more direct instances of ruck-making: "Radicals in universities and colleges everywhere are joining in the attack upon us and the radicals at the University of North Carolina, of course, saw an opportunity to strike a blow at the textile industry of their state which they would like to destroy, so they published an alleged 'research' by Miss Herring upon the subject 'Are the Textile Workers Satisfied?' It is our opinion that they thought by asking the question at this opportune time they could cause the employees to become dissatisfied and thereby cause additional trouble." This was from the issue of October 31, one year later. The alleged participation by university officials in the settlement of labor difficulties in Gastonia was resented, precipitating a series of editorials capped by the usual "radical professor" "socialistic teaching" invective.

In December of 1929 The Daily Tar Heel drew fire from the Bulletin, when an editorial appearing in its pages suggested that something was amiss in Gossett's views on textile situations: "A group of students without experience but with a fund of prejudice and misinformation as the result of pegging into plastic minds by radical professors wrote a silly reply containing very few statements which they could substantiate. Every year thousands of young men who would otherwise develop into successful businessmen and manufacturers come under the influence of radical professors in our colleges and universities and have their minds so twisted that their careers are ruined. A new book, Sinister Shadows, shows in a very startling way that most of these radical professors work deliberately and as part of a world wide organization."

To David Clark and his editorial writers, Sinister Shadows (which, it seems, had been endorsed by the Amer-

ican Legion) was a godsend. It was a lead too fine to miss, so the Bulletin plunged in with the issue of February 13, 1930: "The story told in Sinister Shadows is applicable to the University of North Carolina . . . and to many colleges in other southern states. For in all these institutions are small groups of professors who seek to tear down American ideals and to spread communistic and socialistic doctrines."

In the same issue the University falls into a definite category, "The Greensboro News, the News and Observer, and the radical group of professors at the University of North Carolina . . ."

When any University official was concerned in labor struggles that arose through the state the Bulletin wasted no time in publicizing the fact. Thus in the issue of August 29, 1929, we find a list of alleged labor organizers and "agitators" who met at Burnsville, N. C., and among them the name of "Frank Graham, Chapel Hill, N. C." printed in large bold faced type.

Earlier in 1930 appeared the editorial: "The Baby Radicals Reply"—The Baby Radicals at the University of North Carolina have replied to our recent editorial with a 1500 word editorial in the student paper, The Daily Tar Heel. Their reply, coming as it does from inexperienced young men is of no moment except as a reflection of things which they have been told by radical professors."

The Bulletin was not yet through with Dr. Frank Graham, then Dean of the University. In the issue of February 6, 1930: "Frank Graham . . . seems to have appointed himself as the Moses who is to lead the textile industry of North Carolina out of the wilderness and into the arms of William Green, Frederick Erwin Beal, Thomas F. McMahon et al." The Bulletin thought that it might be able to provide Dr. Graham with a cotton mill of his own where he could practice to the enlightenment of the industry his supposed principles of textile manufacture.

The boogie of the "radical professor" gives the era of ruck-making most of its sustenance. In a letter supposedly from a graduate of the University came another definite tie-up between the professor and his poor, bewildered lambs who were lead astray to the pink fields of subversion: "They (the students) are still laboring under the illusion that their professors at Carolina were infallible and that everything they told there is absolute *truth*". (The italics are the editor's, who thought that "truth" would inevitably weave its way into the controversy).

The issue of March 20 goes far

afield: "A brilliant satire in verse has been published in London and seems to be directed at radical college professors—*In all he did, in all he taught, he kept this aim in sight:*

*To get the deeds of darkness done, disguised*

*as works of light"*—

which may be interpreted in any disguise. Its platitudinous brilliance might be questioned, but not here.

Through the Gastonia struggle the University seemed to figure as the proverbial snake in the grass. The references to Paul Blanchard are again frequent, and at one point we find: ". . . Paul Blanchard, a radical writer with communist sympathies, was then sent into the South to write scurrilous articles . . . he formed his contracts at the University of North Carolina and much of the material for his articles was furnished or suggested to him by them."

The Institute of Human Relations gave the Clark legions many uneasy moments. Thus in the issue of May 14, 1931: "There is no good reason why an institute of Human Relations should be held at a University," which in itself is a rather erudite argument. But "The Institute of Human Relations was, in our opinion, held not for the purpose of aiding in the legitimate education of the young men in North Carolina but with the hope of being able to ferment in the minds of some students radical ideas which would ultimately make them join the ranks of the radicals and communists."

All of which led to: "The University of North Carolina is an institution which numbers among its professors many high class men, but also harbors some whose hearts are bolshevistic and who are allied with subversive movements." There was no foot note on the meaning of "bolshevistic."

The University, it seems, was the ruination of "a young man who . . . went to the University of North Carolina a sane man, but under the influences there became a rank socialist"(!).

During the winter of 1931 the Negro poet, Langston Hughes, came to Chapel Hill apparently at the instigation of a local literary publication. He was invited to read to students, townspeople, and faculty members, and his visit was hardly concluded before a howl arose from the four corners of the state. The bulletin jumped into the breach: "No Negro could stand in any mill village of the land and make such statements without suffering bodily harm. The mill operators have too much self-respect to permit *same*,

\*The reader will note upon consulting his dictionary that "ruck" may mean "to vex" or "to annoy," hence "ruck-making" or the creation of some source of annoyance, a left handed application or something of "muck-raking," a journalistic occupation of not uncommon popularity two decades ago. Unfortunately "ruck" is a verb.



but at the University of North Carolina the Negro is honored by being invited to address various groups of students and the editor of the official student publication says that his speaking "is the expression of a clear and sincere spirit."

The Langston Hughes controversy was to reverberate anon.

In December of 1931 the Playmakers produced "Strike Song," dealing with labor difficulties in the South, whose characters were thought to ape efficiently the antics of figures in the Gastonia case. Mr. Clark and his Bulletin quoted several lines from a song sung by the mob in the play, and commented cleverly: "They call loyal workers scabs and do not the professors have a union of their own known as the American Association of University Professors? To them everyone who does not join the union and pay dues is a 'scab'."

An editorial from the August 27, 1931 issue, is perhaps the first direct jab at the University proper. It had been the contention of Mr. Clark that he would never criticize the University, but only that group of radical professors who dispensed subversive doctrines to the innocent student. But "Those in Glass Houses" maintains that the University has an alarmingly high telephone and telegraph bill, amounting to something like \$5,600; that the president's and administrative offices are an annual expense of \$54,000, and that, *mirabile dictu*, \$18,000 per year is spent in merely keeping up the grounds of the University.

In April Norman Thomas comes into the limelight again, and this time the first actual use of "subversive" in ruck-making. Thomas is that fellow whose various activities include sponsoring lecture tours by "the notorious and disreputable Bertrand Russell." The editorial page further states; "It has come about that it would be real news if any teacher of radicalism and communism would come South and was not invited to lecture at the University of North Carolina."

Michael Gold, author and editor of The New Masses, caused the Bulletin to chortle; "The New Masses (it had previously been referred to as The Masses) is a communist publication which was financed by the Garland Fund of which Mr. Thomas was a director. Its second issue was so vile that it was suppressed by the Government. Michael Gold did not stop at the University of Georgia, University of South Carolina, or the University of Virginia. He visited kindred spirits at the University of North Carolina and they of course, arranged for him to address students."

But the Bulletin cannot be found wanting in a sense of humor. Here are

two excerpts printed on its editorial page in May of 1932: "Major Riley of Fort Bragg says there are 2,000 communists in Charlotte. Oh-h-h! Mr. Clark, don't you think you'd better leave off turning in the fire alarm at the University of North Carolina and do a bit of fire-fighting on your own premises?"—Greensboro Daily News.

"We believe that the best way to get rid of vermin is to hunt out and destroy them in their hatching places"—The Southern Textile Bulletin."

Mr. Clark prints in his issue of June 2, 1932, an excerpt from an address he delivered several days previous to that date. "I am a graduate of the University of North Carolina and I can say that several times while at that institution I heard professors in addressing their classes assert that there was no God and ridicule students for holding any such belief."

Later in the same month the trail gets hotter and hotter. Witness: "The Chicago Tribune asserts that at the University of Wisconsin there is airing of professors who are known as atheists and bolsheviks and who approach too close to the teachings of free love."

"We have made exactly the same statement about the University of North Carolina."

The Bulletin has always resented the activities of certain departments in the University who might seek to challenge the *status quo*. On March 2 of this year we find: "Statistics recently compiled by Arnold McKay, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, show that the University of Virginia has twelve instructors in economics and sociology, whereas there are twenty-two such instructors at the University of North Carolina supported by our taxpayers."

"We submit that the University of Virginia stands just as well as the University of North Carolina and that if the ten extra professors at the University of North Carolina were, as Mr. English suggests, discharged and the others put to work, they would not have so much time to meddle in affairs that do not concern them."

Political analysis plays its part in: "It had previously been announced that a dinner in honor of Norman Thomas was to be given at Chapel Hill Friday night but that was cancelled. Possibly the fact that the Legislature was in session made it unadvisable to openly honor Norman Thomas at this time." There one finds a certain element of subtle introspection.

One of the highlights of last year's ruck-making was the Bulletin attack on the University Press, instigated in part by a clipping from a South Carolina newspaper in reference to the publication of Administrative County Government in South Carolina which was

printed by that state and distributed to members of the legislature. A retraction of the paramount charges came in the spring and it developed that the Press was not quite the zombie first feared by Mr. Clark.

On September 7, 1933 an individual attack was made on Professor E. E. Ericson of the English department of the University which commented on an article of Ericson's which appeared in the Greensboro Daily Record: "Freedom of Speech cannot be stretched to permit Professor Ericson to use his class rooms to instill socialist ideas in the minds of immature young men." In the same issue the radical university professor was styled as a type "Public Enemy No. 1."

In October of this year the Bulletin makes perhaps what might be called its classic commentary in the era of ruck-making. It concerns the marriage relations lectures of Dr. Groves: "Men and women who did their loving and courting in the old fashioned way and then built a little home only to lose it because of excessive taxes will be delighted to learn that sacrifice of their homes enabled Professor Groves to live comfortably while teaching the young men of North Carolina about sex and love." Thus is the era of ruck-making brought to date.

The University has consistently avoided making any formal or public reply to the barbs of Mr. Clark. Perhaps it is superfluous to suggest that Mr. Clark and the Bulletin in their enthusiasm are an adequate defense of both positions.

## Plunder Over Mexico

By CECIL CARMICHAEL

Jack Starr laid his package of lunch meat and loaf bread on a rock and stooped to plunge his hands and face in the cold waters of the Colorado. Shivering, he ripped apart his hobo bundle and took out a dirty shirt. Looking up at the sun perched momentarily behind snow-capped mountain peaks, he dried off. Then he turned to get the meagre supper that he had bought with his last few cents.

"Damn!" he exclaimed almost dazedly, "some pinch-bellied son-of-a-gun got it." Subconsciously, he tightened his already tight belt and surveyed the scene up and down the river banks. Midget fires, over which sat tomato-can cook pots, sent their curls of smoke upwards. Hoboes in various stages of undress littered the little valley, some shaving to the reflection of mirrors hung on bushes, some silently packing and unpacking dirty clothes, and some arguing heatedly on topics ranging from communism to the best methods of panning

for gold. Not one, however, showed any interest in the fact that a day's supply of food had just been stolen from one of their fellows.

"I've got to find that stuff," Jack muttered, accompanying his determination with a sailor-like oath that cast doubt on the culprit's ancestry. "Damn the Mexicans! Always singing." His last observance was directed toward three greasers, one of whom was strumming on a guitar, sitting around a fire several yards away. The smaller one of the trio took a package from his bosom and laid it on the ground. Jack stared. "The lousy thief!"

To ask for it would mean a polite refusal. To accuse the Mexican of stealing it would probably cause a fight. The best thing to do, Jack decided, was to walk over and take it. Nervously trembling, he approached the group.

"Buenas dias, senores," he said, and reached for the lunch.

"No, no you don't," the little fellow exclaimed, grabbing Jack's wrist.

"But it is mine. I laid it on the rock."

"Huh, yours!"

"Damn right it's mine and I mean to have it." Jack tucked the sack under his arm and started to walk off.

"Jose! Jose!" the guitar strummer swore. Quickly, the little fellow got to his feet and caught Jack by the arm. With all his strength, Jack swung and hit Jose on the chin. Staggering backwards, the Mexican reached in his shirt and pulled out a knife. For an instant, Jack looked about for a way of escape. To the right, the swirling, foaming Colorado danced its course; to the left a few yards, the mighty Rockies raised their impassable wall. Up and down was the narrow, open valley.

"Look out, boy," a hobo shouted. "Brain him wid a rock!" The short dagger ripped across Jack's shoulders and grazed the flesh. Again it flashed and Jack felt the keen blade piercing at his stomach. He stooped to dodge a thrust at his throat and came up with all his weight behind his left fist. The blow caught the Mexican in the nose and sent him tottering back to the water's edge. With a muttered prayer for mercy, Jack scooped up a handful of pebbles. When the greaser lunged at him again, the pebbles pelted his face and forced him for an instant to close his eyes. Like a flash, Jack grabbed the knife arm and twisted it. A scowl of pain spread over the Mexican's face and slowly his fingers relaxed. The knife dropped. Jack kicked it out of the way and bore down more heavily on the greaser's arm. With a Spanish curse, Jose fell.

"Oh, goddam you. Steal my meat, eh! I'll kill you, you sun-tanned rattlesnake." Jack reached for the knife, caught it by the blade, and tattooed blue



spots of fury on Jose's head.

"Jesus Cristo! Por el nombre de la madre sacrista! Oh, señor!" Crying to his companions for help and to God for mercy, Jose wriggled over on his stomach.

"That'll be enough for him, boy." A tall, Indian-featured hobo caught Jack's shoulder. "Let's see if you're cut bad."

Weak from fright and fury, Jack followed the mediator to a campfire. A casual inspection showed that his brother's suit was cut to ruin. Close examination proved that, though painful, his wounds were minor and needed but to be cleaned and painted with iodine.

The moon peeped lazily out of its snow bed on the mountains. Myriads of stars winked in the cold, blue sky. On the chill breeze that brushed up the valley came the sounds of hoboos singing. "Moo-o-o-n-light on the ri-v-e-r Colorado, how I wish that I were there with you."

"You better not go to sleep to-night, lad. The Mexes might slip a knife in you."

"O. K., pal. Thanks." Wrapping himself in a roll of heavy paper, Jack propped against a pile of cross ties near the fire and thought of home.

## Superstitious John

By LEONARD WILSON

Clutching me violently by the shoulders John eagerly exclaimed, "Don't go down there yet." Another man passed just then and descended the stairs. Being puzzled by John's actions I asked him what he meant by his warning. He then told me that he considered it bad luck to the first one to go down the stairs at the opening of work time. And I, being a new man, was receiving the customary warning of bad luck from old John Smathers.

I later became very interested in the superstitions to which John subscribed and in the manner in which he came to hold them. He would not walk past a post or tree on the side opposite from his friends. This he claimed, if violated, meant the certain parting of the friends. They would quickly change to enemies. This superstition worked particular hardships on him when he would take his wife and children strolling through the forest.

Perhaps the belief that caused the more trouble and hardships for John was the one that required him to retrace his steps should he step over a reclining person or a roll of cloth. The penalty for violation of this was that the object over which he stepped would be cut in two pieces. The removal by pranksters of the rolls would work a peculiar hardship, but he would always retrace his steps over the object.

To carry a sledge hammer across his shoulder while walking through the plant was a sure way to get hurt. The same hammer was supposed to fall and do the damage. Having once been hurt in that manner John was determined to hereafter carry his hammer by his side. When returning a knife, which he had borrowed, he would always be certain that the blades were in the same position as when he received the knife. He would also wipe the blades on his shirt. The reason for this was never disclosed. An equally unfounded superstition was the habit of bringing his lunch on Monday. He feared getting hurt on that day.

Noticing a lead bullet hanging by a string from his hairy, burly neck, I asked the reason. I was informed that a bullet taken from a dead hog's head and worn around the neck would prevent nosebleed. To further safeguard his health John would spit every time he crossed the state line. This, according to his own admission, kept his constitution free of disease germs.

And then at one time when I was alone with John I asked him whether or not he believed in the old country "sayings," as he called the superstitions of the farmers. "Shore," he replied, "It is bad luck to walk under a leaning ladder. You should always walk around. Always cross your fingers if a cat passes ahead of you. If your nose itches company is sure to come. If your palm itches you're goin'na get money soon."

Seeing that he seemed to be slowing I urged him to continue. "And when you kill hogs," he said, "Be shore that the moon is right, for if it ain't the meat will curl. Lumber too will curl if it ain't cut by the right signs of the moon."

A dog barked. Several others joined in the chorus. John half turned, arose, and looked around. To his face there came a look of fright.

"Gosh, John, what's wrong?"

"Listen, hear those dogs howl. Shore as hell someone here is goin'na die to-night. Let's go home."

Being mystified by the seemingly groundless ideas and superstitions of this giant white man who was gruff, strong, God fearing, bold, and sensible, I decided to attempt to discover the source of his fears. He baffled me by holding to his superstitions so closely that he would hardly discuss them. They seemed to be held sacred. Question as I might I could find no suitable reason for a man of his apparent intelligence believing in such absurd ideas. His family could contribute nothing to my search. Wife and children knew no more than did friends. They seemed to take his beliefs as accepted facts and there let them rest.

But when I had practically given up

hope, the thing for which I sought came to me. My vacation work was over. I was departing. And as John and I sat on his lawn and talked, several kittens strolled into the yard and began to play with a ball. "Cold weather is coming," John said, "See those kittens playing in the yard late in the evening." He added, "My mother taught me that fact. She knew many others."

Then I understood from where his superstitions had come. And as I stood and said, "Goodbye," he replied, "Don't say goodbye. That's bad luck."

## Portrait of a Poetess

By SANDELLA

The night she was born her father had paced the floor, praying for a boy who might grow into a man, not a sickly puppy like his first-born, who could read before he could play ball. The child was born at home, amid the screams of his anguished wife. When he saw the sickly baby girl, Henry Doll burst into flame, told the nurse to go, and fled the house, bound on one of his too-frequent drunks. The nurse stayed out of the kindness of her heart, and mother and child lived. Afterwards, reduced to stealing from the meagre household allowance grudgingly given her by her husband, Mrs. Doll repaid the nurse.

In the meantime, there was Mary Catherine, sallow, frail like her mother, and subdued, first only in the presence of her father, but as the significance of the life he was leading dawned more fully upon her, shy with everybody.

Mrs. Doll had been a great Episcopalian before she married, so Mary Catherine was accordingly dressed each Sunday in starched white organdie and sent to Sunday School. Always quiet, and well-behaved, there were occasions when she was obliged to pass on the collection plate like any small boy who had spent his nickel for chewing gum. If her father was on one of his drunks, there was no money to spare, for they had no means of knowing how long it would last. The teachers saw her blush, and understood, and did their best to smooth it over. Do what they would, Mary Catherine felt her inferiority keenly.

When she was nine, Mary Catherine's father died and was laid to rest with all due ceremony on the hill. Standing under a leaden sky at the grave, it was only her instinct for propriety which made her lower her eyes, and apply a small, black-rimmed handkerchief to her nose. But the man who had eaten his heart out to be a man where men could stand up, and whose

Methodist-instilled respect for the institution of marriage as the pillar of society had been the lone reason why he had not deserted them, had, strangely enough, left them a competence on which to live.

New educational trends were making themselves felt, and it was beginning to be an accepted fact that girls without immediate prospects of marriage should fit themselves for some sort of a "position." There had not been money enough for her to take music lessons in the early days, she had no aptitude for drawing, no particular taste in home-decorating, and stenography was not as yet taken up by girls "of family," and, of course, my dear, clerking is out of the question." So Mary Catherine, who in her own quiet way despised cookery and domestic science, majored in English. She graduated the following year, without honors, for she had no particular aptitude for English either, and no great intelligence with which to cope with its problems. A shy day-student of whom the more affluent boarders were scarcely aware, she had, in four years become a friendly speaking acquaintance with most of the other day-students, but she had made no real friends.

That summer she applied to Mr. Cameron for a job with the paper, and, largely out of sympathy, he made her assistant to the doughty Miss Helen Newman, whose job of minding everybody else's business and putting it into print in "Society News" suited her perfectly. Every Thursday Miss Helen typed out the activities of the Square, and such reports as had been phoned into her. Marching to the office with the important rustle of an old evening dress, made over for afternoon purposes, and a great dangling of tarnished paste earrings, she deposited the column for the next day at her desk. Then with a glare at the city editor she marched out again. Mary Catherine's job it was to sit by the telephone Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays to write down the items phoned in by the socially ambitious. The really nice people did not phone into the office—Miss Helen was either on hand at such events as she deemed expedient to report, or she obtained first-hand accounts of those happenings.

Previous to the advent of Mary Catherine, there were weeks when the column was thin, with little news, and that of nobodies. When Miss Helen was away the news consisted solely of phoned-in items, but Mary Catherine was soon on the ways and wiles of her job as assistant society editor. She learned the key positions for the garnering of such news, in what approximate order to place the items of local gossip—the phone-in items last, since they were from the less desirable so-



cially. She learned that some people had something each week of which they wished to re-inform their friends through the medium of the printed page—that they had gone away, returned, were entertaining at two tables of bridge for so-and-so, and thus far into the rolling years.

It was the bleak, dry summer following her graduation that Mary Catherine first seriously experimented with poetry. She wrote of the roaring traffic of the city, of the bleakness of her heart, of the beauty of a vase, of a flower, or some neighborhood show-place or scenic spot. Some of them were printed in the *Journal*, but the boys at the office, having little respect for her scant intelligence in the first place, teased her about her poetic efforts.

Surrounded by a general warmth of atmosphere, doing work for which she was fairly well-paid, and which could not be said to be difficult (She was society editor now, for when Miss Helen had dangled her paste earrings over the desk for the last time, "Society News" had gone on as usual), and thrown into contact with many people, who, for one reason or another, were nice to her, Mary Catherine lost some of her shyness. She had observed that the most popular girls at dances were the most animated—those who were most inclined to laugh and giggle and cut up—so Mary Catherine developed, with much practice, a musical giggle. But giggle as she would at the news-office, her contacts with the reporters hurt her sensitive soul. They treated her with a careful mixture of contempt, condescension and pity . . . so Mary Catherine stopped having her poems printed in the paper.

It was a great day for Catherine when she sent off her brown-wrapped manuscript of one hundred and three poems to Harper's. One week later, she received a kindly rejection, suggesting that she have her manuscript printed at her own expense and circulated as widely as possible for the benefit of the reviewers. They suggested an English publishing house for the job, and off the brown-wrapped package went again, accompanied by a check for one hundred and sixty dollars. Soon, *Many Windows*, autographed or affectionately inscribed in her really beautiful hand, began to appear conspicuously on library tables of the townspeople. *The Journal* carried an enthusiastic review of it by a local authority on Chinese literature—the only other lady of letters of which the town could boast—and the *Baltimore Sun* carried a reprint of the *Journal* article.

People commented on how sadly beautiful it was, and wondered who the persons represented by the initials were. (Mary Catherine concocted three

of them herself, the rest, with the exception of an elderly and respected fellow-townsmen, were the initials of long since forgotten beaux of the belles of her crowd.) Several of the tenderest sonnets were entitled simply "To J. L. C." or "To Preston F." The more personal ones revealed a soul capable of tenderness, but inadequate for the entertaining of either the heights or depths of emotional feeling.

Lovers of the poets sniffed, not contemptuously but pityingly, and stated that the shallowness of *Broken Windows* (some wit in dependable company had paraphrased it thus, and it never, fortunately, got back to Mary Catherine) was only one more evidence that you have to have lived, or at least to have known, life before you can write about it. But they presented a solid front of sweetened praise to Mary Catherine, who trotted her rounds, searching out material for her ill-constructed, naively-phrased items in "Society News," with a new lightness of step, and a soft, bubbly giggle of appreciation in return for praise.

And one week the "Weekly Chat by the Girl About Town," usually a careful rehash of the most important social events of the week with the names omitted, was a dumsily written appreciation for the local reception of *Many Windows*.

And so my first literary personage, a silly, shallow maid growing old, trots by the house fulfilling her double role of gossip-monger for the printed page and devotee of the muses. She sees me at the window, calls up for news, and is delighted to learn that the Bachelor's Cotillion will take place within the next two weeks; and at that time she will put up a bravely smiling front from the chaperone's couch (she isn't much older than most of us) as she watches the young people dance and pretend to enjoy themselves strenuously. "Society News" will carry a full account of it, with her name modestly omitted.

## THE DECISION

(Continued from page three)

had done when he embezzled the money!

Norman stood up. Brooks did likewise. Norman walked slowly and deliberately around the desk until he faced Brooks, then with a look of utter contempt swung his fist powerfully against Brooks' jaw. Brooks fell to the floor.

Norman put on his hat.

"Where you going?" whimpered Brooks from the floor. "Where you going?"

"We," corrected Norman, almost proudly, almost happily. "We're going to the penitentiary. Get up!"

## Apologia Pathologica

By R. W. BARNETT

I can think of no more dramatic situation than one where a gentleman is about to sit down upon a chair that has been neatly removed by a playful bystander. The situation is pregnant with all the force of suspense, anxiety, and constrained excitement. The situation has universal appeal. It could happen anywhere to anyone. The situation is positively cosmic. A play ought to be written about it. As a matter of fact thousands of plays have been written about this situation. Don't mistake me. The situation necessarily has been altered in regard to minor detail, but nevertheless it remains substantially recognizable.

According to some standards this situation with the action of the unexpected sprawling fall, the laughter, the subsequent blows, or apologies, or shaking of hands is all that is necessary for interesting drama. And yet we may well pause to reflect upon the adequacy of this gem of drama. Is it enough? Is it interesting? Is it worth bothering at all about. For the grammar school child who is troubled as to whether to hold his sides or wipe away the tears of laughter upon seeing a lemon pie smeared over a onelegged beggar's face, it is enough. It's great! And for the grown up kid its "just grand" comedy too. But for some of the others that sort of thing is likely to pall. It palls because it is too palpable. It is an experience of the moment with implications reaching neither into the past or into the future. The gentleman has jarred his spine, looked up with dismay and pain, and reacted in one of several ways. That is all. That is the comedy.

The obvious observation to anyone not purblind is that that is not all. There is a great deal more to that situation than merely the precipitation of the gentleman upon his posterior. Such questions as these arise. Why didn't he look to see if his chair was still there? Why did the other mischievous fellow think of taking the chair away? What was there about the man about to sit that silenced the others that saw his plight and did not warn him?

When the writer or the observer starts to answer these questions he becomes dismayed with the reasons, the motives he stumbles across while trying to divine why the situation was ever precipitated. His first conclusion is that although the situation had occurred a thousand times before this particular one is different. Whereas all other sprawlers and jerkers-of-chairs were simply normal "folks," these particular two have unique characteristics. In fact they are two

people acting in a strangely abnormal fashion. The chair jerker had an older sister whom he hated and whom he tormented with all sorts of practical jokes such as booing from behind doors and spilling water on her. When anyone else suggested to his mind this dominating sister the chair jerker is impelled to torment them, however innocent they might be of their provocative effect upon him. The trusting one who spreads himself ingloriously over the floor was perhaps favored with an anxious mama who spared him of all cares to the extent that he finds it difficult today to know when to come out of the rain. He is obvious of details such as the existence of a chair in the particular spot that he desires to sit. And there you are. There are two distinctly pathological personalities. There are two pathological personalities performing in an externally comic situation. The eternally comic and dramatic situation does tend to become tiresome if it depends upon mere externals for its comedy and drama but with the particular personalities revealed in some way the situation again becomes vibrant with a renewed interest.

It is unfortunate, to my mind, that there is a certain fear of pathology among people who are influential in directing creative writing. It has been said that a pathological case is interesting in a medical or psychiatric journal but is of no general interest. That is true, I suppose, but such a position tends to emphasize in writing the creation of types, the delineation of manners, and the representation of broad obvious movement. Such an emphasis will lead ultimately to cheerful, transient entertainment. It can leave no real residue of significance or lasting meaning. But when writing reaches behind these perfectly apparent (and as much uninteresting) types, manners, and movements, and gives them a particular meaning, an individual motivation, (a pathological interpretation, if you will) the writing may lay claim to doing more than that which hack writer with a bottle of ink and a calloused forefinger can do in time.

The suspended moment when the gentleman with intentions of sitting upon a chair fails to find the chair meeting his pants and the chair jerker stands with bursting cheeks behind, is as full of dramatic meaning as the shooting of Nathan Hale, the Lindbergh flight, or the battle of Waterloo. This is true because the real drama is not the apparent drama. What is apparent simply affords the clue to an intenser and realer drama within the mind of the protagonist. There is a fascination in the disentangling and interpretation of personality which awaits any writer or

(Continued on page eight)



any observer who is willing to look. If the revelations appear pathological there is nothing particularly alarming about that. Dozens of writers have made money and their reputations upon their facility for seeing the unique behind the generalized characteristics which go to make up a man. Thousands of readers have been intrigued by the hope of slipping in close to the side of the great men or interesting men as they are revealed in their pathological moments. Was Ludwig's Napoleon a normal man? Rasputin? Wilson? Roosevelt? Mozart? Were they *normal* men. But in their very abnormality we find characteristics, nuances of feeling, and shades of thought which we find akin to our own, infinitely more kin than the drivel which issues from so many so-called normal minds. That tiresome adage "misery likes company" carries a special message to the writer. There is a certain spiritual revitalization which accompanies the discovery that even in the haughtiest may be found humbleness; even in the most brilliant may be found ineffectuality; even in the most cheerful may be found pain and disappointment. The rejuvenation come upon the realization that this man succeeded in spite of this defect or that man failed because of that particular defect which we may possess and can correct.

It is not enough to merely describe what we all know and can see. It is far more important to search out the unconscious and the unseen motives and present them as truthfully and as interestingly as possible.

## Missus Knobel, That Pig

By AARON KRICH

Missus Knobel was a widow. When her husband died, he left her a six family house and three garbage cans to drag in twice a week. She had no children. There were five Jewish families in the house. She rented the other flat to a Polish baker who made good money and paid his rent on time. Mrs. Knobel always said, "One good Polack is worth a dozen Jewish stinkers!" She herself had a room with one of her tenants. She took it out of the rent.

Missus Knobel was small and bent over by her hard and miserly life. Her face was a curse with a pair of twenty-five cent spectacles over its eyes. Her flannel underwear reached down to her swollen ankles. She had two black dresses. One was for weekdays; the other she wore on Saturdays when she shook her henna wig over the holy books with the other good grandmothers.

She hated her tenants. She cursed

them as the cause of all her troubles. She had them deep and dearly in hell. She wished that blood would gush in gallons from them, like it did from her broken heart. She called in God to pay them what was coming to them. They were all good tenants with not more than two or three children in the family; peddlers and factory workers. But only the Polack was all right to her. She would gossip with his wife in a dirty pidgin Polish: *Pane this, pane that, pane dupa.*

She was often the topic of conversation at our supper table. My mother would say, "Missus Knobel had a fight with Wildstein the butcher today. She didn't like the meat, so she called Wildstein a crook and a *gonnif*, and said he cheated with his scales. She told him he was a crook just like his son, only his son was more honest." The butcher had a son who was serving time for something that was a secret.

Or sometimes my mother would say: "That old Missus Knobel is a starting again. She started such a fight in the grocery they had to chase her out. It's a shame and a disgrace." (The old lady would buy butter and smoked salmon by the *half-quarter pound* and bargain about the price.)

But one day the Messiah came.

"Did you hear what happened to Missus Knobel? my mother asked. "What do you know—she got robbed. She was swindled. She was coming from the grocery. A man stops her and offers her some diamonds and I don't know how many *roubles* for two hundred dollars. Nu, what does she know? Does she read the papers ever? Does she know there is a revolution in Russia? A yesterday's day! She gives him two hundred dollars for a few pieces of paper and some glass!"

"Did she go to the police?" my father asked.

"Surely. But can she remember, the old pig, what he looks like. Can she talk a word of English. They'll never find him."

Missus Knobel became a shadow of her former self. She stopped cursing. She didn't fight over pennies any more. She forgot about the house and her tenants. She walked around in shoes without heels. Her stockings fell down and showed her flannel underwear. She began to talk to herself aloud. People thought she was crazy.

When my father came home from work one night he was greeted by good news.

"Oi, Joe, the Missus Knobel is dead."

"No!"

"She died worrying about the money."

"Well," my father said, "two hundred dollars is a lot of money."

## Nostalgia at Siesta

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS

*The archbishop sits in his chair today  
To watch the waxen drippings of a sun  
Clot the Caribbee sky down the sea's edge.  
Gossipings of palm fronds  
Slicing the passive air with mockeries . . .  
With dead messages for Trinidad  
And old France.  
The fingers know again dry power  
Florescent out of Byzantine embroideries.  
Lie still . . . lie still . . .*

*And Diego screams from silver  
Shrieks malignance at shadows in the patio  
Clamorous: "Ma Belle a dansé autrefois!"*

*The archbishop sleeps in his chair today,  
And ariel hissings of the palms  
Hold secrets for Trinidad  
And for lost France.  
Raw cacaphony of one green bird  
Pacing the regency of his argent bar  
Is velvet now—"Ma Belle a dansé autrefois . . ."*

## Mr. Russell's New Biography

*William The Conqueror*, By Phillips Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1933.

By LUCILLE ALTHAR

Since the generation which followed William to England in 1066, we can reckon twenty-eight or thirty from father to son, and, if you care to figure up the sum, you will find that you had about 250 million arithmetical ancestors living in the middle of the eleventh century. . . . If you have any English blood at all, you have also Norman.

HENRY ADAMS

As Henry Adams points out most Englishmen and a large number of Americans are probably related to this noted Norman duke, William the Conqueror, and will be interested in this new book about him, which is as the author states "the only one volumed history of the Norman conquest which is suited to American readers." Not only will this biography attract the reader as the life of a possible ancestor, but through the Norman conquest we trace the beginning of many English and American customs and traditions. In the concluding chapters Mr. Russell has summed up in a very orderly manner the effects of the Norman conquest.

In a simple manner the biography begins by relating the events in the immediate background of William's birth. In Falaise in Normandy there lived a tanner who had a beautiful daughter.

Now it so happened that one day as this beautiful young daughter was either filling her jar at the fountain; or was dancing in the village square; or was bathing her feet in the brook (you may choose the story that appeals to your fancy most, for there is a chronicle to support each theory) a young duke, Robert the Devil or Robert the Magnificent saw her, desired her, sent for her to come to the castle and she came all a very common place occurrence and in that period a very logical one. The tanner's daughter arrived at the castle in high style and was treated with due respect though the couple were never married. In the birth of William, reported by one chronicler to have been on the floor, the mid-wife saw an omen indicating that he was to be king.

When William was less than twenty be began his conquests; after bringing under his power the restless nobles of his own duchy and three times repelling invading French armies he sought new fields to conquer. He decided that he would marry Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, count of Flanders, but she "held out longer than any fortress and gave William anxiety than a hundred trouble making arons."

It is evident that the book was written with the idea that it would be for popular use rather than for the scholar, for it is through the use of simple monosyllabic words that the story gains a certain straight forward attitude which enables the action to move rather quickly. The scenes presented, particularly those describing the battles are unusually well done and the reader can almost visualize the armored knights drawn up in battle array on the hill and in the valley at Hastings, with the golden banner of Harold waving at the center of his army of locked shields.

It is rather disappointing in many instances that there is no bibliography of source material, for aside from the foot notes there is no indication of authorities and in many cases the discovery of new truths are of the nature that one would like to see the original source as well. If viewed from the standpoint of the modern school of biography the book seems lacking in one factor that is one of the major characteristics of that group; that is, the reader never comes into very close contact with the central figure. There seems to be no sympathy engendered between the reader and William, we are not given access to his innermost feeling; the book attempts no psychoanalysis of character nor of personality.

The author spares no detail which will contribute to the general concept of the biography and whether that description is gruesome or not is not regarded by him in his adherence to the truth as he has found it.



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HUNGRY SOULS

Mr. Jack S. Dendy's woodcut which he has titled "Hungry Souls" comes to us from Washington, N. C. Mr. Dendy was a frequent contributor to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE last year. His woodcuts elicited much favorable comment from those who enjoyed the simple beauty of his themes and the skill he employed to express them in line.

## Their First Quarrel

By CECIL K. CARMICHAEL

John Blake stopped on the corner of Trade and Tryon and rubbed his hands briskly together. He looked at his watch. Ten minutes of twelve. Ten minutes til quitting time, and home! He stepped behind a column of the National Bank building to get out of the wind, light, but blowing before it a heavy mesh of snow, and lit a cigarette. The match flame glowed for an instant on his ruddy face, sputtered, and went out.

"Too cold for a match to burn," he muttered. "Damn, it's cold!" He held the burnt match in his numb fingers and marked on the marble column, "Christmas." He rubbed the word out, threw the match stem away, and jammed his hands deep in the pockets of his police overcoat. "Time for me to check." He stepped to the sidewalk into the softly-falling snow, crossed the street, and started up the deserted, main thoroughfare.

"Hi, John," someone called, "wait a minute and I'll walk with you."

"Make it snappy, Tim. It's too cold to be slow." Tim Sellers, the boy who worked in Tony's weenie stand, joined him and they walked on together.

"How's Christmas, John?" Tim asked.

"Fine for a cop. The best ever."

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## Four Athletes

By JOE SUGARMAN

I

Short, wiry hair shoots up from his head. A nose, broken by blocking a kick in high-school football, curves menacingly. Tobacco-juice drips down the corners of his mouth. A consciously disreputable grey overcoat hangs over magnificent shoulders. His walk is a cross between that of a traveling salesman and a longshoreman.

He is dissatisfied. The school has brought him down here, paid him good money, watched him develop into a great player. Yet, the best he can do is prow around town with rough-shod, coarse cronies. The men that count, socially and politically ignore him. "Yeah, great player, but rough stuff." He knows that he could crush any one of them with a single blow. But what good would that do? No more than when he picked that fight during the big hockey game. Folks said he was roughneck. His pals told him he had school spirit. He spat and disbelieved of them both.

Next season the sporting columnists will rave over his ability. He will probably achieve unique recognition in the state. But in his own town, at his own school, he'll be just another powerful boilermaker who happened to have a natural athletic ability.

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## Turn Back the Pages

DEC 18 1933

A Revelation of Men and Manners

By EDITH HARBOUR

### FOREWORD

Time in its flight has witnessed strange happenings at New Hope Chapel Hill. A tolling bell can still arouse inhabitants of the village from slumber on the eve of a football game and a Rameses hoax can be perpetrated in the interests of that elusive thing called college spirit; but history, which never repeats itself verbatim, refutes the generally accepted theory that the college youth of the present day is headed straight for hell and proves that the Carolina man of today is none the less mannerly than were those thousands who went before him. Special reference is paid to the crudities of a bygone day with the hope that those who read may profit thereby and abstain from such ungentlemanly practices. (All data except descriptive adjectives may be found in Kemp P. Battle's HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, Vols. I and II.)

\* \* \*

James Hinton was lonely after he came from his home on the banks of the Cape Fear to that "huge misshapen pile" called a college which had been placed on a high and rocky eminence twenty-eight miles from Raleigh. For two weeks after his arrival, February 12, 1795, he was the entire student body and behaved himself in exemplary manner. Other students came by coach or on horseback to the Hill of New Hope Chapel. The Pettigrew sons, making a secret report to their Bishop father as to the manners and morals of the first students assembled at the University of North Carolina, wrote: "The students in general have nothing very criminal, except a vile and detestable practice of cursing and swearing—which are carried on here to the greatest perfection . . . Hardly a sentence passes without some of those highflown words which sailors divert themselves with."

The object of establishing the literary societies, affectionately called the Di and Phi, was the cultivation of lasting friendship and the promotion of useful knowledge. The practice of wearing hats was forbidden, though at one time the Di president was required to preside in a borrowed beaver. Weighty queries were debated at length. Among the matters of vital interest forever settled were these: Are ladies or wine more deleterious to students?

Should a man marry for gold or beauty? The decision went to the ladies in the first instance and against them in the second.

The records of the University show that the students ran wild in the good old days. Excessive drinking and fist fights were the chief offenses as there was a tavern, called grog shop, in the town. Bee-hives belonging to residents of the village were frequently stolen and the honey daubed on the floor of chapel or classroom. Once a calf was fastened in the chapel after the benches had been shoved against the pulpit. Entries generally state the punishment and the offense:

M. J. severely whipped for stabbing O. J. with a pen-knife in the shoulders.

W. R. suspended for kindling a fire in the house of the Trustees with intent to burn it.

R. S. expelled for firing pistols and for throwing stones at the Faculty.

R. A. carried a keg of whisky into his room, and he, A. J., and R. C. had a spree.

A son of General Davie and Henry Chambers participated in the commencement brawl of 1804. Scene: annual ball in Steward's Hall. Stimulus: Davie trod twice on Chamber's toes. Response: fight in yard, Davie using knife. The Trustees, being in session, tried the case and pardoned the combatants after each had signed a written declaration of regret and admission of fault.

Bitter quarrels had arisen among the students in 1803, and there was a duel; but the great rebellion did not come until 1805. Students became incensed at the severity of laws passed by the Trustees requiring monitors "to mark absentees from Prayers and Public Worship on Sunday, to note all profane swearing or gross or vulgar language, and report at Prayers on each Sunday morning." Furthermore, the monitors had a tabulated list of rules which they were supposed to enforce, suppressing "every species of irregularity." The students remonstrated and petitioned. The Trustees did not repeal the laws but modified them. Seceding students departed for their respective homes. Re-

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1933

### EDITORIAL

A correspondent at a large eastern university writes us:

"Your are, of course, familiar with the normal student's fear of betraying any marked interest in his work, as this would mark him either as a grind or a softy. This seems to have been done away with here and a great many students are unashamedly eager and keen for their subject. The transition has been made so that heated discussions of fine arts and economics may be substituted for girls, dates, drinking, football, politics, etc., without any loss of "he-man" prestige."

Similar comments are made by students at other universities whose curricula and general academic reputation are esteemed in every center of learning. It seems that the better type of undergraduate is at last shaking the dust of rah-rahism from his heels and tackling the problem of education with an honest verve. Someone has doubtless told him that those queer looking red brick or white marble buildings over by the stadium or gymnasium are inhabited by a strange race of beings who have been hired by trustees to beat a little culture into the youngsters. Some of them are even beginning to oppose the unwritten code of culture resistance that engulfs the average college campus.

But there are, of course, those whose ultima thule is seven southern conference championships, 365 days per year of Mae West at the local cinema house, and Guy Lombardo in the Tin Can four nights a week. The other day a junior told us, "I ain't coming back here next year unless we get a new football coach." And a few days before in a heated discussion in the Magazine office three undergraduates in our presence arrived at the conclusion that "A good football team makes a college. Lookit how Harvard and Yale have fallen this year. Next year nobody will go there."

We shall not be surprised if the committees on curriculum changes appoint-

ed from the student body come to the unanimous agreement that any change in our present system save a few courses in gridiron ethics, the psychology of basketball, and classic origins of the 220 yard dash, should be made. If they are honest, the verdict must be thus, and if we are interested in the democratic principle of giving the majority what it desires our curricular revisions may be the precedent for an interesting trend in American education.

The suppression of adverse sentiment toward the University Club by other campus publications leads us to remark on the startling exhibition of bad taste displayed by that ultra-chauvinistic body at the Thanksgiving football game a fortnight ago. Between the halves, members of the organization liberated a number of rabbits tied with small balloons and flags in the center of the field and permitted small boys to chase them through the limits of the stadium. Two of the defenseless animals were crushed in front of the stands by over intrepid pursuers, and another was apparently strangled by an onlooker at the further edge of the arena. Were the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals more active in this section some sort of prosecution would doubtless have ensued. As it was, the affair was passed off as a "stunt" purported to entertain the cash customers sitting above in the arena.

This is but another of a list of childish, mis-directed activities of this group which seems to pass itself off as representative of the student body of the University. Two Saturday's before its leaders had instigated a mob attack on the Duke University campus on the strength of the myth that students of that institution had spirited away a certain quadraped known as "Rameses III." Uncertain reports, most of them false, as to the amount of damage done to the Duke campus were spread about by state newspapers. Apparently it was all in the spirit of good fun and honest enthusiasm, but the effects precipitated angry mutterings in quarters where the reputation of the University is frequently questioned. The denouement came when it was revealed that the ram had been spirited away by members of the club themselves.

We feel sure that this incident and the revolting slaughter of the bunnies Thanksgiving is not representative of what the saner element in the University would term incentive to the creation of school spirit and honest enthusiasm, and urge that the program of the organization responsible be curtailed by student government officials or directed in the paths of decent restraint.

## Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

### After Such Pleasures

Last year George S. Oppenheimer, publisher of Dorothy Parker's work, wrote a none-too flattering play about the petite lady who has been deservedly called "the wittiest woman alive." In *Here Today* he made the comment that Mrs. Parker, for all her cleverness, for all her renown as the originator of the nation's best sallies, was essentially an ephemeral writer, "here today, gone tomorrow."

Reading through her eleven latest short stories substantiates this view. If anything, Dorothy Parker is a little too concerned with being clever. While she is virtually matchless at repudiating hypocrisy, banality, and the stupidities of contemporary society, her vantage point is the penthouse. She observes, tinges her picture with wit and malice, and offers it to a devouring public. Amusing and entertaining as her tales may be, this aloofness, this shiny modernity seem to destin them for little more than passing attention.

"The Waltz" is an acidulous account of a girl's murderous thoughts while struggling with a clumsy partner. "Here We Are" is a cruel portrayal of a young married couple quite flustered at the prospect of consummating their marriage. "Glory in the Daytime" is a mocking tale of the disillusioned stage-star worshipper. In none of these stories, to the reviewer's mind, the most typical in the volume, is there constructive understanding or tolerant sympathy. They are accurate representations which are frozen and published by a writer whose chief interest is not in the complete human being only in sectors of foolishness and fear.

Perhaps it is this penthouse observatory, this first-night and cocktail atmosphere which prevents Dorothy Parker's work from being something more than accurate and clever. Ring Lardner, for example, wrote of man's sham, with equal bitterness and fury, but his lookout-post was the railway waiting room or the barber shop chair. His dumb athletes and giddy women are human beings against Mrs. Parker's puppets constructed from a squint at their personalities.

### The Edwardian Era

Now that bigwigs of the Victorian day have completely accounted for and interpreted his mother's period, King Edward's smaller fry are attempting to do the same thing for him. Of course, since Edward did not even pretend to rule, a record such as M. Maurois' is concerned largely with the personalities

of the day rather than the royal *bon vivant* himself. In a graceful, if slightly superficial and hurried fashion, the Freshman treats neatly and entertainingly Salisbury, Balfour, Asquith, the Kaiser, and Lloyd George as actors before a curtain which was to rise on the World War.

For a hasty, unscholarly account of a discreetly seething period *The Edwardian Era* is highly satisfactory. Yet it might have been infinitely more enjoyable if M. Maurois had indulged a little more in prying into private lives and peering through keyholes, a method more suited to his style and attitude.

\* \* \*

### The World of Gifts

If one would trust the publishers any book ever published is desirable as a Christmas gift. Yet, from the mass of literature published this fall a certain few stand out as acceptable under almost any circumstances:

For children—*A Book of Americans*, clever rhymed history of the country in terms of personalities ranging from Captain Kidd to Wilson. *Jane Hope*, the romance laid right here in Chapel Hill by a Chapel Hillian.

For the family: Either *Bonfire*, a domestic novel by the reliable Dorothy Canfield or *Within This Present*, another Chicago social novel by Pulitzer Prize winner, Margaret Ayer Barnes.

For the intellectuals: Noel Coward's *Play Parade*, eight of his most popular works, or *The Collected Prose of Elinor Wylie*.

For students of public affairs: Ernest K. Lindley's *The Roosevelt Revolution*, a clear analysis of the New Deal, or Mark Sullivan's *Over Here*, a journalistic account of the war years.

For the girl friend: *Crowded Hours*, Alice Roosevelt Longworth's gossip chatter on politics and official social life, or *The Master of Jalna*.

For everybody: *The Man of the Renaissance*, brilliant study of the period and four lawgivers, by Ralph Roeder, or *Anthony Adverse*, or O. Soglow's delightful drawings, *The Little King*.

## Wandrer's Nachtlied

Translated By A. T. DILL

O'er all the mountain-tops  
There dwells a peace,  
In every silent copse  
Scarcely a breeze  
Thou noticest.  
The birds asleep on the bough.  
Only wait, soon thou—  
Thou too shalt rest.

—Goethe



## The Return of Mr. Fewster

By VIRGIL LEE

Mr. Archibald Fewster fixated his good eye on my countenance and repeated:

"She was a naggin' sort. I never would have married her if it hadn't been for her maw. I hope you don't blame me for that," and he paused with his whisky glass in mid-air—a pained expression on his face.

"Oh no," I replied, with an air of easy familiarity. "In fact—" I stopped and downed my Port. "In fact, if I had been in your place—well (here I assumed a self-righteous tone) I don't know what might have happened."

"Just what I told her," he vociferated illogically. "Time and again I told her; she didn't know what a kind, considerate husband she had." And tears of self pity, remorse and Maryland rye welled up in his eyes. After a time he continued as if talking to himself, and in a more rational vein.

"I guess I just couldn't stand any more of it. I pulled up stakes one day, as the saying goes, and the next thing you know I was in Baltimore. Well sir (he eyed the appurtenances of the speakeasy with an appreciative grimace), I hadn't been to Baltimore for nearly twenty years, easy, and having a little cash in my pocket and a careless way about me I was soon feeling pretty high and ready for most anything. Well, you know how it is when you get a few drinks in you—it's easy to get acquainted; fact is, I got acquainted with a young chap—forget his name—who said he'd take me around and show me a good time. So I says, feeling like it might do me good to sort of forget myself, I says I'd be glad to go, so off we went arm in arm. Pretty soon we were in one of these here extra-fine night clubs, you call 'em, a-and—Burp ('scuse me) and we sat there for a while drinkin' and listenin' to the music and so forth, when all of sudden, like out of the blue sky, I remember the last time I was in Baltimore.

"It was one of those early spring nights that seem hot only because winter's just gone, and sorta makes you feel restless inside, you know. Well, I was about twenty, as I remember, but I hadn't had much runnin' around to my credit and I was kind of anxious that night to blow the lid off. There were three of us together that night as I remember, and we decided to go out to Madame DuBois' place on the—road—maybe you've heard of it. Well, we had some time out there, you can bet. . . one of those places where they serve you girls and champagne together.

"Well sir, I was sittin' there in that

## Ballade of Cyrano De Bergerac

By A. T. DILL

*Knight of the nose inscrutable whom  
none*

*(Not even the bravest of them!)  
dared lampoon;*

*Gascon whom fellow-Gascon D'Artag-  
non*

*Applauded stamping to his sword-  
play's tune;*

*An empty stomach and a macaroon  
Was strength enow to hold five  
score at bay,*

*And yet in Life's dumb, panto-  
mimic play*

*Broke was his blade and dulled  
were his blows*

*By fops and fools who fought to  
steal away*

*From Cyrano his laurel and his  
rose!*

*Scholar and school-boy who one time  
when done*

*With poring o'er creation's cosmic  
rune*

*And knowledge gathered beneath the  
sun,*

*Could mock a madman, pose a learned  
loon*

*Fresh come from voyaging the sum-  
mer moon;*

*Who else could so forget himself  
and play*

*The madcap moulded in a wis-  
dom's clay*

*That all but Love and Loveli-  
ness forgoes*

*And think but this, the gesture!—  
come what may*

*To Cyrano, his laurel, and his  
rose?*

*Rhymer and writer, poet and play-  
wright, one*

*Whom Fame's fault-finding hand for-  
sook so soon,*

*What worth was all so pitilessly won,  
The kiss denied, a lover's lightest  
boon?*

*Still in the fading of the afternoon,  
Still in the empty garden's twi-  
light gray*

*We hear thy voice's ringing cour-  
age stay!*

*Be thine the sleep, the spirit's  
proud repose,*

*While these, the tear unshed, un-  
told, allay*

*For Cyrano—his laurel and his  
rose!*

### L'ENVOI

*Prince, wait not the never-coming day  
When he to you will bend his knee and  
pray*

*A sullen boon before thy conqueror's  
toes:*

*What Life bereft, his brother Death  
will pay*

*In due immortal.—Henceforth will men  
say*

*Of Cyrano, "His laurel and his  
rose"!*

night club with that young lad night before last, watching the chorus girls do some fancy steppin' and clogging about, when the thought struck me to go out to Madame DuBois' house, if for nothing more than old times' sake. The next thing you know, I was outside hailing a cab and my young squirt of a friend beggin' me to stay, and me givin' him the cold shoulder and all like as if I hadn't been brought up right. I know what I should have done; I should have stayed—but I didn't. Like the fool I am, I jumped into the first cab and inside of fifteen minutes I was out on the — road, alone, in a dress suit, and staring at the old iron gate which was the entrance to Madames'.

"To tell you the truth, I was probably drunker than I thought because no sane man in his right senses would've done what I had just done. Anyway, I walk up to the gate and try the handle. It's unlocked, so in I go, a little unsteady, you might say, but enjoyin' myself to the fullest and rarin' to go. I walk up to the front door and knock a couple of times, but nobody answered the door, so I just walked on in.

"The place looked a little funny, not

quite as dressed up as I remember it before. But I didn't pay much attention to the furniture and so forth—fact is, I was looking for somebody. Then I see a door on one side of the hallway and I go up and knock. Pretty soon I hear a noise like feet shufflin' and then a light being snapped on, and then the door opens and out pops a head with a night cap on it. The fellow blinks at me for a while, and then with a sort of flourish he invites me in. Well, I went in—and believe me, the room was *some* queer place. There were books everywhere: on the table, in two or three bookcases, stacked against the wall and some even under the bed. And there was a blackboard on one wall and a sort of tank in one corner of the room with what looked like fish in it, and a long table with funny-looking bottles on it filled with all kinds of queer things.

"The fellow himself—if you discounted his long nightgown and cap, and just looked at his face—was a right decent appearin' sort of man about sixty, I guess, with a funny, pointed beard and the sort of eyes that stare through you. I hadn't but stepped in the room when he takes me by the arm and sets me

down in a chair and commences talking to me. Well sir, you can just bet that talk was the most outlandish you ever heard. Of course, even if it had of been good I wouldn't have enjoyed it—in my condition. He started off by picking up a piece of chalk with one hand and a sort of pointer with the other, and looking sort of vacant-like for a minute, he began his *spiel*.

"The first thing he talked about was Birth Control and such stuff, and I thought he was trying to be funny or something, seeing why I had come out to the place and I started to call him on his fun when all of a sudden he stopped drumming up Birth Control and Eugenics and began an illustrated lecture on embryo—what is it? embryology. He walked up and down in front of his little blackboard, stiff as a poker, with his long nightgown and cap, drawing figures of nothing you or I nor anybody ever saw in their lives—and he put labels on them: spermazoops and blasto-what-nots and oogules—a long list of thing, and all the time explainin' what they were and what they pretty soon turned into. I tell you, it was crazy stuff!

"Once I got so fed up that I started to leave. Well, what did the old codger do but lead me over to his worktable and almost poke my eyes out with a microscope—and all there was there was a mess of strings whirling around in the water. Then he stood up real straight and dignified-like and rattled off some names: Darwin and Men-thol, or something, and Huxey, and some others and then, last of all in a loud voice, McGugin; and with a sort of light shinin' in his eyes he told me that was him—McGugin, I mean. And he put out his hand to shake hands with me and thanked me for listenin' so politely, and he opened the door for me and there I was out in the hall-way again.

"By this time I was beginnin' to wonder whether I was havin' D.T.s or not, and was half a mind to leave the place then and there. But no, Fate or Providence or some devil in me made me stay there like I was rooted to the spot. I was in that certain condition which just makes you feel to do a single thing would be the greatest effort you ever undertook. I don't know how long I stood there, trying my darndest to think or do something when a head peeked around the corner of the hall-way. I thought the other fellows' head was queer enough but this one even had his beat. He had a black skull cap, and underneath the brim of it his hair stuck out all around like wisps of straw. He had, for a fact, one of the longest faces I ever set eyes on; it hardly looked human, I tell you, hardly human. His face was like the color of plaster, except

(Continued on page eight)



# The Glory That Was . . . The Portrait of a City . . . By A. T. Dill

## I.

Back in the dear, dead days before Horace Greeley had cut his eye teeth and the east coast was the only civilized part of the state, New Bern was called "The Athens of North Carolina." But since politicians have quit quoting Greek and Latin, this classic sobriquet has gone the way of all useless appendages; the population of 12,000—49 per cent white, 51 per cent negroes—call their abiding place just plain "New Bern," as it was christened by its Swiss founder, Baron DeGraffenried.

This worthy, together with some hundred Huguenots, Palatines and Swiss, founded the town in 1710, which makes it second oldest in the state. But if New Bern plays second fiddle to Bath, N. C., from the standpoint of priority, it's about the only superlative the town has missed out on—according to the New Bern Historical Society. Here was the first meeting of the general assembly, the first incorporated academy, the first printing press, the first steamboat line owned in the state, the first revolver (whose inventor, Dame Tradition has it, also thought up the Colt revolver but was swindled out of it). As in every other town between Charleston and the Potomac, Washington spent the night here. President Monroe and John Calhoun were visitors; so was the ill-fated Don Francisco Miranda; Thomas Benson was entertained as a boy, before he became Archbishop of Canterbury—and so on *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*. The place reeks with history.

The halo of Hellenic glory came about largely because of the number of famous North Carolinians associated with New Bern in its spry days. The fiery John Stanly raised his brood of eight sons here, among whom Edward was noted—famously and infamously. On the former score he was elected to Congress, was speaker of the House and attorney general of the state; more infamously, and too often unfairly, known as military governor during the Civil War, prior to which he was active in attempting to keep North Carolina with the Union. Like Edward the son, John Stanly the father had a temper that was no respecter of legislative chambers. He fought and killed Richard Dobbs Spaight in a duel, and Thomas Stanly, another of the brothers, defended his honor for having tossed a bit of cake across a banquet table! The only one of the eight who stayed well out of trouble was an idiot.

Another immortal among the many was William Gaston, speaker of the House of Commons, member of Congress, the state legislature, and the Su-

preme Court. But aside from these accomplishments and the fact that he wrote "The Old North State," Gaston knew a sizeable fee when he saw one. Once he defended a Spanish sailor who in an exuberant moment slid a knife between the ribs of a man from a neighboring county. Gaston's plea was tearful enough to acquit his client and warrant a fee of \$1,000 in gold doubloons.

These were turbulent days when statesmen met at sunrise behind the Opera House, and lawyers made courtrooms weep.—*Sic transit* the glory of Athens.

## II.

In spite of this forbidding array of southern history, the town itself, still safely ensconced between the Neuse and Trent rivers, is pleasant enough. Outside it, festoons of Spanish moss; within, cascades of wistaria in old gardens that have what go with them—old houses. Few show French influence; by far the most are of New England architecture, with the craftsmanlike details that show the finest taste in homes. And a good many have on their roofs belveders or "captain's walks"—railed enclosures reminiscent of the time when a merchant literally watched for his ship to come in.

But these are its best features. The town shows evidence of few spurts of prosperity superimposed over this quiescent Colonial background. There is a main street, called Middle (not a capitalized Main Street; Pharisaically speaking, there is less of this than in the *nouveau riche* Piedmont—and this part of its physiognomy looks much the same as any other eastern town's. Reflecting the few golden eras are the more ostentatious homes, topheavy with Doric columns, in one of which the bankrupt owner recently asked a homestead of a room and bath! Nobody here pulls together or even cares to pull; the Kiwanians and Rotarians have lapsed into diffidence.

Besides the yellow fever in 1864, the fire of 1922, and the hurricane this past summer, few major catastrophes have roused the old town from its senility. Bank failures began here soon after '29 as a prelude to depression throughout the state; for a short while the sugar bowl or Post Office was the only place savings could be put. Prior to this debacle people had invested their money in everything from an ambitious development at Morehead Bluffs to an oilless oil well at Havelock. Things go on as usual, however, and the few echoes from this era are confined, for instance, to the recent indictment of a bank president. Hardly to be called a calamity,

there are the mosquitoes, of course, but even these have come in for their due with CWA marsh drainage projects afoot.

Then there's the new Post Office, now under \$260,000 worth of construction—which should help infinitely. Only it is being built on the site of the Stanly home, where George Washington spent the night, and this splendid old Georgian mansion has to be moved to face a street on which the Norfolk-Southern clanks by at all hours. But alas! this is progress.

Industrially, New Bern can hardly be called as active as in—the inevitable comparison—former days. The one considerable enterprise is the Cohen-Goldman Company, clothing manufacturers with a half million dollar payroll. And besides the fact that it is indirectly subsidized to the tune of free heat and free rent on one shop and free repairs on another, this concern almost succeeded in bluffing a *naïve* city administration out of \$6,000 per annum in power and light. Rowland Lumber Company, one of the largest mills in the South had suspended all operations until recently. But lumber barges and rafts are now plying the rivers, so there's both life and hope.

If makers of North Carolina history gave the town its sub-title of the Athens of the state, this does not mean that contemporary tycoons are lacking. The new \$260,000 Post Office is due to the efforts of Congressman Charles L. Abernethy, who, Will Rogers figured, was "a man Al Capone could use sometime." The grand old man of the Senate, former oldest Senator F. M. Simmons, spends quiet days on his farm just outside town, enjoying life after the vociferous Presidential campaign of 1928. Finally, there is the grizzled personality of "Cap'm Tom" Daniels veteran of two wars and state commander of the American Legion.

## III.

This, perhaps, harks back to the old days. At least they are still kept alive; you can't throw a stone without hitting some sort of historical marker, and Dame Tradition is ever and anon dragging out ancient brocade. Perhaps crusty D.A.R.'s still look back with mild nostalgia to the early 1800's when the first wax figures brought to town created a flurry of entertainment and rustles of admiration among the hooped skirts of the period; when "Mr. Hutton was stately in *Virginus* . . . Mr. Richards exquisite as 'Billy Fribble,'" and the Thespian Society was the local rage; when ships laden with indigo from the Indies put into port for repairs, and

their "sons of Neptune quaffed too freely the fumes of Bacchus," as one reminiscer puts it; when brandy was \$3.00 a gallon with best Jamacia rum at only \$1.50—those were the days!

## FOUR ATHLETES

(Continued from page one)

"They don't want me. They just want my muscles."

## II

His grandfather is a colonel. He served with distinction and rather foolhardy valor in the war. Brought his son and grandson up in the English tradition. Sports were unexcelled as a body-builder and a means of developing character. Cricket, golf, tennis, baseball, all of them were fine, but you must play them for the love of the game. Glory and position were by-products, not objectives.

He drives about in an expensive motor car, lives in a luxuriously furnished private apartment which he uses equally as a suitable dating spot for the choicest femininity the state has to offer and as a retreat to keep up his Phi Beta Kappa grades. His college fellows marvel at his ability to be an authority in animal psychology and a golfer who has won the conference title two years running.

His hand falls limply on the textbook open before him. That two weeks' tour the team is about to make dances before him inextricably confused with rats' brains, the cerebellum, and synapsis. His professor has begged him not to interrupt his researches for this trip. He has given his word to the coach that he will go. His absence would mean certain defeat for the squad. He scribbles another note on the text and then slams the book shut.

He thinks of the dances he has left early to dash back for preparation for a quiz, of the dinners and meetings he has passed up, of the trip to Europe he rejected because he was working through the summer in the laboratory. He clucks his tongue and plays idly with his sticks.

"I say that work can wait. But can it?"

## III

He raps the gravel for order. The motley class crushes cigarettes and says, " . . . 'I'll kick you out if you don't shut up. He's a damn good leader."

The meeting proceeds satisfactorily until a heckler in the rear calls a point of order. The massive black head in the chair is embarrassed. "Well, uh, I suppose you can, uh, do that. I-uh-uh—don't know." Things sweep along. The regulars have put through their plan.

Outside the building the bullish-looking president bumps into small, ratty

(Continued on page six)



# A Picture Taken from Coffee County, Alabama . . . By Rachel Crook

The girl stopped suddenly as she reached the top of a low hill above a spring near the banks of Pea River, and with a quick intake of breath stood watching two men who were girdling a water oak. Stretching its limbs protectingly over a dilapidated cabin, the giant tree had shaded the ground for a century and held at bay cotton rows that seemed determined to enter the tenant's door. The light of the setting sun was reflected against the branches.

Biting her lip, the girl muttered, "Our tree makes like it's just comin' into bud." The little washwoman lifted a home-made rubbing-board from her head and placed it with its pile of wet clothes on the sand at her feet.

"Just a few more licks, Tom," commented the larger man, stopping to spit in his hands, "and us'll have this front yard ready for a flower garden full of posies."

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Jim," drawled the smaller man leaning on his ax as though all his strength was spent.

"Ruth," called, the robust one as he caught sight of the girl, "you can sho have a pretty front yard this year with green cotton squares and white cotton blooms and pink cotton blooms and round cotton bolls and white cotton lint openin' all in thar season, just as thar time comes 'round."

She seemed not to hear him.

"I say, Ruth," he continued, "we air gettin' this rich piece of ground ready for a cotton patch. It'll be real convenient. You can work right in your own front yard."

Suddenly she came to herself and remembered her manners. "Yes, Sir, Mr. Jim," she answered.

Turning her head aside she lifted a corner of her ragged skirt and wiped the tears away and then busied herself with hanging out the wet wash on a sagging line of barbed wire, the remains of some ancient fence. She was fair to look upon, with the faint curves of approaching womanhood softening her underfed little body. Her violet eyes looked wistfully out through her tears, while the wind, blowing through her short hair, tossed the black waves into a soft curly mat around her sun-tanned face.

A woman slattern, thin, sallow-faced, came and stood in the doorway. She held a fretful baby in her arms.

"Thar, that's enough," said Jim as he sent a chip flying from the tree.

"Ruby, you won't have no leaves to sweep up this year," he called to the woman.

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Jim," she answered listlessly.

"Tom," he continued, "I bet you make a bale of cotton right here whar this tree's been shadin' the ground since the time of man, I reckon. I say as it's a pity a man can't plant a whole crop in his yard, cause 'round his house allus is the richest spot in his farm."

"It do seem to be rich," agreed Tom.

"Well, maybe killin' this here tree'll bring good luck and you can pay out of debt next fall."

"Us hopes so, but farmin' can't make no sight of money," said the woman as she took her seat on the rickety steps, unfastened her dress, and gave a flabby breast to the fretting child.

"Well, I'll be goin' home now," and Jim shouldered his ax. "Tom, you'd better finish runnin' them cotton furrows cause it mount rain and its git-in' time seed was in the ground. Good-bye, Ruby. And, Ruth, you's gettin' most big enough ter have a jularkey come a courtin'. Tom, he'll be losin' his main hoe-hand, first thing he knows."

"No, Sir," said the woman. "You sho needn't be scared fo nothin' like that. Ruth, she ain't grown yet."

"I dunno," and Jim shook his head. "Ruth's er good field hand, and some young sprout'll be findin' it out afore long."

"Chillun owes their parents somethin', I reckon," commented Ruby, "and it's gettin' 'bout my time to sit down and rest some."

"Chillun these days don't pay no mind to parents," said Jim.

"Leastwise, when Ruth do git grown I hope she'll marry somebody as can take care of her," said Ruby a little pointedly as she looked sidewise at Mr. Jim. "She air a smart gal, even if she air my young un. I hopes as she don't take up with no low-down po white trash."

"Public school air holdin' on five month this year, ain't it, Mr. Jim?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it air a month longer'n common," answered the big man, "but 'tain't doin' nobody no good excusin' the teacher and them thar little scholars what's too young to plow and clean up the fields."

"Us has been hopin' that Ruth mought git to go a while this term," said Tom timidly.

"Town folks ought to know that farmers' chillun is got to work and ain't got no time to spend five months in the school," commented Jim evasively. "By rights cotton ought to be worked twelve months out of every year the

Lord sends."

"That's so," agreed Tom.

"Well, good-night. Let's be ready to put in them seeds by the last of March anyhow"; and, turning toward the west, Jim, steadily climbing a gentle incline, followed the setting sun in its path. A faint new green was beginning to tint the brown of the earth. Burnt-over stubble made dark patches in the fields, and the cool mellow sandy soil gave out a fresh odor from the newly plowed ground.

Mr. Jim gone, Tom dropped his ax and ambled to the door steps where he sat as though he were too lifeless to move further. The silence around the cabin was broken only by the baby in its effort to suck milk that was not there, by the spring croaking of the frogs, and by a screech owl over on the wooded banks of the river back of the cabin.

"Thar's the first screech owl of the spring," said Ruby, "and it sho do mean bad luck."

"It's because they cut that thar tree," said Ruth. "It's gwine to bring bad luck er cuttin' uv a tree at any body's door like that."

"Ruth did set a heap uv store by that thar tree," commented Tom.

"Now, Ruth, 'tain't nairy bit uv we takin' on like that," complained her mother. "Thar's plenty uv trees left over yonder by the river and God knows they ain't so far away but us can hear the screechin' of the owls what stay in 'em."

"When the song birds come back from wherever they'se been I reckon they'll miss thar old nestin' place a right smart," said Ruth.

"Well, the first thing to think about is somethin' to eat and us sho can't keep a eatin' lessin us pays for our advancements," said Ruby. "Us moved here with a big debt and I reckon us'll move away with a bigger one; but maybe that thar spot of ground'll make enough extra cotton to pay us out uv debt. That sho would be finer'n any tree for birds and winds to play in."

"Has us got any wood in the house?" asked Ruth, as she hung out the last of her wet, tattered garments.

"The chillun air in thar blowin' up the coals," answered Ruby. "They picked up a turn of light'd knots. You'd better cook just enough meat for your Pa. The rest of us can sop the gravy in the skillet. I dunno whether us can make the meal last till Saturday uh no. Be sure you don't waste none. The chillun can have some sweetin'-water in the bucket whar the

sogum was. Look thar in the corner and throw me one uv them cotton-pickin' sacks to wrap round this baby agin the fever the night air mout give him."

Climbing the rotten steps, Ruth entered the cabin. The wooden shutters were open and the bright flames from the wide fireplace shone through the window.

The room was a picture. Kindly shadows dimmed the background into vague outlines of two pine beds with ragged patchwork quilts, an uncovered table leaning against the wall, and three split-bottomed chairs. The bright fire-light shone on two tow-headed children waiting patiently for their supper as they sat on the floor near the hearth. Over the flames bent the girl, guiding her slender hands wittingly as she poured the corn-bread batter from the tin pan into the ash skillet. Her Celtic face was flushed from the heat of the flames as she watched the bread and tempered the coals to its needs.

Tom Boozer and his wife still sat on the door-step while the twilight closed about them. They gazed into space and said nothing, because they had nothing to say.

## In Such a Spring

By RICHARD CHASE

*Wood-shadowed farms below lie green  
and clear  
in the tense stillness of an ending day;  
laughter of children, wind-brought to  
me here,  
ceases; and trees stand songless by the  
hay.  
Across the quiet valley dim hills lie  
that height on height to climbing distance run;  
mist from their hollow moving up the  
sky  
disperses toward the hazy silent sun.*

*But in my heart the heavy loud unrest  
that drove me here, has not once ceased  
its grind;  
wordless ungoverned rhythms wrack my  
breast,  
lawless blind words torment my noisy  
mind . . .*

*In such a Spring Baldur the Lord lay  
slain  
and all the gods stood mourning on the  
plain.*

## Hokku

By WALTER TERRY

*The sea called;  
I went.  
Now it casts my naked body on the  
shore.*



## THEIR FIRST QUARREL

*(Continued from page one)*

Never been happier in my life."

"Good. What's old Sandy gonna bring you?"

"Don't know yet. Tell you to-morrow night," John laughed. "What's the old fellow gonna do for you?" For a moment, Tim said nothing. Then,

"The least he's ever done, I reckon, John." John peeped from his up-turned collar at the boy.

"Tough times, eh, Tim?"

"No. Too many expenses," Tim laughed lightly. "Lot of sickness."

"Everybody well, now?"

"Yeh. Ma's up. I ain't kickin'."

The wind whipped a flurry of flakes in their faces and drowned out the crunch of their feet in the crusted snow. John pulled his collar tighter about his neck.

"Getting colder all the time, Tim." Tim laughed.

"Yeh. A Christmas like you read about in books." Suddenly, the boy stopped and touched John on the arm.

"Look! There's old Sam asleep in that doorway."

"The ragged devil! He'll freeze." John had stopped and was rubbing his chin.

"Hadn't we better run him in?" Tim asked. The cop thought for a moment. Then he shivered.

"Nah. No use in makin him unhappy at Christmas."

"Hell!" Tim exclaimed. "I'd rather be unhappy than dead." The cop smiled.

"You don't know old Sam. It'd kill him if we put him in jail." He smiled at the anxious look on the boy's face. "Come on. Let's go." John started on and Tim followed him.

"That old sack of bones'll freeze before day, John."

"Maybe not. He's been around this block for years when it was colder than it is to-night."

"Yeh, but he's old, now, and blind, too," Tim argued.

"He'll move when he wakes up. Don't worry." They walked on in silence. When they parted a couple of blocks further on John slapped Tim on the shoulder and laughed.

"Forget old Sam. He'll be all right."

John dismissed the blind newsman from his mind and bent forward against the rising wind. In a few minutes, he turned into a little yard and ran up the steps to a bungalow. Looking at the electric candle burning in the window, lighting up a picture of the three wise men, he rang the doorbell. Immediately, the door opened.

"Hello, honey. Can I come in?" His wife smiled and stood aside.

"If I'm no sweeter than honey, you

can't." She closed the door and took his coat.

"No kiss for hubby?" She hung the coat up and turned to him.

"Two kisses for hubby. Three, four, five, if he wants them." Laughing, she caught him around the neck and pulled him into a chair by the fire. "There. Warm your hands til I get back."

"Kiss me first," he laughed. She clung to him. "Love me, Sally?"

"Foolish child," she said solemnly. "What do you think?" He pretended to frown and asked sternly.

"Do I have to think it out?"

"Yes, to both questions," she answered softly, kissing him again. "Now, let me go. I have something in the kitchen for us."

When she was gone, he sat staring in the fire, thinking about her. Pictures seemed to form in the pale blue flames and waft away up the chimney, pictures of Sally with her honey-colored hair and small mouth smiling at him. She always did her hair up during the afternoon when he was at work and let its curls fall loose for him at night. She loved to read to him until he went to sleep, and often he would pretend to snore so she would lay the book down, kiss him lightly, and play with his hair. And sweet! Five months married and never a fuss, not even a little one. Quite a record.

"Guess what it is," Sally laughed suddenly, standing behind him and holding her hands over his eyes.

"Gee, sweet, you scared me. I was thinking." John caught her hands in his but kept his eyes closed.

"What about?" she asked, bending over to kiss him on the forehead. He laughed.

"The same thing as usual—you!"

"Naughty boy, I love you," she said softly. "Now, guess what it is I have."

"Give up. I'm too hungry." He smelled coffee and wine.

"You knew all the time, didn't you, honey?"

She set a tray on the chair arm and sat down in his lap. For a long time, they ate sandwiches and sipped coffee and wine, smiling into each other's eyes.

"Happy, Sally?" he asked, finally.

"As happy as you are, hubby," she smiled. He kissed her and leaned back. A little frown crossed his face and vanished. She noticed it. "What's the matter, Johnnie?" Instantly, the thought flashed through his mind that she hardly ever called him Johnnie.

"Nothing much," he answered. "I just happened to think of an old man I saw on the street a while ago."

"What about him?"

"Nothing, except that he's blind and

was half-standing asleep in the doorway of a store."

"Who is he? Do you know him?" She was looking wide-eyed at the fire with one finger in the corner of her mouth.

"Yeh. You know him, too. It was old Sam, the newspaper man."

"Sam. Sam," she mused. "I remember. He's the one that stands at the corner of Trade and Tryon, isn't he?"

"Sure, honey. But don't look so serious. He'll be all right. Give me another sandwich." Thoughtfully, she handed him one and said nothing.

"I ought not to have said anything about it," he thought. "I'm always saying the wrong thing. She'll worry no telling how long about old Sam and he's not worth a snap of her fingers." Suddenly, Sally turned and put her arms around his neck. She kissed him and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Listen, honey. I have an idea," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, an idea!" he laughed. "Is it any good?"

"Maybe. I think so."

"It ought to be, then. What is it?" He stroked her hair and waited. Presently, she said, drawing back to look in his eyes.

"I want old Sam to eat Christmas dinner with us." He looked at her closely, trying to think that she was joking. Then, he forced a laugh and drew her head back to his shoulder.

"Aren't you funny, though! Why that old beggar! He wouldn't know what to do at a Christmas table, whether to eat or sing. Probably, he never saw one."

"That's just it," she said, her voice muffled against his breast. "I want him to know what it's like."

"You don't mean that, honey. You don't want to spoil our first Christmas dinner by having an old, blind, ragged, dirty beggar at the table, do you?"

"It wouldn't spoil it, Johnnie. I know it wouldn't," she whispered.

"Yes, it would," he insisted. "You can fix him a box and let me take it to him."

"No. I won't do that. I want him to come himself."

"Don't be silly, honey. You don't even know old Sam."

"I know him enough to know that we could make him happy on Christmas. Please, Johnnie darling, let's have him to come." She was looking in his face and her eyes were wide.

"No," he said firmly, kissing her on the forehead. "Let's forget about it, now, honey." She gazed at him steadily a moment longer.

"Let me loose," she said gently, wiping a hand across her eyes.

*(Continued on page eight)*

## FOUR ATHLETES

*(Continued from page four)*

student who swears violently and asks, "What's the idea? Heard you didn't want to support that motion of ours. Get this straight, just because you're a whiz with the ball and glove doesn't mean you can run everything around here. I made you president and you're going to do as I say."

"Yeah! I was thinking that it was about time to tell you guys that there's a group that really wants to do big things, reductions, cut out graft, better material and all that. . ."

"What about 'em?"

"I'm gonna give 'em a chance."

"You big boloney, you. Listen, do you want to run next year or shall I write your resignation for you right now?"

The "damn good leader" dug his hands into his pockets and glowered.

"That's the right spirit. Now you better get over to those fellows that are going to write your speech for that assembly next week. G'wan, scram!"

As the ratty little fellow disappeared, the "president" whispered to himself, "Do I want to run next year?"

## IV

He is invariably late to dinner. Can't possibly come up from the track, change, shower, and dress in time. He smiles frankly as those around the table ask, "Still plugging away out there?" This is his junior year. He has made a fair number of friends, lives in a large house inhabited exclusively by fellow-athletes, and has yet to run in a major meet.

Frequently he tells himself that he's no good, ought to throw up the whole thing and check out. Then he remembers that until this year the school boasted two of the best milers in the section who had been imported from the West. Well, maybe this year he'll have a chance. That is, if he can stay in school. Checks have been coming irregularly from home. He was unable to borrow any more money from school. Still, if he can stick it out, maybe this will be his year.

In high school he was the big gun of the team. He found out his comparative ability two weeks after he came to the college. But he couldn't quit. Running was a part of him. No, he'd stay out there, and maybe in time something would happen.

Dinner over, he refused an invitation to the show. "Got to study for this quiz. I'd be up too late to-night after last week-end." He travels on to the library, charges out a novel that has been recommended. He opens this text.

"Yeach, I'll stick it out, if the checks don't stop coming in."



## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

### Sour Note

When this was written we were beaucoup worked up because the *Carolina Buccaneer* in its publications number failed to parody this column. We like to think, however, that they thought and thought before giving it up as a bad job. No real master can be imitated, nay even mimicked. Or perhaps like us, they have never been able to get the point of anything we write.

\* \* \*

### Fame

An observer of ours who travels around the country just to gather little items like the following tells us that he was in the reading room of one of the dormitories at the Woman's College last week and saw something that sent him scurrying right back here to tell us about it. On a large table in the middle of the room, smack up side amongst *Scribner's*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The American Mercury* was a copy of our own little publication, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE. It made us feel pretty fine for a couple of days until a young lady from our sister institution said, "Oh yea, we like the CAROLINA MAGAZINE over at N.C. It's so funny."

\* \* \*

### Erratum

A learned member of the sociology department was laboring over corrections for the second edition of a book he had published, and after making a long list of things like "Asheville is in the heart of the Piedmont section" for revision he sent the material to the stenographer for typing. He headed the list of errors "erata."

\* \* \*

### With our Contemporaries

"... so he sould out down the field, but was called back."—*Buccaneer*.

\* \* \*

### Touche

A man with a strange look in his eye dropped into the office the other afternoon and asked us if we would like to take a charter membership in the N.C.S.A.D., which he explained to us meant "The North Carolina Society for the Advancement of Dueling." He had us stopped dead, mouth wide open, but before we could say anything he muttered something between his teeth that sounded like "Zounds" and rushed wildly out of the room. Now that we come to think about it, it sounds like a pretty good thing, and mighty useful, too. We figure that all persons accused of violating the honor system could be given a chance to defend their honor matching blades with a member of the

student council, who would be defending somebody or other's honor. And the Playmakers! Would they love to cross swords with the Tar Heel dramatic reviewers!

\* \* \*

### Embargo

Our favorite magazine, *The New Yorker*, is barred in its original form from this state by law. It seems that the edition appearing in the city has liquor ads, and since we're not even supposed to get a look at the bottled sin that will surely drive the rest of the country to Hell, the magazines must be reprinted sans whiskey ads before sale is permitted in North Carolina. A bunch of us boys was sitting around the fruit jars the other night when the radio across the room boomed out "This program is coming to you through the courtesy of Distillers Ltd., who make that mellow old Bourbon, Golden Raven. Down the hatch, folks!"

We figure now that maybe there is some justice still alive in North Carolina, even if Mr. Marconi, a rank outsider, gets the credit for it.

## Footnotes, Pictures Clippings

By CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.

*Over Here*, Vol. V, *Our Times*—

By MARK SULLIVAN. 676 p.p.  
New York: Charles Scribner's & Sons.  
\$3.75.

Like a senile old man who leans back in his chair reflectively and catches pleasant glimpses of his past life, Mark Sullivan has undertaken to re-live his more youthful and active days through the writing of *Our Times*, a history in several volumes of the first quarter of the twentieth century. He is probably as qualified as any other living person to present an accurate and interesting account of this period.

Author, politician, newsman, and editor, he lived through and among the events of which he writes and relates them with a liveliness and completeness which reveals that this period was really, to him, his life.

In continuing his efforts to present a panoramic view of the United States during this period, Mr. Sullivan, in the fifth volume of *Over Here*, 1914-1918, reaches the four year era during which the whole of Europe was convulsed in war. In his former volumes Mr. Sullivan afforded his readers much pleasure by presenting to them through many illustrations, newspaper excerpts, and footnotes the more intimate and personal life of the citizens of the United States. In *Over Here*, Mr. Sullivan has tried to keep his story entirely at home, but has become too involv-

ed with the war problems of Wilson and his administration to devote much space to customs and civil life of the United States—that which has made his former volumes of such great interest.

Dealing chiefly with topics such as the enmity of Theodore Roosevelt toward Wilson, the break of William Bryan, secretary of state, with Wilson, the amusing story and dismal failure of Henry Ford and his peace ship, *Oscar II*, the growth of preparedness, the fatal effects of German submarine warfare, the propaganda spreading and neutrality violations of both the Allies and Germans, the conflicting sentiments in the United States as to the position which should be taken toward the war, the story of the draft and how it was made successful, the development of Wilson's League of Nations and Fourteen Points, the admirable character description of Wilson as a man and statesman, the author presents these, adequately and realistically, with genuine understanding, perception and retention.

But in doing this it seems that Mr. Sullivan has not achieved the simple purpose of the preceding volumes—that of presenting the home and civil life of the American people. The intimacy with the people, the reviewing of plays, books, and songs, the stories of political manouvers, of economic adjustments, of the growth of new customs and ideas in the mass were in the former volumes that which made his work original and interesting. And it is such material which *Over Here* definitely lacks.

Taking the book for what it is—a volume on why and how the United States entered the war, it is invaluable in the presentation of many startling facts, most of which are probably unknown to the general reading public. Most striking to the reviewer was the fact that during the entire four years of the war "only one German vessel set out for and arrived at a United States port, sailed audaciously into the harbor of Norfolk, Va., with a cargo of dyes and chemicals."

Through innumerable newspaper excerpts, quotations from biographies, Mr. Sullivan presents a contemporary view of why we went into the war, keeping his story strictly domestic, showing the effects of the war upon the administration of the government and upon many of the leaders in the country. The chief objection is that the author forgets the interior political, economic, and social life of the people and it was through his discussion of these that the first volumes received their interest and charm.

Mr. Sullivan in *Our Times* inaugurated a somewhat novel method of recording history which has since been copied by writers, some of whom, such as Frederick Allen in *Only Yesterday*,

have perhaps improved this style, but Mr. Sullivan stands alone in the inexhaustible collection of material from all sources. Unfortunately, the main text of his books have come to be quotations and pictures, which he has confined his own comment and observation to the footnotes at the bottom of the pages.

The completed set of *Our Times* will certainly be recognized as an accurate and entertaining reference to the life of the people of this country during the period of which he writes and should be invaluable to any one interested in the trend of tradition and customs of our times.

## TURN BACK THE PAGES

(Continued from page one)

peal of the ordinance did not bring them back. Thus for a time insubordination was rampant, but gradually the students began to think of other things. Henry H. Watters wrote his mother who was living near Wilmington: "I had a pair of shorts made of the cotton cassimere and am resolved to shine here, if not with you. My beard and whiskers are sprouting finely. I shave them once a week and grease them every night with tallow."

In 1820 while the Phi Society was in session Henry Martin, a Di, made his way into the attic of Gerrard Hall and fell through the ceiling. Robert Martin, unrelated to Henry but an ardent Phi, attacked the intruder. They fought from the door of the Hall to the well before they were parted. Legend has it that the Di won, stamping on his opponent's chest and causing internal injuries from which the unfortunate student afterward died. The case was never tried in Hillsboro because the justice of the peace forgot to put the initials J. P. on the writ of mittimus.

Nineteen of the twenty-eight members of the class of 1823 decided, after passing all final examinations, to celebrate with a drinking party at a gushing spring, called Foxhall, somewhere north of the village. The extravagance of the carousal lingered along about the campus, for one lad thinking to make a "wholesale toddy" poured large quantities of whiskey and brandy into the spring.

An "Ugly Club" was formed in 1838. Its members thought that gunpowder explosions were pleasing to the ear, and the purpose of its organization was to banish sleep from old and young alike. The club staged night parades to the tune of horns and tin pans. Professors who for the sake of peace and harmony sought to suppress vice and bring all offenders to justice

(Continued on page eight)



were the objects of canine epithets and stones or brickbats.

Of the various devices used for smuggling liquor into the village that most frequently used was hiding it in boots being returned from the shoemakers. It was claimed that Governor Swain once brought over from Durham a can he thought contained kerosine oil but which actually was filled with corn whiskey.

Then even as now college boys were prone to make excursions away from the Hill to seek diversion. There was a circus at a place then called Pinhook, now West Durham. Several somewhat inebriated students came near having a fight with circus men. The day was saved by one who had retained his wits. Then there was a gray horse in Chapel Hill named Toodlem. He was greatly in demand as he could cover the twenty-eight miles to Raleigh in three hours. Students called his owners Mr. and Mrs. Toodlem.

The sport of throwing fireballs, cotton balls soaked in kerosene, and then lighted originated in 1856. It was during one of these demonstrations that the old belfry was burned while students stood by and watched with no apparent effort to extinguish the flames. This was in the days preceding the war when the air was filled with foreboding. A lawless club was formed, its members pledged to stand by one another in their breaches of University rules. Much liquor was drunk, there were direful uproars, and a furious din filled the air. Stones were thrown accurately at professors; bells were rung both loud and long. Finally the clapper was stolen. Benches and blackboards were piled high for a gigantic bonfire. The damage was so great that students were compelled to reimburse the County of Orange two hundred dollars for damages.

The worst that can be said of the students of the "New University" in 1868 is that they wrote poetry about the faculty. As the President and all the professors were Republicans perhaps their actions were justified, for it was generally understood that applications from those who were not Republicans need not be sent in. Or the students may merely have been following in the footsteps of the prolific Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, poetess extraordinary.

A system of fines was inaugurated in the eighties. A number of students who were chasing a rabbit across the "no man's land" between East and West were fined fifty cents each for the transgression. A member of the class of '80, later a noteworthy divine, was fined \$2.00 for reading a note from his best girl in church. The honor sys-

tem was adopted in 1875 and has functioned quite adequately ever since.

President Battle mixed much of human kindness with rules and regulations in his dealings with delinquent students. On one occasion he heard of a number of students conducting themselves in boisterous fashion as they returned from Durham. Of course, the malevolent dared say they were drunk. He summoned the group before him and expressed his heartfelt grief that they had been on a bender in Durham. One earnest student named Alderman who afterwards rose high in the educational field blurted out, "It's a mighty little bender I've been on." His remark was the theme of a popular song which the students sang for months afterwards. It was during Battle's presidency, too, that students began again to play with firearms. There was a mock dual in the woods, but when the President approached the supposed corpse came surprisingly alive and ran away.

On a Saturday night when a venerable visitor was speaking by special invitation in the chapel a small group of students decided to revivify the old customs. A mock fire alarm was given during the address. The college bell rang continuously, gunpowder exploded, and students shouted. A contented cow had been pushed and shoved up to the third story of South building and the bell rope had been tied to her horns.

Since those days there have been epidemics of kleptomania and hazing, but the pranks of college boys since the turn of the century are sacred, being still in the memory of mortal men.

## THE RETURN OF MR. FEWSTER

(Continued from page three)

up on his cheek-bones he had a splotch of color.

"A long black robe covered him down to the ankles and his feet stuck out beneath it like two gunboats. He wore socks which were too big for 'im and the end of 'em were strung out from his toes two or three inches; they actually flapped when he walked.

"He came up to me with a kind sort of expression on his face and said: 'My son (he didn't look any older than me, much), my son, were you in that room? That room of Sin?' pointin' to the place I just come out of.

"Yes,' I says, 'but that wan't no room of sin, as you call it, that I could see.'

"My son,' he says to me, real anxious-like, 'you are ignorant of the pitfalls of the Modern World. The man who lives there is indeed "Worldly

Wiseman,"—Satan in disguise. He teaches that children—little children (and his face put on a sanctified look) should not be born! Think of it! (I thought about it real hard, but nothing much came of it, so I stopped and listened to him some more).

"—hastens the Day of Judgment," he was saying.' 'Evolution, false sex instruction, vaccination, Neelism—offsprings of Hades.'

"He caught me by the arm and, looking into my eyes he asked me very quiet-like whether I had ever sinned or not. Well, I hemmed and hawed at this, you can bet and finally I sorta mumbled out that I guess I had in my day. So he tells me to wait a minute and that he would be right back. Off he goes, his head bobbin' up and down like an apple in a tub of shavings. By this time I was sure ready to leave the place, I can tell you, so I duck back to the front door. *Imagine* my embarrassment when I find that the door is locked from the outside!

"Well, I ran down another hallway and come to the end of it and found a door there. I open it and blunder on in. Then I almost break my neck over a chair—it's dark and all when presto! the light goes on and there stands a beautiful young lady in a nightgown looking at me in a peculiar sort of way. I get up and apologize, and she smiles at me rather engaging-like and says it's perfectly alright and then—well, she come up to me and says that she's been dreaming of somebody just like me and that her dreams have come true and—don't laugh there's worse to come—what do you think she does. She puts her arms around me and calls me all kinds of pretty names and all. Well sir, it's funny, but she sorta scared me that way—comin' right after those ducks that had been talking to me—and so I says that I'm sorry but I think I'd better go now. But do you believe it, she wouldn't let me. So I break away and try to get out the door, but it's locked from the outside; she screams and starts ravin' about my lumbido or somethin' and crying and going on somethin' fierce.

"Well, the first thing you know, the door busts open and couple of what look like nurses run in. One of 'em grabs me and the other grabs the girl. Then a stern-lookin' guy comes in and I ask him what the hell's up. But instead of answerin' me he leads me into a sort of office, sets me down in a chair and asks me a lot of questions. They end up by callin' the police and—and well, the judge let me go but, believe me, I never been in such a mess in all my life. . . how was I to know the place was a lunatic asylum—a doggone nut-house?

Mr. Fewster looked up at me sheepishly and grinned a little grin. Then he

became serious again and his eyebrows knitted in a frown.

"I wonder if I really should go back home?" He regarded his whisky glass quizzically.

I ordered another bottle of rye.

## THEIR FIRST QUARREL

(Continued from page six)

She left the room without saying goodnight. He watched her go and started to call her back. Instead, he curled up in the chair, propped his legs on the arm, and stared in the fire. Dammit! What did he ever mention old Sam for! Always running his tongue about things that didn't matter. He had seen Sam every day for six years without thinking twice about him, and now the old devil popped up to cause the first quarrel on his honeymoon. If that didn't beat all! Funny how things turn out.

It wasn't Sam's fault, though. He hadn't said nor done anything. It was bad to be blind. Damn! What if he were blind, and a beggar, ragged and cold. And with no Sally! Maybe he had been too stubborn. "But, hell," he said aloud, "one dinner wont make any difference to Sam. He probably don't even know it's Christmas, unless people have dropped a few more nickles in his cup." A few more nickles in his cup. What if people didn't drop a few more nickles in his cup.

The fire in the grate had burned to a red mass of living coals. Idly, he took the tongs and picked out one. Holding it in front of him, he watched it crumble away and die to a cinder. From death to life. Die to be born. "Huh! What a funny thought," he said.

He looked at the clock. It was three minutes of two. He got up and went to the door to look out at the weather. The snow had stopped falling, the wind was still, and everything except the snowflakes that glistened beneath the street lamps was asleep. The town hall clock struck two. Clear and distinct the sounds across the peaceful city. Peaceful? With a dragging feeling in his breast he closed the door.

When he went to bed, Sally was already asleep. Two big tears had coursed down her cheeks and stopped, flashing winks of mockery at him. Drying them off with the handkerchief she left on the dresser, he got in beside her and drew her to him.

"Sally, darling," he whispered in her ear, "don't be angry at me. I'm sorry." But she only mumbled and pulled the covers up closer about her. "Everything's O.K., honey. Quit your mumbling."

To make sure that she did, he kissed her lips gently and snuggled her head close to his shoulder.



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

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## A Son of the Rods: Go West Young Man . . . By Jack Starr

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of descriptive sketches of America as seen from the precarious vantage of the empty freight car and the flop house. The second in the series will follow in an early issue.)

### Asheville:

Mountain village-city, fresh, clean, and busy in a nonchalant way. Around it bulge peaks of never-ending beauty that changes with the minutes of the day. People stop to look and wonder, and sometimes their eyes cloud faintly with a veil like the mist that clings fast over the trees—the mist that beckons one on and weaves in the mind a web of dreams.

The man at the "Y" was very nice. "Sure," he said to me, "you may change your shirt in the washroom. Take this towel."

### Knoxville:

Smoky, scattered, and genial, it bends with the river and hurls a lively hum at the quiet that stares down from Lookout. It must be inspiring to live where nature rears up in such awful silence.

"I reckon there's a bed here you can have to-night, bud," the Salvation Army clerk grinned. "What's your name?"

The bunks were lousy. In the dark the cooties were legion. When lights were turned on they scooted to cover like sand fiddlers going to water.

"Sleep good last night, bo?"

"Yes, sir. And the eats were fine."

### Louisville:

Smug and self-satisfied, it clamps upon even the muddy Ohio and fogs a sunny spirit like rain. Tight-lipped and cool, stranger glances at stranger and passes on.

The Sally there had no soul.

It was raining, driving, stinging. Breakfast was over.

"Sorry. You fellows can't stay in here. It's one of our rules to allow no loafing." The man had a poker face.

"But we'll git wet and ketch a cold, mister."

"Too bad. Come on. Clear out."

Mumblin', the bums turned up ragged coat collars and slunk away, keeping close to the shelter of richly-furnished show windows.

### Cincinnati:

Tolerant and friendly but busy with its many activities, anybody will pause

to give directions and try to make sure that they are right.

At the municipal Home for Transients black backs blend with white and red backs over steaming tubs of water to wash smelly shirts and trousers.

"Say, bo, you got a needle and thread?"

"Yeh."

waiter, a witty bum working to rest:

"Care if I swipe some of this bread?"

"Git all you can hide," he whispered.

We walked out with two loaves sliced, clutched under skunky-odored arms, but delicious with the meat he later bummed.



ON THE ROAD

Mr. William F. Henderson has contributed this impression in linoleum with little else than a sharp razor blade and a few ideas from the accompanying article.

"Lend it to me a minute."

"Nah. Hand me your britches. I'll sew the button on."

"O. K., pal. Where you headin'?"

"St. Louis."

"Me too. You got a buddy?"

"Nah. Let's hit it together."

"Suits me."

The man who cut hair for three cents a head smiled. When we went out he said:

"Luck to you, boys. Hurry back to see us."

### St. Louis:

Foul smelling and rambling, the city reeks with the hospitality of a rural community. Stretching along the Mississippi, it pushes on its way like the river, never ending.

A Charity mission was doling out dinner and a little work.

"You guys can git somep'n to eat but you'll have to use a pick for a hour or so. We're diggin' up a playground."

"O. K., boss. Show us the picks."

Forty minutes we dug. Then we trooped in to eat. When the hash and coffee was gone my buddy said to the

### Kansas City:

Bunched together and dissolute, busy and reckless, its people give the impression that they would be glad to do one a favor if their own business didn't occupy all their time.

Two blocks I walked at night to mail a card. A hustler, worn out by many men, cracked her painted mouth into a smile that repulsed.

"Say, sonny, want to go on a little party?"

"What kind of a party?"

"Any kind. French."

Her voice wheezed through a loose throat and her breath was short and drenched with liquor.

"How much?"

"A dollar."

"Too high."

"Fifty cents."

She was eager. There were many of her kind on the streets.

"No money."

Her smile dropped off. Then she tried again.

"Come on, baby. Don't be a tight wad."

"No. So long."

"Go to hell, then, you bastard." She turned away to another who was passing. "Say, honey, what about a little party?"

### Denver:

Set in a mounting of snow-topped peaks that shine in the sun and twinkle under starlight, Denver mixes charmingly its Mexicans with its Americans, breathes with the puff of railroad engines, and regards the stranger in a way that makes him want to know the city better.

In front of a fruit stand a seniorita with black hair like the gloss of a crow's feathers winked at me. Her olive skin and dark eyes were refreshing. I was tired. When I walked away she followed. At the corner we stopped.

"Would the senior like me?"

"Si. Mucho."

She smiled. Her even teeth were white under the street lamp.

"Come, then. We go to home."

Like a wave that rises and falls gracefully she slowly walked off, never looking back.

A cop told me where the Sally was.

"Sorry, son. We're full. Maybe they'll take you at police headquarters."

### Salt Lake City:

Hedged in by deserts of sand and mountains of color-splashed rock, the Mormons have built for themselves an oasis whose heart is as broad and open as its streets. Crawling with life like the bee hive which symbolizes the state, the people have a smile and pleasant look that make a wanderer forget the hundreds of miles between him and home. Even a bum feels welcome.

Waiting at night beside the Denver and Rio Grande Western tracks, ten hoboes were telling tales. The freight they aimed to catch blew the highball and began to pull out. A dick walked up.

"All you guys catchin this train?" he asked.

Everybody kept quiet.

"Well, goddam! You can't hear, eh?"

Someone laughed. The cop laughed. "Watch the car I point to and git on. If you git any other, I'll jerk you down and give you to the city."

The box cars passed. The train got faster. We dug at the clinkers on our

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## The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....JOE WEBB

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1934

### COME OUT! COME OUT! WHEREVER YOU ARE

Faced not infrequently with the task of considering both himself and his publication seriously, the editor is deeply concerned with the literary apathy now current on the University campus. The trials of editing what is classed as a "literary magazine" are inordinate, for an editor must be constantly stirring to present a fully rounded and irrefragably delectable banquet to his readers, at the same time striving to protect the often dubious intellectual integrity of his chefs. Thus an attempt is made to include within the somewhat minute bounds of these pages a veritable symposium of humor, fiction, poetry, and essay material calculated to tempt the palate of the most fastidious.

In this we feel that we have utterly failed. The soup is often too thick, the meat tough, the vegetables unpalatable, the salad oily, and the desert indigestible. The trouble lies not with the viands but with the chefs. "Too many cooks spoil the broth" is a familiar bromide. But to us, were such a platitude a reality on this campus, we would at least be encouraged by the quantity of our contributors, even though the quality were lacking.

The editor has frequently been told that "the best writers are not working for the Magazine." After an earnest search through the various environs of this delightful little village both at high noon and the most umbrageous midnight, we must confess that the literary flower of Chapel Hill remains still in the background.

We feel that somewhere there must be at least a vestige of genuine literary activity in Chapel Hill. But all efforts in tracking it to its Stygian lair and dangling before it the not entirely unattractive inducement of contributing to this journal are to little avail. This problem suggests a number of remedies.

It is summarily suggested that some sort of a course credit, analogous to that received for Tar Heel work be awarded those who contribute a satisfactory quantity of material to the Magazine. The contributions could be judged by a faculty committee, and at the behest of the editor, the candidate for course credit might be recommended to this board.

We have also been advised that a degree of creative writing be awarded on the same basis as a degree in journalism or any similar contingent of the liberal arts college. Writing aptitude tests might be given to matriculating freshmen, the literary mentors of the campus singling out those whose efforts show promise, and the candidates being given four years of groundwork in literary creation, with just enough side work to give them the fabled liberal education. Obviously, aspiring litterati have little time for disciplined writing. It is difficult to carry four courses and devote one's time to a three hour daily grind at the typewriter in that trek known as "writing to learn how to write." It is equally a truism that the embryonic scrivener has more time for creative writing when in college. The economic vicissitudes of our times make it somewhat obligatory afterward for a writer to earn his daily bread while in the formative period.

These two suggestions are advanced for what they are worth, an evaluation which to us might be slightly embarrassing. Yet we are confronted with the necessity of turning forth a literary magazine which should speak for the reputation of the University, which, in our humble, if not somewhat (by-this-time) experienced opinion, it utterly fails to do.

### PRESENTING MR. TABBI

For the interest and information of a large portion of the student population evincing either through disinterest or paucity of material an antipathy toward campus politics, the Carolina Magazine attempts in this issue to set forth a history and a commentary on that peculiar phenomenon of campus life—the political frame-up. We take no sides, nor boost our choices. Like technocracy (come back, all is forgiven) we merely pose the question, should one possibly exist.

Of all campus publications, the Magazine feels itself the least under the domination of the fit though few who dictate University politics. Many of us refuse to recognize the fact that the mass of us has little choice in selecting those of our number who shall hold political office. Happily, there has been little meddling with the editorship of the Carolina Magazine. It should be made the concern of the contributors, who by their efforts have an inalien-

able right to recognize a pilot from their midst. Yet such a move would be opposed by those demagogues who dictate in shameful hypocrisy, backed by the sheep-herded fraternity voters, the identity of our student office-holders.

Until he is stoned to death, our associate, Mr. Tabbi, will pursue the various developments along the battle front. We trust that his observations will be taken in good faith.

### FOR ART'S SAKE

Of course it is reducing a point to an absurdity but sometimes that is effective in establishing the real meaning of a point. I mean to say, I suggest for the *art for art's sake* writer to set himself down before a typewriter and poke out his masterpiece, word by word, chapter by chapter, scene by scene, *on the roller!* There you have the untrammelled soul released in the most intimate and unselfconscious self-expression. There you have literary art in the abstract. There you have literary art unpolluted by utilitarian or ulterior motivations. And yet one begins to wonder if you have any art at all.

Art is form. Art is expression. Art is truth. These smug classifications of what art is pass unquestioned in everyday conversation, when every month or so the everyday conversation touches upon art. But art is not "form," or "expression," or "truth" or anything else, but rather the transference of these things to the art lover. The thread of transference is at once the most intangible and the most palpable characteristic of art.

It is time that young writers terminate their half hysterical mutterings about the ecstasies of the artistic process, about the divine moments of *realization*, of those tender moments of insight when they are in touch with *truth* and *beauty* and "real infinite things and all." It is also time for certain pretentious young intellects to discard a rather too articulate air of familiarity with "books and life and civilization and everything." They assume that in simple meditation on these matters they are hoisting themselves above the common level into that semi-mystical level of existence reserved for artists only. I use the term artist loosely. The term refers here to those self-termed ones that dawdle with their pens, with cold cream and stage lipstick, with ink pots and music clefs.

The conversational writer who blandly meditates and gallantly displays his ineffectuality bears a startling resemblance to the poor psychiatric patient who is feverishly pouring out his soul on a roll of rubber. Both of them are rank exhibitionists who talk "about" their little art creations. The mad typer talks with the spectacle of his typing. The artistic chatterbox uses his wagging

tongue. Neither of them says anything to anybody. Their art is an empty, banal pretention.

To claim that all art tries to carry a message to somebody or other does not in any sense reduce the stature of art. As a matter of fact it should increase it for it should remind us once more that art is important only in so far as it speaks to us through the medium of a form and a style and a flavor and color. To simply use these words (as I have so easily in this piece) gives the writer no reason to think himself an artist. The artist produces an effect upon his audience. They see and feel it and like it. No amount of ponderous talk "about" it is equivalent to this achievement of communicative creation on the part of the true artist.

—R.W.B.

## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### *The Year Just Past—*

If 1933 *per se* is remembered in the future it will doubtless be as the "Look-Back Year." Ushered in on the rickety, cocky wheels of Technocracy, early in its development the year made a complete about-face, turned a frigid shoulder to the economists, engineers, and scientists who had courted favor so successfully heretofore, and went zipping back into the past. Fiction and non-fiction alike represent a popular effort to escape from the complexities and profundities of contemporary political, scientific, and economic affairs into an atmosphere cheerful and comprehensible.

The retrogression received its major impetus in the early summer when Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse* clattered and lumbered into the reading lists. This adventurous, thrilling tale of a hundred and fifty years ago, with all its romantic trappings and mildly philosophic speculations, carried its readers back to an age which glorified the individual and released them from the confining socialization of the present. Although Allen's book was unquestionably the most popular novel of the year, many others bearing similar appeal enjoyed appreciable support. Louis Bromfield in *The Farm* turned from his pathological New Englanders four generations back to write nostalgically of the passing significance of the soil.

The outstanding Southern contributions, which were less important than in previous years, echoed this same sentiment for farm life. *South Moon Under*, Marjorie Rawlings' novel of folk-life in Florida, and Caroline Miller's pioneers of Georgia in *Lamb in His Bosom* were well-liked not only in the South but throughout the country



for their authenticity and freshness. Chief back-to-the-earth novel, however, was undoubtedly *As the Earth Turns*, a simple account of the bare, frugal life on a Maine farm, season in and season out, by Gladys Hasty Carroll.

Of the importations John Galsworthy's *One More River* was easily the best-liked. Dismissed as antiquated at the time of his death, the 1932 Nobel Prize Winner, by virtue of his kinship with the general backward movement, came into his own again this season. In June Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* was hailed as the best of the work on the depression, while the fall brought *Ida Elisabeth* from Sigrid Unset, which told the fascinating modern story of a woman's struggle to free herself from a weakling husband.

What *Anthony Adverse* did for fiction, *Marie Antoinette*, Stefan Zweig's keen, intelligent study of the French queen as a woman, which is neither a defense nor an attack, did for biography. Yet the most compelling non-fiction pieces were autobiography. Certainly the most-discussed volume of memoirs was Gertrude Stein's *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, which failed, for the most part, to offer any solution to the problem of her enigmatic, frequently unintelligible verse. As the record of the development of interesting personalities such as Picasso and Hemingway it is particularly attractive. Vera Brittain's poignant, sincere account of the effects of the World War on herself as a representative of her generation, *Testament of Youth*, defied the general trend. Miss Brittain looks back only to know what shall be avoided in the future. Other biographies or autobiographies which merited attention were Nora Waln's *The House of Exile*, Hitler's *My Battle*, Virginia Woolf's playful, charming *Flush*; and Harvey O'Connor's scathing attack on the Pittsburgh pa-jandrum, *Mellon's Millions*.

A major mark in the "look-back" was made by Eugene O'Neill with *Ah, Wilderness*. Regardless of the intrinsic merit of the play, there is little doubt that the First Dramatist shows ample influence from the general tendency by forsaking his contemporary neurotics to fashion a full-length portrait of adolescence in 1906. This change would likely have astonished O'Neill's supporters three or four years ago; to-day they yield to it willingly as a further evidence of his versatility and normalcy. The other distinguished drama of the season was Maxwell Anderson's *Marry of Scotland*, a free arrangement of history that has been called "the first note in the blank-verse drama revival."

Perhaps no better example of the spirit of the publications of the year exists than Frederick Lewis Allen and

## Lady of the Twenties

By ROBERT LEEPER

*When I went down to Lileville  
I wore a scarlet shawl,  
And people thronged about me  
And laughed and chattered, all.*

*But when to Lileville I returned  
I wore a sombre cloak,  
And no one ever saw me  
Or nodded when I spoke.*

*Now when to Lileville I must go  
I wear my reddest clothing  
And try to wake in all I meet  
A most delightful loathing.*

Agnes Rogers' *The American Procession*. Allen, who in a way headed the whole business with *Only Yesterday*, and his collaborator present pictorially American life in all its phases for seventy years, dwelling chiefly on the more distant periods. The alacrity with which this book was seized upon as a desirable gift indicates strongly the receptiveness of the public to that which depicts "the good old days."

## They Satisfy

There is, we think, a whole lot in the suggestion by one of the state's more intrepid sports writers that North Carolina tobacco tycoons underwrite the football teams in the various colleges and universities. The observation was made apropos of the rumor that an heir to a large tobacco interest had made possible the hiring of State College's new coach. We feel that a wholesale application of this idea, were it more than an idle rumor, would inject the right note of pep into the Saturday football games via the usual methods of tobacco advertising.

On the eve of a great grid battle the coaches of the opposing elevens might issue statements like this:

"I feel that my Dromedary Wolf-pack, a rare blend of Turkish, Polish, Irish and American blends is in the pink of condition for tomorrow's game. The boys are purified, and through our unique roasting process will give that Wake Forest Old Gold crowd a tough fight. Isn't that the most important single statement in the history of football advertising ever made?"

And his colleague might come back with:

"Now we don't claim that our product is the best football team in the country. There are other good teams. But we ask you, just for one day, to give us a try. Mellow as a cello, smooth, our Wake Forest Old Golds make no claims. Come out there tomorrow, watch us wallop them, then let your taste decide. Isn't that fair enough?"

## 1934 Model

*What the Well-Dressed Young Man  
Will Think in 1934*

By NELSON LANSDALE

Elmer College—1934 model—is the heir to all the culture and civilization and scientific progress and invention and thought of the ages. Look at him.

Elmer's older brother went to college in the hectic twenties, and everything which made collich a heaven on earth then has since departed by the back door. His brother's prize possessions were a Model "T", a silver flask, a coonskin coat and a portable victrola. He was president of his fraternity and proud of it. Elmer's most impressive years were punctuated and disturbed by *sotto voce* accounts of hundred dollar week-ends, unbelievable drunks, big football games, and the statement, "Good man, Harry Blank."

Muddling through four years in high school, Elmer imitated his brother as much as possible, read every scrap of misinformation about college which came his way, made passable grades, dated all the "hot numbers" within range, and marked time until he could get away to college.

When the great day arrived, Elmer was scared. A thousand articles in college magazines had threatened him with the lie that his first impression on the campus would be a lasting one. He felt that he was being shadowed, and a pack and a half of cigarettes in an afternoon did nothing to counteract his impression of a thousand malevolent gleams in a thousand pairs of critical eyes trained upon him.

But Elmer learned. The reconciliation between the college of his fancy and the college of reality was a different one, but he made it. He threw away neckties by the scores, discarded two sports jackets and two new but wholly useless pairs of knickers. He learned to despise *Judge* and *College Humor* as "Rah-rah stuff" and took to reading the smart magazines, supplementing them with frequent excursions into *Liberty*. He put his golf clubs in the top of the closet and forgot about them. He sold a new twenty-five dollar portable victrola for eight-fifty and made the down-payment on a radio. Three weeks after he joined his brother's fraternity he realized that it was not the rich boy's playground for hell-raising he had imagined, so he settled down to a life divided between listening to the radio, writing letters, doing pledge chores and complaining of the amount of studying he had to do.

The whole football season was one long nightmare of putting drunken alumni to bed, debased and pathetic spectacles who drank themselves into a stupor trying to recall the good old days

that never were. Elmer's brother was one of them.

Elmer was rapidly becoming disillusioned, but he kept his thoughts to himself, went to the movies on an average of three times a week, decided that all his professors had dogs in their immediate family trees, and did a minimum of work under the circumstances.

He stopped going to church after the third Sunday he was in school. Clyde, an agnostic he had run across when first he had arrived, had described the heavenly host as "an aisle of pompous Methodist ministers bleating forth platitudes from their stuffed shirt fronts" and the description stuck. He remembered it long after he had forgotten Clyde. Elmer became a sceptic about religion, and, outwardly, about everything else.

In the same evening he dropped a month's allowance—much too generous—in a poker game, got roaring drunk, and established himself as a "good" old boy" with the members of the organization he kept awake until three in the morning, alternately puking and hollering out of his third story window.

All of which brings us to the Elmer of the present.

In 1934 Elmer's—the well-dressed college man's—amusements and occupations will not differ materially from those of the past few years. He will learn about as much as he ever did in college—in the classroom and out.

In the movies his favorite actresses will remain Mae West and Katherine Hepburn. Two or three new favorites, all women, will flash across the cinema horizon. At least one of these he will characterize as "keen" and will cheer wildly for her when prevues of her pictures are shown. He will go to elaborate screen musicals as long as producers do not tire of putting them out, but he will heave no sigh of regret when their cycle has passed.

He will read more of the sophisticated magazines than ever before. *The New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair* and *Esquire* will flatter him into the opinion that he is a sophisticated man of the world. He will read a newspaper in the same manner that he always has: he opens the paper to the sports section, reads all of it avidly, and follows the sports page with a leisurely persual of the comic section. He glances at the headlines if he has time. He will read about twelve books in the course of a year, and marked passages from probably two dozen others.

He will write—in addition to themes and other required material—a letter home a week, between four and twelve letters a month to girls, and about a letter a month to male companions. He may also produce, in extreme privacy, two or three poems of uncertain met-

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## Throw 'Em Out!

By CARL THOMPSON

With the ball rolling and the alumni acting as the tumblers, spinning it with their feet (naturally not their heads), the opportunity is opened for us to present a few possible changes in other departments of the University which may be considered as advisable. It would, to our mind, be utter neglect not to give the alumni a chance to aid the Institution in making further constructive changes and to permit them to halt their attempts to regulate the University with merely a change in the football coaching staff. It is hoped that the loyal spirit and great love for the Alma Mater that the alumni have recently displayed by their expert handling of the football situation will not be allowed to become defunct with that, but will continue in helping to carry out these other suggested changes.

We at the University realize, of course, how dear to the alumni the week-ends of football games are and that such moments of relaxation (?) as they enjoy come but seldom and that the dear old Alma Mater certainly provides a suitable sanctuary for relieving tired alumni of their worries. However, football season, at its best, is short, and with these considerations in mind, we make our suggestions with the view of benefiting the alumni by offering a longer open season for killing quarts. Thus this plan, which shall be referred to as the 'Nine Months Plan' should give the habitués of the football stadium nearly nine months of week-ends with the sons-of-habitués studying at the University.

Sad as it is to relate, the success of the plan depends upon a re-organization of the University with the view of turning out nationally recognized students from under the tutelage of already nationally reknowned names.

In the first place, we wonder that the friends of the institution have never realized the deplorable situation now existing in the Playmakers organization. It has not produced a single Pulitzer Prize winner since Paul Green! Ponder on that! Certainly the boys who graduated in the twenties can remember that "when they were at the University" (I use the quotation marks advisedly) there were such men as Paul Green, Thomas (Tom, as he is affectionately called by Prof. Koch) Wolf, Sidney Blackmer, 'Shep' Strudwick and others who were really putting it across the footlights for dear old Alma Mater. What's become of that old spirit that made playwrights and actors? It must be that the instructors just aren't pouring the spirit into the boys now. Throw out Proff Koch, Sam Selden, Harry and Oramae

## Old Heidelberg

(Translated from J. V. von Scheffel)

By JOHN W. KENDRICK

*Old Heidelberg, thou bright gleam,  
In honor rich and rare,  
On Neckar or on Rhine stream  
No city stands so fair.*

*Center of friendship forever,  
Heavy in wisdom and wine,  
Clear flow the waves of thy river,  
Above them the blue eyes shine.*

*Always, when out of the southland  
The spring comes blossoming down,  
It weaves thee of vine-leaves a garland  
And a shimmering bridal gown.*

*Thy name, fast graven on my heart,  
Like the bride's on the bridegroom's  
own,*

*Sounds forever in love apart  
With a gentle and magical tone.*

Davis! Out with the old; in with the new. Get George Bernard Shaw! Get George Kaufman, Norman Bel Geddes, Maxwell Anderson. Bring them here and they'll turn out some real dramatic material. Playwrights can and will be made.

Next we turn to a man who in the past, certainly did some good for Carolina; but what has Archibald Henderson done in the last couple of years—since the biography of Shaw was published? And who has left his classes recently who could fully understand Einstein? No more reasons are necessary to get rid of him. Besides, isn't Albert Einstein himself now in the United States? With him here what kind of a math department couldn't we have? He doesn't write about Shaw, but he's been exiled from Germany, has a well-known name, and admittedly did a fine job whipping the universe into shape. If he could do that with the universe, what could he do with a class of math students? Robert Millikans, Sir James Jeans (Sounds like profanity, doesn't it?—or overalls), Arthur Eddingtons, and Huxleys could be turned out by the classroomful. What a math department we would have! Could we wow 'em!

Then too, there is the creative English department. Just because a class of University juniors and seniors doesn't know the meaning of such words as "quadruped" is no reason why a good man couldn't get in there and make 'em fight to turn out a couple of Nobel prize winners in literature. So that means lights for Phillips Russell. There are plenty of big men with big names to replace him. For instance, He-doesn't-like-to-have-his-picture-taken Sinclair Lewis would be a good man if we could get him out of the Bronx. But he couldn't drag 'em like—like, say, Ernest Hemingway. If he can handle bulls and bull-fighters, he ought to be

## Death with an Enemy

By FRANK C. P. MCGLINN

A German and an American soldier  
lie on the battle field, both mortally  
wounded.

*"Stranger, life is passing from us,  
Faintly beat our pulses now;  
Dim and dimmer grow thy features.  
Pallor sits upon thy brow.  
See, the purple tide is flowing;  
None may staunch this ghastly wound;  
Christ, the Savior, show us mercy—  
With Him alone, the balm is found!  
Ah! How fiercely have we striven  
To avenge a fancied ill!  
Let us quell each bitter feeling  
Ere our throbbing hearts be still.  
Stranger shall we part in friendship?*

*Take my hand, the shadows gather;  
Lord provide us both a home!"*

able to budge some budding bull-shooter to bust into the Pulitzer Prize buggy.

While we're thinking about it, didn't Columbia get the Rose Bowl bid and bring back a laurel of roses? And isn't it generally conceded that Nicholas Murray Butler had something to do with their getting the bid? Maybe if he were to bring his name and influence to North Carolina, he could get the Rose Bowl bid for the University. O. K. S'long, President Frank—the students will miss you. but—Howdy, Nick. (Too bad Christmas has passed. That's a beautiful opening.)

Of course, these are just a few proposals that will do for a starter. After we get things going, we can carry it farther, but one can't do everything at once. However, to put these into full effect, there will, naturally, have to be some alterations in the system now in use. We have calculated that to fully benefit (I love 'em) by these movements, there should be a special classroom charge, with the students buying passbooks to each class, reserving the privilege of attending any other class by the presentation of the passbook and a small additional sum. There will be a special reserved section for alumni and visitors. The students will have a section in the middle of the room with a leader chosen from each class to lead the applause for momentous statements by the professors or astounding remarks by students. Booing and criticism will be the privilege of the alumni only.

Now we're sure that, to help put these changes into effect, you will all be more than glad to contribute a small fund from which we can pay some of the expenses.

Why, where did they go? They were here just then and now they've disappeared. Hey! Wait! wait! we didn't mean all that; of course you couldn't stand the expense of that.

We'll leave out some of the changes and then—No?

Look, then, we'll have just the sports changed. That'll lower your expense—not that?

Now don't go 'way yet. Just the football coaches replaced. That will make the expense very little. The student pay only enough to afford a \$3000 coach. But if you alumni will pay the difference, we'll get a big coach and a big name.

Now what's the matter? You wanted Collins out, didn't you? In spite of the team liking and wanting him, you put him out; in spite of the student protests, you kicked him out. Now we've got to get another coach and we'll need money.

You can't afford to give any? Well, how do you—

You just want a winning team? How about talking up Carolina to high school students? You haven't time? All you want is a winning team? Well, where in hell do you think—

Hey, wait! Don't run. Look, we'll change—Wait!—Aw, hell, they're all gone!

## 1934 MODEL

(Continued from page three)

rical form and dubious worth as poetry. These he will destroy, or bury in a heap of old letters and papers.

He will have as much, if not more, money than he ever had, but he will ape his elders in berating the depression, an economic state of affairs which has interested him only casually. He is secretly a little proud of the fact that his father is—or was—a ten thousand a year man. Openly, he will declare: "It doesn't make any difference if your old man's little Lord Jesus Himself. It's what you are." He will, of course, be right, but he will not let the question of what he is dwell on his mind too much.

He will remain mildly attractive to women, and his girl—a new one next fall—will be of the "cute" variety. She will have fewer brains than he has, and will be terrified always lest she inadvertently estrange a male by showing any signs of intelligence. Elmer will not be in love with her, for a limited experience has taught him that all women are cats and liars. Among the co-eds generally he will be rated as "a nice boy." The description will be both fair and adequate.

On the surface, Elmer in 1934 is going to be more of a "smoothie" than before—surprised at nothing, believing nothing, admiring little. Inside his shell, Elmer is going to be full of the ambition, the confident hopes and dreams, the impulsiveness and the exuberance which have, since time began, made youth the envy of the world.



# A Preface to Campus Politics: The Carolina Scene, 1934 . . . By Tabbi

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of regular articles dealing with the complexities of campus politics at the University of North Carolina.)

If another Lord Bryce were to come to these shores, and through some figment of the author's imagination be lead to comment upon student government and politics at any large university, some basic truths concerning the much vaunted corruptness of American government might be laid bare at the very roots. Civil reformers have been notably lethargic in the direction of political education for university undergraduates. Editorialists moan at the crooked machinations of our political parties; ministers rail from the pulpits at the corruptness of city government; the citizenry of every state mutter in the market places concerning the toils of their own commonwealths. Yet there is little effort to educate the potential voting masses in the colleges, and the efforts of our crusaders are lost on the prejudiced and often disinterested elder generation.

Most typical of the American college political system is the University of North Carolina. Here, with no restrictions from the faculty or college administration, the student body is permitted to run its politics to suit itself, or at least that portion of the latter category powerful enough to sway the opinion of the largest number.

At once the most amusing and most phenominal aspect of campus politics is the abysmal air of secrecy that surrounds devices of those who hold the whip handle. By election time the name of a candidate is common knowledge, but prior to the balloting the politician is blank-faced to any rumor concerning his candidate. Meetings are secret, plans are garbed in the vestments of darkness, and the actual complot is never fully revealed until the fatal day. Now perhaps there would be little to criticize in this respect if the whole system were brought out into the light and made respectable. Somehow, on the college campus, the appellation "politician" carries with it a malodor that is quite as distasteful to the politico as to the idle observer.

There is an interesting diversity of purpose that exists between national politics and the politics of the campus. Among undergraduates there is little loyalty to ideal or to party line-up. Dominated as is by the college fraternity, the frame-up generally exists only for the glory of representatives of Greek letter societies. A paucity of political jobs, of course, places the fraternity in a second rate position, or at least contributes to a lower ranking on each campus. Thus some candidates, deluding both themselves and their col-

leagues, seek office to glorify the banner of Alpha Alpha, or whatever might be the sequence of letters. On most campuses, and on this in particular, the non-fraternity man is more interested in his scholastic work or his part-time job. Usually he follows the strongest fraternity line-up, not caring particularly whom he votes for or why.

Political parties on the campus of the University are thus composed of an array of the stronger fraternities and a following of small ones and interested non-fraternity men. An outsider, who is not backed by one of these machines, has little or no chance of making a showing in an election, regardless of his potentialities. Each party is controlled by a "steering committee," a group of representatives from the fraternities and one or two from the non-fraternity faction who meet in utmost secrecy and apportion out offices among the groups represented. It is a general practice to grant each group represented one vote, and then nominate from the steering committee those who will occupy places on the party ticket. Steering party officers are also chosen. There is generally a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. A publicity committee is appointed, a contact committee (to lure other groups from the rival faction); and the general machinery represents the organization of any large national or state machine. Each candidate and each fraternity contributes a small sum towards the publicity, which consists of advertising in the campus daily, hand bills scattered through the dormitories in the dead of the night, and various posters and banners utilized at the polls.

The steering committee of the frame-up meets early in the Fall to make its plans for each year. Feelers are extended by the old line members to attract new components to the organization. The group wrangles within itself over the choice of candidates. Sigma Nu wants Joe Blank for president of his class. S. A. E. wants its man for the same office. The group votes as to the candidate it will support. Difficulties are finally ironed out, the ticket filled, and the campaign actively begun. Large pep rallies are conducted a month or so after Christmas, at which all the fraternities and a smattering of non-fraternity men attend and cheer loud and long for the candidates, who exhort the machine to "get out there and lick that dirty bunch of so-and-so's," or (more frequently and more brazenly) "elect Hoot R. Hoot to preserve Carolina democracy etc." Each fraternity is required to present a number of its members for poll duty. All available motor cars are rounded up and dis-

patched at the last minute to dormitories and dwelling places to escort the voters to the polls where it is hoped they will vote for the faction providing transportation. And thus the elections go, and though we have omitted comment concerning the actual nomination, it hardly merits passing notice. Candidates are nominated from the floor, preferably by a prominent athlete or campus big wig known to all. The process is simple and rather tiresome.

## II.

We pass from generations to an accounting of the system in action today.

After an effortless year on the part of the fraternities in 1932 against a small and poorly united group of small fraternities and non-fraternity men, the All-Campus party split its ranks over the editorship of the Daily Tar Heel and revealed into two major parties, one retaining the old name and the new one adopting "University Party." The latter name was a popular one, for it was immediately linked (unintentionally of course) with the University Club, an order calculated to revivify the traditional University spirit. The University Party was composed chiefly of: S. A. E., A. T. O., D. K. E., Kappa Alpha, Zeta Psi, T. E. P., Sigma Chi, Zeta Beta Tau, Pi Kappa Phi, and Phi Alpha, as well as a small group of professional fraternities.

The old line party contained Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta, Pi Kappa Alpha, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Delta Psi, Chi Psi, Chi Phi, and a proportionate group of professional fraternities and non-fraternity men. More efficient, better organized, was the University Party, but several weeks prior to the election its ranks split over internal malcontent. Zeta Psi, Sigma Nu, Sigma Chi, Kappa Alpha and others left the ranks to the support of Landy Cate, candidate for president of the student body. From that time on much shifting occurred, Phi Alpha coming over to the old line party in the last minute, with Delta Tau Delta and Lambda Chi Alpha shifting to the other faction. Both sides pursued a policy of dangling tempting bait to the factions in the opposite group. It was quite possible that a man would vote against his own grandmother, so uncertain was the line-up and so chicane the politicians.

The University group was nominally by Alec Webb, of S. A. E., and Herb Taylor of Phi Gamma Delta. Vass Shepherd represented D. K. E., Novins T. E. P., Philpott for Kappa Sigma, and John Manning the Phi Kappa Sigma group.

All Campus was represented by Rose for Beta Theta Pi, Shoemaker for Pi Kappa Alpha, Parker and Hobgood for

Phi Delta Theta, Skinner for Sigma Nu, Rose for Sigma Chi, and Wilkin-son for Chi Phi. In essence, the two steering committees were lined up in that order.

Now the Carolina political system demands that fraternity members vote a straight ticket, supporting the other candidates outside their own fraternity as loyally as their own members. But in an election where two powerful machines are contending heatedly against one another, there is bound to be discontent. Many voted as they chose, and the battle was one of the closest in campus history. The rest of the story is just that, history. The University Party succeeded in placing its men in the major offices, losing only the chief class offices and one publication editorship, the latter necessitating a run-off between a co-ed candidate for the University faction and the senior candidate of the All Campus group.

To deal with the entire campaign would take many pages of this already weary scribe's pen. The foregoing has been unfolded to illustrate the significance of the 1934 line-up, which is something of a darb.

Disappointed at the obvious failings of the All Campus group, the chief University Party dissenters fled this year to the home fold. Sigma Nu, Zeta Psi, Kappa Alpha, and Delta Psi are now contained within the ranks of the powerful University Party. Of the old group Sigma Chi, Pi Kappa Alpha, Sigma Delta, and Phi Delta Theta remain on the outside. Beta Theta Pi joined the stronger group.

Unbeknownst to the campus, this group is already a well-knit, thoroughly co-ordinated machine. Taylor, erstwhile leader of 1933, Long for Sigma Nu, Sasser for Zeta Psi, Patterson for D. K. E., and Sadler for S. A. E. are the leading lights, glimmering in the Empyrean of lesser but equally as able politics, many of them now to the machinations of campus politics. The outsiders are making half-hearted efforts to organize a powerful minority.

Chief discontent within the ranks of the University Party centers currently about the choice for president of the student body. Beta Theta Pi wants McCachren, now president of the athletic association. A strong bloc is interested in the future of Weathers, president of the senior class. S. A. E. may support Daily Tar Heel Editor Carr. The first of the three candidates seems to be heavily favored, though Editor Carr would be the most popular in the eyes of the campus.

The minority group is headed at  
(Continued on page eight)



## Carolina Sources

By RICHARD CHASE

Here at Chapel Hill are two developments going on which seem to contain seeds of tremendous possibilities—things that might generate a native and vital fineness in our shifting times, a Fineness (to Kallion was the Greeks' name for it) that might begin to match what Athens had—but no "Classic" copy—our own stuff, "native, athletic, continental, greater than before known."

What are the roots of our Art? Whence do our streams of culture flow? What is the blood-background of our souls? "America," cries Europe, "has no background! She is a monster of steel and concrete, with no soul, alors!"

The true Creators of any nation's spirit are always a mere handful. America's greatest ones are yet hardly known even to herself. Who are they? One "poet" (Whitman was more than that, a true "maker", creating beyond himself and better than he knew), a sculptor or two, a few painters; no Euripides, no Wagner. So what then? What is a creator anyhow? And why, for example, isn't Eugene O'Neill one?

It is a question of background, partly, and partly the old bone of contention—Should Art have socially creative import, or be "for Art's sake" only?

Surely the broader the basic social structure of any art the firmer and more lasting will be its place in its own intrinsic uses. Or, to change the figure, given roots and fertility, a Tree will by its own vitality grow in its own Being, flourish, and bring forth fruits after its kind.

Shakespeare was such a growth. Greek Drama was such.

The fertility of the times which produced Shakespeare was due to an inherent and vital folk-culture which was running high and un-selfconscious in him and his contemporaries. He and they lived so intensely they never thought or cared who might be "great" among them. What difference to him whether his plays were printed or not? They were alive, warp and woof with what was his own. The roots of his Tree went wide and deep.

Our own times are just beginning. We are just putting down our roots, seeking our foundations; our leafy branches are yet to come, our solid walls yet to be builded.

The music of the future is already finding itself in young composers who know that the high-speed mechanical U. S. A. has its own hidden "folk culture". The drama of the future is gathering strength from the same source.

### II

Under the noisy and mechanical surface of our "Civilization", interchang-

## Country Death

By ROBERT LEEPER

### I.

*Now I have looked on patriarchal death  
In a country parlor, banked with heavy  
flowers,  
And I have seen thin lips that drew  
no breath  
And worn hands motionless through  
sunny hours.  
Death could have come with winter  
sleet on fields  
Or with cold rain to make the noon-  
day sad;  
But now . . . the fresh rose-wreath its  
perfume yields  
To scent the room. The relations are  
glad  
That they can boast he lived his ninety  
years  
Without a doctor's care. They do not  
ask  
That they be left alone to shed fond  
tears.  
That is a churchpew and graveside task.  
Heavy the air, with perfume warm and  
deep;  
Noonday of whispered silence, and of  
sleep.*

ing and interpenetrated, is a three-fold basis of some sort of true and native American Culture; sources, Red, White, and Black.

This three-fold basic is in each part integral and distinct, but it is not water-tight. Just because I like mountain music or The Elder Edda is no reason why a Negro Spiritual or an Indian Ghost Dance Prayer should not also have some comfort for my soul. But let the negro build on his own Fineness that I may recognize it as such. Let the Indian keep his ancient rites and dances that I may know the Way of his Earth and his Sky here in this land that once was his. And let me send my own fibers deep into my own Race-soil that I, too, may know whence I came and where I am going.

The civilized white man with his "Education", his automobile, and his radio! Emptiness! Life gone from his breast, his belly, and his loins! Only a top-heavy Head, an Intellect crained with self-consciousness and the necessity getting of money! What is the Earth to him?—the unspeakable high processions of noon and stars above?—What is the Vernal Equinox, or the Winter Solstice to his Being? Christmas, a period of commercial activity!

There is no use "reviving" any element of race culture and tradition. People's spirits can be set going. Souls can be brought to birth; we can revive ourselves and remember things that now run dimly in our blood. There is no Culture unless it be something *alive*

### II.

*I could have looked into her face that  
day  
We stood and sang behind the altar-  
rail,  
But something kept my hymn-book in  
the way  
And hid the grey-lined casket with its  
pale  
And aged burden from my eyes. I know  
There was no sign of grief before us  
there.  
The people sat as if a solemn show  
They saw—some droned and panto-  
mimed affair.  
There were no relatives, 'tis true—but  
some  
Of those grown people learned their  
baby words  
From Nellie's lips—the nurse who call-  
ed the home  
Of people in distress her own. The  
birds  
Outside the pointed windows mocked  
at grief:  
Who knows? Perhaps this was well-  
sought relief.*

in you, unless in the midst of your very bowels you need it. "It is not these forms that give the life, it is you who give the life."

So be it with the Culture that belongs to us, who speak English, and who can feel running in our blood things that we waken to as kindred: Wednesday, Woden's Day, Wotan, Odin, Alfather; the far honing of a mountain song,

"How come this blood on your shirt sleeve?

Oh! Dear Love! Tell me!";

the curtain falls on a play built from what we, too, have felt and wanted to hear and see; the lilt and run of music and feet in a circle of clasped hands—one act uniting individuals into a Whole—as the fiddle sings out and the dance begins; the full swell of an orchestra bearing on its waves that song you heard when you were a child,

"As she was walkin' o'er the fields  
she heard the dead bell ringing,  
it rang so clear as if to say—  
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

It was these things with which, early and late, I found a deep kinship. I shall call them the basis of "my" culture, I, an "American", whose blood-background is English, or, if you will, "Nordic": the old Runic fragments called The Eddas (newly translated by some lone scholar in Texas), Appalachian Songs and Ballads (some thousand collected, music and all, by a certain Englishman), these same Appalachian Highlands a dance from whose winding evolutions are certainly a part of my Cos-

mos—and the Old Man from Long Island, a bearded Bragi whose Book was his legacy to The New Brood.

What is it all about? Where are your New Blood? What will it all amount to? "There Europeans—let's show 'em!" . . . Here at least are Beginnings of creation and of a search for true Sources.

## Shimshim and His Benny Leonard

By ARON KRICH

When we initiated Shimshim, we stood him up against the telegraph pole. pole.

"Horse—", said Noodler.

"Fly—", answered Shimshim.

"Butter—", said Noodler.

"Fly—", answered Shimshim.

"Let 'er—" said Noodler.

"Fly—", answered Shimshim.

Shimshim got it worse than anybody. You were supposed to get sore and hit somebody, yell "Big Stiff", and run home. Shimshim laughed and stuck around. All he said when he wiped his face was, "Boy, does it stink! Does it stink!"

He was one of those kinds like Theodore Roosevelt. Though he was ruptured and had a walk like a girl, he wanted more than anything else to be like Benny Leonard. The older guys used to call him Lady. Noodler would muss his hair and call him Lady.

"All right. Muss my hair, you big stiff."

"Big stiff!" Benny Leonard was the best lightweight in the world and he never even got his hair mussed when fighting.

Noodler would sock him again.

"All right. Take it back." Shimshim never took anything back until he was hit at least twice. And Noodler was a big guy. Benny Leonard could lick Dempsey if he was a little heavier. Shimshim's muscle always had three or four blue marks on it. It made him feel tougher.

Shimshim used to collect pictures of Benny Leonard. He had all the postcards of the Champ; but he would never use them when we pitched post cards. He pitched Dempsey; but he never used Benny Leonard.

Shimshim always argued with the big guys about fights.

"Listen," he would say, "if Benny Leonard was heavier, he could make Dempsey look like a monkey. Boy, he would have Dempsey groggy in no time. Benny Leonard's got science. All Dempsey knows is how to slug."

"Go on, beat it, Lady, before we pull your pants down."

"All right, wise guy. Benny Leonard  
(Continued on page eight)



## Southern Pines: Vignettes of a Piney Hybrid . . . By Virgil J. Lee

"Yes," said little Mrs. Perkinson, looking at me over the top of her spectacles, "I don't believe Charles could have stayed away from here more than six months on a stretch. You know—" she stopped rocking and laid her knitting in her lap, "he got so much pleasure out of walking in the early morning. I don't know—" she paused and frowned for a moment; then with a smile lighting her face—"I really think it must be the atmosphere of the place . . ."

Alighting from the train at the dirty, weather-worn station, one is met—if the season is "on"—by a motley horde of porters, bell-hops, taxi drivers and degrees of sonorous importance the hangers-on, all shouting with various name of the hotel, inn or lodging house they represent. Esconced on the back seat of a roomy taxicab—they all give the impression of being private cars—the unsuspecting individual is whirled and jostled about at a great rate until the destination is reached, where, with a sigh of joyful relief, one may gather one's parts together and proceed to make the acquaintance of the hostelry.

Chief among the hotels of Southern Pines is the Highland Pines Inn, a beautifully located, colonial structure with a tradition of high rates and distinguished guests embellishing its name. Somewhat in need of paint, but replete with dignity, it gives one a deep impression of patrician stateliness. Each of the seven or eight hotels in the town proper has a distinctive atmosphere of its own; even the guests seem to differ in type. Once a flourishing business, the hotel industry of Southern Pines has become increasingly difficult through the last few years; and as an index of the general prosperity of the town it will do very well.

Now it is a peculiar fact that the boom times of the post-war period began in this town just after the war and continued on up—with seasonal fluctuations—until about nineteen twenty-eight. Then things began to slip. Prior to and several years after the Armistice, peaches and tourists were the rod and staff of the economic life of the "Sandhill section." With the sharp decline of the peach industry about ten years ago the increasing importance of the tourist trade was realized; civic pride was organized; streets were paved overnight; modern conveniences sprang up apace. The result was a steady influx of permanent residents with wealth and affluence.

With the Knollwood residential development, a building movement toward Pinehurst was begun. Only six miles distant by circuitous route, Pinehurst,

with its radically different history and structure, had always acted as a magnet for sports lovers—now golf courses and inns began to spring up as if by the touch of a necromancer. A huge hotel, the Pine Needles Inn, with a golf course as a setting, rose in red-steepled majesty over the surrounding pine forests.

Today, the Inn is closed and the once-magnificent golf course a weed patch. . . .

Let us stroll down Broad Street, the hub of Southern Pines' business district. Let us ask of several persons the way to a certain place or the time of day. Are you astonished that the majority reply with a nasal New England twang?

This is but one peculiarly interesting characteristic of the place. The New Englanders! They abound! It is doubtful that there are any statistics available relating to the origin of the inhabitants, but certainly the number of "Down-easters" and Bostonians is exceedingly great. And most astonishing of all, they seem to constitute the bulk of the older citizenry. One might almost call them the true natives of Southern Pines. It is a fact that North Carolinians in the white population are seldom seen. Of late there has been a decided increase in the number of newcomers from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the middle west. The hardy old New England stock is slowly being relegated to the rocking chair and the whittling bench.

"Society," as it exists in Southern Pines, demands that one be at least a self-styled sportsman or sportswoman. Golfing, riding, hunting and bridge constitute the desired proficiencies, although it has sometimes been observed that the last item is altogether sufficient.

In high contrast to the heterogeneous white population, the negro holds forth in militant purity. Situated west of Southern Pines and bordering on it lies the colored settlement, "Jimtown." A very fine church or two, a good school, and the existence of independent merchants make Jimtown an interesting and illuminating example of what the North Carolina negro can accomplish in social organization when given the opportunity.

One of the most gratifying aspects of Southern Pines life is the close kinship between the type of sports indulged in and the appreciation of the scenic beauties of the surrounding countryside. Golf is the major sport, and despite its almost prohibitive playing fees, can provide a genuine thrill of enjoyment, both from the standpoint of the sporty courses and the rustic magnificence of the setting. Fox hunting is still the

most exciting and the least indulged in sport. Reserved for the wealthier, landed people, one cannot hear the baying of hounds or the roll of hoofs or see the red and black habits of the riders without sensing this truly old-world touch to the already variegated picture.

Archery, rocque and various kinds of trap-shooting claim some attention in the town; their followers, in spite of their scarcity of numbers, are enthusiastic and garrulous, and command a certain respect in some quarters. Tennis is considered bourgeois, but is spiritedly engaged in by the younger generation.

Foremost among the devotees of the chase and precursor of the present thriving literary colony is James Boyd. Infinitely respected for his wealth, talent and civic interest, Mr. Boyd resides in comfortable *savoir faire* on his vast estate east of Southern Pines and writes interesting and highly readable historical novels. And James Boyd is not the only prominent bearer of the name Boyd who lives here. In fact, one might easily say that as the Vanderbilts once stood for the peak of civilized affluence in New York so the Boyd family now stands in Southern Pines.

But back of the modern leaders in the township stands the pioneer work of two men—old Captain Page and Dr. James Swett. If Cap'n Page can be said to have been the god-father of Southern Pines then certainly Dr. Swett was its guardian angel. When the great fire of 1922 wiped out a large section of the business district it was afterward said, and said truly, that the greatest loss sustained was Dr. Swett, who died of a heart attack during the conflagration while attending the sick. These are two names which must be mentioned in any account of the history and progress of the place.

With all the golf courses—nine within a range of six miles—with all the fox hunting, with all the other social and recreational activities the glory of Southern Pines lies elsewhere; its glory lies in its intellectual personalities. Boyd has been mentioned. Then there is Struthers Burt and there is Katherine Newlin Burt, in whom it can be said culture reposes in full measure and whose spirits are youthful with an absorbed interest in the vital things of life. There is Almet Jenks; there was, until a few years ago, Hugh McNair Kahler, prince of American short story writers; there is Walter Gilyson, and Earnest Poate, and Bion Butler. There is the newcomer, Wallace Irwin, author of "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy"; there is Ruth Burr Sanborn—the list goes on . . .

Due to the influence of the literary

folk and the highly enthusiastic attitude of the local teachers and townspeople, dramatics flourish. A little theatre group of great promise, and a high school group of state-wide renown testify to the interest and abilities of the play-minded in Southern Pines.

*Crisp, tangy smell of pines . . . shady crisp, tangy smell of pines . . . shady bridle paths . . . wide sweep of fairway and green . . . half-hidden cottage or manor . . . baying of hounds . . . clear, starry nights . . . and far off, the long, deep-throated whistle of a train, softened into melody by the distance . . .*

## May West and Little Cousin Helen

By DON SHOEMAKER

When I saw the look on Aunt Sue's face as I stepped from the train in Union Station that familiar clammy, chilly feeling came over me that forebodes a minor catastrophe within the precocious orbit of poor Aunty's household. Obviously it was little Cousin Helen, a fifteen-year-old brat in whose proximity one always resolves that perhaps there is something in infanticide after all.

And there she stood, smirking at me, one hand on her hip and the other fussing at the back of her head. Her lashes fluttered. Her nose shot upward. Twisting her body with the undulations of a thoroughly occupied cobra she slouched across the platform and looked up into my face. "Hello, tall, dark and handsome," said Cousin Helen, in a seductive drawl. Aunt Sue shrugged her shoulders in a what-the-hell gesture and we piled into a cab.

All the way home Cousin Helen occupied herself in a corner of the taxi pulling at her hair, which seemed to be piled up in a sort of a knot. She was humming a ballad to herself which sounded suspiciously like "He Was Her Man". I noticed that she was painted an odd assortment of carmen hues. A godawful looking old fur piece of Aunt Sue's was clasped around her neck.

When we walked into the house Helen slouched over to the stairway, and leaning over the rail snapped her fingers slightly in my direction and rasped, "Yuh can be had, big boy." She paused halfway upstairs and drawled down "Whych' come up sometime?" I rushed into the library. Presently Aunt Sue came in with a twenty dollar bill. "For heaven's sakes, Frank, she pleaded, "do something with her. I waved away the money. I wish I hadn't said what I did.

(Continued on next page)



## MAE WEST AND LITTLE COUSIN HELEN

(Continued from preceding page)

"Let me handle her. I owe it to God and Country."

For the rest of the holiday little Helen was impossible. When there were any males in the house she constantly mumbled to herself and cast coquettish glances in their direction. The only time I ever caught anything coherent from her lips was one night at dinner. She leaned over to my place and I caught a nauseating whiff of Woolworth perfume. "A penny for yuh thoughts, dark and handsome," said little Cousin Helen. in a husky voice.

Aunt Sue couldn't do anything with her. She was binding herself about the middle to give herself the "hour-glass" figure. When she announced that she was going to dye her hair Aunt Sue threw in the towel and demanded action. Helen must be immediately decinematized.

In desperation I acquired a pair of passes to a radio studio which featured every Sunday night at a convenient hour thirty minutes of moronic drivel by a well-known comic, who appeared before the microphone to advertise some sort of baking powder or hair oil. I took Cousin Helen.

She sat open-mouthed all during the program. On the way home she was strangely silent. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her twisting her mouth and cocking her eyes. I shivered.

We had been in the house about five minutes when I heard Helen shouting to her mother from an upstairs bedroom. "Huah, huah, huah, ya' wanna buy a duck " That was the last straw.

When I got on the train Helen shouted after me, "You nasty-y-y man, huah, huah, huah. Don't never doooo that."

Aunt Sue wrote me the other day. They are taking little Helen to see "Little Women". Maybe that will help.

## A SON OF THE RODS

(Continued from page one)

tiptoes. He threw up his hand.

"Grab her!"

In an open gondola, sitting on bars of pig iron that were cold and squirmy, ten bums grouped together like sheep and peered over the sides at the snowy salt friends glistening under the moon. *San Francisco:*

Silent, flapping sea gulls meet the early morning ferry from Oakland and escort it to the dock. Boats—big boats and little boats, tugboats and dredges—feel their way in the fog with ghostly whistles. Through the mist that strangles the sun tall buildings take shape. We land.

"Hip Lee Toy—Laundry."

"Golden Gate Cabs, Inc."

San Francisco! Hybrid city between the occident and the orient! East talks

## Bitter Sweet

By VINCENT WHITNEY

*The drifting moon is hung with slender melancholy.*

*The brightest stars are dusky with soft tears.*

*The swell of night is tuned to some dark minor*

*Rhapsody of other nights in other years.*

*The flow of chimes along the endless dark*

*Is sadly sweet like memories in age.*

*The shadowed cool of solitude is kind*

*Beyond what early eager love has learned to gauge.*

*And some cool pain has tempered madrigals.*

*The memory of all that we have known Falls in diminuendo into night.*

*I take my love and go my way alone.*

west and thinks east. West regards east and lives like the normal American. What a strange mixture! Mystery and fantasy turn to reality behind doors labelled with Chinese characters.

Down Mission street for three blocks two Chinamen walked behind me, their chatter running through the musical scale. What were they talking about?

They turned. I followed them.

It was in Chinatown. Directly in front was the shop into which the two had gone. I was nervous and hesitant.

When I entered the narrow door a curtain dropped to the floor behind. I looked to the right. A feather weight touched on my left arm. I turned.

"Come."

A blank-faced, neat bit of a Chinese young man moved toward another door. Mechanically, I followed. The curtain folded us in.

The room was about forty by fifty feet. Hanging on the dark orange tapestried walls were red lanterns that glowed dully. In the further corner to the right three Chinese maids were playing on eastern stringed instruments. In the other corner was an image of Buddah three times life size. From his nose and mouth drifted thin threads of incense smoke. On the floor were carpets that caressed my ankles. Scattered about, lying on soft pillows and fur rugs, were men and women, some smoking, some dreaming, beautiful women with sunken cheeks, handsome men with sallow complexion.

"Smoke?"

The Chink was holding toward me a long-stemmed, opium pipe. Its bowl was as big as a coffee cup. I shook my head.

"Come."

Five blocks over on Market street I sat in a veterans' free food branch.

"Anything to eat to-day, cap?"

"Sure thing, lad. Good you come along. We're closing the joint to-morrow."

## A PREFACE TO CAMPUS POLITICS

(Continued from page five)

present by Eddleman of Sigma Delta, whose group is interested in Weathers for president of the student body. A will doubtless present a strong bid for nomination.

Tentative publication nominees for the University group include Dill of D. K. E. for the Daily Tar Heel, Drane of Zeta Psi as editor of the Yackety Yack, George Moore for editor of the Buccaneer, and Sugarman of T. E. P. for the Carolina Magazine. Opposition for the Tar Heel position may perhaps be met by Nominee Dill in the person of Carl Thompson, a city editor of that publication. Pat Gaskins of Sigma Delta is being boosted for the Buccaneer, as is Bob Ruark of Phi Kappa Sigma. There seems to be no other contender for the Yackety Yack. Vergil Lee, able editorialist of the Tar Heel is a consideration for the editorship of the Magazine, a lien claimed by Joe Sugarman.

It is the intention of the writer to treat the remaining offices, to follow the welfare of the candidate, and explain the contentions of other office-seekers in a further article. In the foregoing we have dealt summarily with the system and a portion of the background, endeavoring to explain the significance of the events yet to transpire. If possible, an effort will be made to reproduce certain photostatic facsimiles of certain documents available to the writer which amply illustrate the contractual formation of a typical campus frame-up.

## SHIMSHIM AND HIS BENNY LEONARD

(Continued from page six)

nard could lick Dempsey with strategy."

"Strategy. How's this for strategy!"

"Let go, you big stiff! All right. Take it back. Let go."

One night while we were playing hide'n'seek near the railroad, a little Polack walked up to Shimshim and called him something lousy. He was from the Boyd Street gang, a tough bunch of Polacks. They had sent out their smallest kid to get into a fight. Shimshim shoved him away. Then the Boyd gang came out to get us for hitting their kid.

"Hey gang!" Shimshim yelled.

We were all hiding in the same bunk. Shimshim was surrounded. Some of the Polacks began to look for us. We ran around a back yard and hid on Noodler's porch. The Polacks were giving it to Shimshim when we ran away.

Shimshim came down to the grocery later. One of his eyes were red and swollen, and his lip was cut.

"Why didn't you run, Lady?"

"Nice gang of guys you are," Shimshim said.

"Hey Shimshim—Benny Leonard!"

"Hey Shimshim—Strategy!"

## Cake-Eaters

*Let 'Em Eat Cake*, play book by George

S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1933.

It is difficult to judge the play book of a musical comedy when you have neither seen the production nor heard much of the music. It is high time that publishers of musical comedy scripts enclose the music to their songs. We always grunt and say "So What?" when we come to a couple of pages of unrhymed couplets whose metre is in such juxtaposition that the effects of the various "mine-shine", "divine-valentine", "I'm yours-you're mine-valentine-divine, etc." sounds like something out of Little Sadie's Mother Goose Book.

But even without the music (remember to cover the lyrics to the hit songs with a blotter when you come to them) *Let 'Em Eat Cake* is pretty funny. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Ryskind have taken some pains to edit the stage directions *a la* The New Yorker, whatever that is, and the trials of our old friend Vice-President Throttlebottom are as funny as ever. The plot takes up where *Of Thee I Sing* concluded, with Wintergreen in the White House. He is ousted by a new candidate named Tweedledee, whose campaign banners bear the inscriptions "He Kept Us Out of Work", "Kicked Out of Harvard", "Vote for Tweedledee, What's the Difference?" and the like. Finally Wintergreen comes back with a Blue-shirt revolution; there is a scene in Union Square, a ball game between the Supreme Court and the League of Nations for the War Debts, and a more or less happy ending beneath an old-fashioned guillotine.

The main difference in the two plays seems to be the perspective. *Of Thee I Sing* satirizes the past, or at least something what we knew of the Hoover administration (which Ogden Nash said was the "greatest labor saving device in the nation," but our new opus has to do with a nasty revolution, several of them in fact, and any good citizen knows that revolution can never come to these United States (not that kind of people, etc.).

But altogether the book is pretty funny. I read it twice, but then, of course, I didn't have anything else to do.—O.R.

Apropos of the suggestion that the Publications Union sponsor a "Follies", the editors suggest that it is already nurse maid to four of them.



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

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## THE PARTY . . . By Nelson Lansdale

Roy

The product of Helen's money and loving care and worry and Roy Senior's brains and looks stood tottering five feet above the wall-flower's couch. Short in stature, his almond-shaped, blue-green eyes gave him the appearance of being sprung from a red-headed hired man and a Chinese woman. As usual, he was a male wallflower. But tonight, full of two of George's 1.00 a pint stuff, Roy was drunk. Every red hair on his head was standing on end independently. Even his inferiority complex—his mother worried him about his size until the richest boy in town could only mix with a few other Catlickers (who used to wreck his 'lectric-train in the big playroom on the third floor) without shyness—was gone, forgotten under the genial, warming influence of two of George's 1.00 a pint stuff.

He kissed the bashful wallflower on the couch, who was only at the party because her family was of the best, without visible reluctance. He lurched drunkenly and fell over her on the couch. Three people snickered. Roy whooped and was silent. Priscilla, her starched organdie crushed by his limp weight, pleaded with doleful, silent eyes for help from the dancers. Two boys, glad to desert their duty partners (all but the dutydancers were necking at the little tables in the garden) carried him upstairs, pushed him under a shower. Half an hour later he came down the stairs pale and unsteady, his customary timidity again enveloping him like a mist.

DIANE

She was a Newyorker, a curious product of wealthy Brooklyn, full of the wild, strange silliness of a girl just released from a smart finishing school. She had met the well-to-do Wellers from Delaware there and now she was guest-of-honor in Delaware, sitting on the flagstonesteps leading down into the garden (Mr. Weller was a landscapearchitect), gleaming, from the sleekness of her black hair to the flash of her sizefive silver slippers. The creamy moon caught the soft curves of her lithe body into little undulations of green satin, and her rhinestone shoulderstraps sparkled, like her carmine lips, with invitation.

They were shadowed by a great clump of forsythia bushes. Liquor (1.00 a pint at George's) had loosened her lips, her dress, her morals. Vaguely, they heard the negrorchestra steppinitup in the house.

"I'm young and healthy and so are



Bill Henderson

you," the saxophone urged. She saw by the glare of the match—his hand trembled so it took three matches—that her dress was stained and rumpled. He saw it too. She inhaled and reported with magnificent calm that it didn't matter, grassstain wouldn't show since the dress was green anyway.

"Want to take it straight?"

"Yes." The bottle gurgled. He coughed a little. She had drunk many worse things than George's 1.00 pint stuff. She remained calm. She despised him a little, anyhow.

Her poise recalled him to his social-senses and they swept through the garden into the long greencurtained living-room where couples were swaying rhythmically in time with the burly negro at the piano. Nobody appeared to have noticed that they had missed the supper. Relieved, they began to dance, with fixed, confident, homeageaccepting smiles.

GORDON

On one side of the long black Packard he only nosed out of the garage on state-occasions sat Gordon, male debutante. On the other, the scarlet glow of the end of a cigarette indicated the presence of Kay. Blonde, passive and selfcon-

tained they sat, awaiting further developments. Between them a pint bottleof-gin and two punchcups smelling strongly of the same were scenting up the car. This was the oldercrowd and they were bored. Too stupid to talk, too tired to neck, not alcoholic enough to sing, dis-

at their lovely country home, Richfields, Miss Diane Winters of New York City, and Miss Charlotte Pembroke of Baltimore. Supper will be served at midnight. Those who will assist Mrs. Weller will be . . .

(The Punch Bowl)

"I wish the receiving line would go back for cocktails and then they couldn't smell it on us."

"So do I, dear. Because you know how that woman talks. And it always gets back to mother somehow."

"Did she hear about the swimming party?"

"I should say she did. Honest, Jane, I never got so much hell in my life—and all because I merely sat in a car while a couple of drunken idiots went in swimming in their birthday suits."

"Well thank God I wasn't on that end of it."

(A Chair In The Corner)

A lonely wallflower skims through *House and Garden*. (Mr. Weller is a landscapearchitect) "The porch overlooking the river has walls of pale yellow, matched boarding, a sea-green cooed plaster ceiling, and duck curtains of a slightly deeper green. The floor is paved with old side-wall flagstones."

(The Floor)

Night and day, why is it so  
That this longing for you follows  
wherever I go?

"Sweet dress you have on, Claire."

"And honestly, I've never seen such a divine man in my life."

". . . of gin and a quart of alcohol in the car. Coming down with me?"

"Have you seen Anne anywhere?"

"Bert won the Copely Cup match this afternoon. Played a . . ."

"Next dance? Sorry, darling, I have it with John."

In the roaring traffic's boom

In the silence of my lonely room I think  
of you.

"Sorry we were so late, Claire, but Max lost the keys and we . . ."

"Washa think of the orchestrasha?"

"If it's too much trouble to follow me, say so. You're out of step again."

". . . of how nice it would be to kiss you."

"Punch is terrible, if you ask me."

(Continued on page eight)



# The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the  
United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....JOE WEBB

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1934

## A Show Down

With its customary disinclination to condone nearly all new measures designed for the welfare of the student body, the Student Activities Committee has inclined its august thumb in a downward direction in abhorrence of the proposition that publications men should be granted scholarships. This is only one of a number of actions taken by this body in recent years arrived at after a laborious period of unadulterated sophistry. But since its actions are final and insuperable, we sit by and permit its decisions to go unquestioned.

The Student Activities Committee is one of those familiar institutions whose *raison d'être* is the sanctifying flower of tradition. It was originally created as a discussion group of faculty men and student leaders who would hash out vital problems and pass their opinions on to the student government authorities. On several occasions their sentiments have been shared with the student body at the polls, and there we have what is known in all its undefined glory as "precedent." And so the council of the gods sits and determines matters of student policy, handing down its decisions with the finality of an institution sublimely conceived and dedicated to the principle of divine right.

It is of little moment to question their decision in the matter of the scholarships. Many agree that the hard-working, unpolitic publication staff member should receive some award of merit after three years of literary enslavement. Unfortunately, everybody cannot be an editor or a business manager. Thus many retire after a year or so of diligent and promising service. Many because of personal or racial "deficiencies" (as they are smugly termed), are disappointed in their quest for publications honors and summarily retire from the field. It seems only just that

the student body should recognize the merit of the unfortunate and feel it their duty to reward the man who has labored nine months a year on any one of the respective publications. But the court of high justice has handed down the decision. The question will die there and never be re-opened..

We protest not so much their decisions as their unlimited and unwarranted power. The personnel of the committee is invariably vague. During one discussion last year several student "leaders" attended a meeting, spoke and voted, while holding no office and representing no constituency. These self-designated orators command the floor and debate vociferously until all but the stoic and patient are beaten down or have retired from the hall. The exceptions are few.

It seems that the time has come for the present student government administration to define the powers of both this body and the other legislative institutions of the campus. There is no recognized constitution in force, no code of regulations save precedent and tradition to guide our solons. No one have ever, to our knowledge, designated who and what are autonomous. The Magazine presumes to demand a show down from our student government.

## Scribbler's Confession

My story was smeared all over the front page of the Magazine. I sat looking at its headlines in caressing contemplation. I began to wonder if there was material for a book in it. Enthusiastically I began reading it again, turning swiftly to continuations, ignoring the rest of the Magazine with benign contempt. Having finished my reading a thought occurred to me—"The Magic of Headlines!" The story was positively impossible! Utterly rank! How on earth did it ever—

Dick Ingersoll loitered by and said, "Nice thing you had in the Magazine this morning," and started to light a cigarette.

"Do you think so?" I queried.

He nodded and started to amble toward the fireplace.

"Why?" I prodded.

"Oh, I don't know. I liked it. That's all."

"Uh huh," I grunted before I let him get ten feet away from me. Then I ordered him back and to his amazement told him to sit down.

"Listen," I started, "Listen, that story was foul! I don't know why on earth you ever read it. I don't know why on earth you possibly could have liked it. Apparently you know very little about what to look for in a good story. Well, by going over this little masterpiece of mine I may be able to give you some idea of what one should learn to abhor."

Dick listened uninterestingly and finally turned to pick up a comic strip from the floor. It was immaterial to me if he listened or not so I continued. Taking up my discarded Magazine I began.

"First of all, look at the way I began this thing. I start banging away as though somebody had shoved a stick of dynamite down my throat and told me to cough it up with a yell. Say, have you ever been on a train that was pulling away from the depot. If the engine should yank you out of the station at fifty miles an hour you'd break the engineers neck and you know it. No they don't buzz out at full speed. Generally they back up. They back up to ease the tension of the cars on the engine. Then away they pull, slowly at first, and later at a pretty good clip. Now, why on earth should I try to yank my readers right out of their minds? An intelligent one wouldn't stand for it . . . Now, having shot my opening firecrackers what do I do here? I start talking about blue eyes and a shimmering lake. Ugh! I bet I've read about those same eyes and lakes a thousand times. You see, that was my little effort to be poetic . . . Now, to catch the interest of the reader I start talking about the time I got roped in by a Brazilian procurer. That's a nice, pointless little curtsy to the fellows that want a little sensationalism . . . At the end here I start wondering about the futility of it all and make my bow to the weary, worldly, sport-shoed college dilettante. And what happened? Because I haven't written a string of ungrammatical sentences and gotten my tenses all bawled up I get my title plastered all over the front page. And what's more I begin to feel the well known germ "megalomania" sneaking around my cranium and I begin thinking of writing a book. Now, isn't that nice! Me writing a book! What have I said? Tell me, Dick, what have I said here?"

Dick laid down his funnypaper and looked at me with a happy, vacuous expression of unconcern.

"Uh?"

"Why did you—I mean, what was it that made you like my story?"

"Oh—," then impatiently, "Well dammit! I don't know." He turned to his funny men and funny-words with a gesture of conclusiveness.

I would have asked him why he was reading Popeye had I not forseen his answer.

"Why did you like—'Oh I don't know!'" And the reply always comes with that touch of annoyance which somehow shows resentment at a questioning of tastes.

I reached for my hat and coat wondering if there is any real reason why a person should, after all, worry about saying anything.—R.W.B.

## Speaking the Campus Mind (If Any)

Editors, The Carolina Magazine

Gentlemen;

My attention, as it were, has been called to a bit of bosh in last Saturday (Jan. 20) morning's Tar Heel, a penny sheet which supplements your bright little journal, speaking, as it were . . . where was I? Oy yes, an article in the "Speaking the Campus Mind If Any" column, made bold to observe that tea should be treated with a dash of milk rather than cream, insinuating also that the noble citrus, the lemon, was, as it were, *declassé*. Gentlemen, I appeal, as a subject of that land where a spot of tea at 4:30 is dam' well as necessary as the *Times*, to your finer culinary sensibilities. Tea, *avec*, as it were, milk, is decidedly a phenomenon of the provinces or the low country, a blasted custom acquired from the Yankees, and quite obviously detrimental to the progress and welfare of the Empire. Tea, sirs, is tea. Tea with lemon is not tea. Tea with milk, sirs, is not tea. Neither is tea with cream tea, *per se*. I quote from Lewis Carroll:

"*'The time has come,' the walrus said, 'to speak with open minds, Of tea with milk, of tea with cream, of tea with lemon rinds.'*"

Tea, as Sir Thomas Lipton created it, was meant to be drunk as tea, not punch. The correspondent of your contemporary, as it were, has violated her right to sign herself as "Englishwoman," when she dares to state that tea should be drunk with milk. Poor Sir Thomas would veer to port and slowly jib about in his grave, should he hear such tommyrot. So, gentlemen, as it were, I beg to inform Chapel Hill that tea should be drunk as tea, *sans* the corrupting influence of sugar, lemons, milk, or cream.

So, Miss Hurst, Rule Britannia! Yea! the sun never sets on the British square! Bang those dogs of Seville from Charing Cross to Calcutta! But milk in tea—phooie, as it were.

Arthur Cheselwick  
(Britishgentleman)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Magazine takes no part in this momentous controversy, and wishes only to point out that tea, if mixed with two parts grape-fruit juice and one part ginger-ale, plus cracked ice, is the nuts.)

"To the accompaniment of cheering, shouting, and widespread shooting and with general rejoicing, the nationalist leader swore he would try to lead Cuba back to political and economic normalcy."—Greensboro paper.

A little shot goes a long way these days.



## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### *Skin and Bones*—

Skeletons boast little of their literary history. The old codger who broke up the feast was probably the most notable of the macabre tribe. But with the latest Thorne Smith jack-knife-Flying Dutchman the neglected skeletons are doubtless cracking their bones in bony glee. That irrepressible, irresistible, irresponsible maniac has made a gentleman, if not a scholar, out of one of their body.

To be sure, if Mr. Bland had not bashed his lissom blonde wife over the head with a painting of a dubiously convulsive cow, the skeleton might still be nothing more than museum piece. But, to put it euphemistically, Bland hardly came out of the results of his foul deed with his whole skin. Suddenly converted into a gangling arrangement of pelvis, femur, tibia, humerus and clavicle, he proves a most impossible skeleton by refusing to deny himself carnal pleasures. The effect that a walking, talking, fighting bag of bones has on a night-club, a preacher, an undertaker, his barber, his chambermaid, and his wife is nothing short of terrifyingly grotesque and uproarious. Add to this Smith's master stroke of creating a skeleton with a propensity for liquor of any kind and the confusion is complete.

Most peculiar in the skeleton's behavior is his unreliability. A fit amount of sleep coupled with sufficient abstinence produces not the bony fright but the long, skinny naked body of Quintus Bland. Eventually things come to the point where the plagued photographer and those involved in his plight scarcely know whether they prefer the rattling, guzzling framework or the uninviting, embarrassed nudity. Smith's solution to his glorious absurdity is nothing short of inspired fun-making.

Not content with conceiving so hysterical a theme, the waggish author tops it off with a running collection of the choicest wisecracks. Unlike pathetic Mr. Bland, the dialogue is handsomely clothed with full-fashioned wit and malice. Smith's aptitude for complications and mad-house frolicking is perhaps rivaled only by P. G. Wodehouse. For the reviewer's part, he never, never laughed at the little Englishman and his befuddled second sons of the aristocracy with half the vigor and abandon that Smith's simple skeleton, greedy undertaker, and embattled Mrs. Bland provoked. He has that rare gift of a humorist, the ability to expand his essentials with expertly handled characters and situations. Remove the skeleton and there is still enough in *Skin*

and *Bones* to cause indigestion from chortling.

Thorne Smith is probably like artichoke. Either you glut yourself with him or send him hurtling back to the rental library. At that, it might still depend on something you ate.

\* \* \*

### *L'Affaire Jones*—

Hillel Bernstein's nose-thumbing at the Frenchmen which conquered the august Literary Guild is guaranteed to be less violent than Thorne Smith. Smirks and chuckles replace convulsions and hysterics. His unfortunate victim his Henry Jones who came to Paris from Georgia with his mother's recipe for cornpone and potlikker and not much more. By one of those curious twists of French fate, Jones finds himself a dangerous enemy of *la France* because he has accidentally slipped on the wrong topcoat in a restaurant. After a series of none-too-humorous adventures, he obtains not only his liberty but the designation of *un ami de la France*. Reason: that half-forgotten recipe from the grand old state of Georgia.

The author's material runs thin throughout. Failing to create characters genuinely humorous in themselves, he falls back on more or less conventional chatter and situation. The broad laughs at French bureaucracy and Americans who pose as friends of the republic rescue the book from the realm of the pointlessly ridiculous.

## Sculptors

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

*Life is a block of granite, and our task  
Must be to chisel it so that its shape  
May realize our dreams. Should any  
ask  
Our tools, we may reply: Hope, and  
a tear  
Learned of arrogant laughter. Not  
without fear  
We face the life which we cannot escape.*

*For each of us must take his separate  
way.  
As sculptors, we must hew our bits of  
stone  
Each in his own design. Yet though we  
stray  
Far from this place where we have  
laughed and sung,  
We shall be bound to something ever  
young  
And we shall be together, though alone.  
(Class Poem—Read June 5, 1933.)*

A graduate of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., she was also active in college and inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. circles.—*China Press*.

Well, it used to be a man's world, anyway.

## Pilgrim's Progress

By H. N. L.

*DAYS WITHOUT END*—Eugene O'Neill, Random House, New York. 157 pp. \$2.50.

Eugene O'Neill's flaws as a dramatist have been chiefly three—his inability to find a means of communicating himself effectively to his audience; the disproportion with which he has portrayed the characters who people his plays; and a confusion, originating in his own mind and reflected in his characters, as to where he, along with modern civilization, was headed.

In spite of these tremendous deficiencies, O'Neill has been universally acclaimed the foremost American dramatist, and largely because of two distinctive qualities—his courage in experimenting to find an effective medium for the adequate expression of his ideas, and the force and power of the feeling behind every one of his plays.

*Days Without End* finds his technique improved but not perfected—all but one of the characters are virtually nothing but mechanical devices for revealing the story of John Loving. That story, a sort of modern pilgrim's progress through most of the various phases of social and religious thought, is at once the autobiography of the playwright and an account of the spiritual struggle of every thinking modern man to attain something stable in a changing, chaotic world. His ideas are presented, not only with force but with unmistakable clarity.

Further, *Days Without End* finds O'Neill viewing his characters with balance and sympathy—and it is not the sentimental nostalgia of *Ah Wilderness*, which shocked his critics and caused those who regarded him as a dramatist of unfulfilled promise to take a new lease on life at what they were pleased to call the birth of a new O'Neill. In the new plays are combined O'Neill's force and strength and power with his

new-found sweetness and light. The result is a moving and completely convincing play.

The subtitle of the new work—"A Modern Miracle Play"—is ample indication that he has found a solution to the problem of "wither civilization?"

*Days Without End* reaches a conclusion of strength and significance which has not, to my mind, been equalled in importance or effectiveness in the history of the American theatre. I firmly believe that it is, along with *Anthony Adverse*, one of the most important pieces of literature which has come out of this, our age of chaos. It is not only in itself a fine and truthful play, but it is positive proof that our foremost dramatist has found himself, and that he is now, as never before, qualified to speak as the voice of modern America in the theatre.

## Surrender

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

On the day before the present, when the sun was high in the afternoon, I left my shelter and walked in the pleasant land. And I came to my mountain, Zigourna, and I climbed to the summit, through the blue afternoon, and sat myself down to observe men. All below me was prosperous plain, wherein man worked and warred and loved, each sufficient to himself and to his fellow man. To watch them scurrying meaninglessly about beneath me was joy, and I was amused. I shouted to them gustily, "Why do you rush so?" but the wind took my words, and none looked up. All went busily about like ants, absorbed in himself and his tasks, and I sat alone, in the heavens, beneath the cloud wrack, and mocked them.

As I sat watching these things, I was aware of a presence by my side, more lovely, more inspiring than my mountain. I said to her, "How came you here to my mountain?" and she answered, "I came to laugh at man. It is my mountain, not yours." I said, "We will laugh together," and side by side we mocked man, calling him a bug, an ant, a silly fool, and entirely senseless, and we pitied him from our cold height. But we slowly ceased laughing, and sympathy and understanding appeared in our eyes, now that we were two, that had never been there when we had each been one; and we stopped from our mocking, and went down into the valley, through the warm dusk, from our lonely heights. And nevermore did I go up Zigourna alone, but always with her, but mostly we lived happily in the valley, forgetting our mountain, and we worked, and warred, and loved with man.

## Song

By ROBERT LEEPER

*When the wild strawberries bloom  
On brown Robin Hill,  
Life will be new and sweet for us  
And worth living still.*

*Some will say, "Spring!" when they  
hear  
Soft rain before dawn,  
Some marvel long at the loamy earth  
When the frost is gone.*

*But we who are wise will wait  
And have nothing to say,  
Till the wild strawberries bloom  
On Robin Hill, one day.*



## Oscar and Roland

By DON POPE

Their names were Oscar and Roland. They had arrived at the ranch laden with a multitude of glistening pig-skin bags and scarlet visions of the wild-west. They were dudes, in fact the dudiest dudes the ranch had ever seen; and it had seen a plenty of pink-cheeked and callow easterners since the Old Man had taken over the place. They had come in droves, these dudes, and of them all only a very few had lasted more than a couple of weeks. They had various conceptions of what they would find on a cattle ranch but none of them were correct; and the first crop of blisters and charley-horse usually sped them homeward. The Old Man may have been big-hearted about inviting them, but once they arrived his charity vanished and he became, in their eyes, a bloody tyrant. He actually expected them to turn in and do ten hours manual labor for measly 3.50 per day, six and sometimes seven days of the week, and no pay if it rained. They discovered that riding here was not quite the pleasant diversion it had been in Central Park, where there were no rocky perpendicular hills down which one was expected to plunge at full gallop, and no wily steers to pursue over rocks and prairie-dog holes. They found that even a cattle-ranch grows hay and that a hand (they didn't even call them cow-boys) was expected to spend a great part of his time wrangling masses of recalcitrant alfalfa with a pitch-fork.

The Old Man lost no time in introducing Oscar and Roland to the unpleasant facts. But the joke was on him instead of on them. For it soon became apparent that, though willing enough to work, they were constitutionally unable to perform any sort of useful task. This was something new and disquieting. Unwillingness presented no great problem, for in such cases one could issue an ultimatum, which if not accepted would merely lead to the departure of the offending party. But what could be done in such a case as this? The two boys went docily to the fields and were put to shocking hay, a simple operation which merely involves the spearing of a nominal quantity of hay on a pitch-fork and placing it in piles of convenient size. To watch Oscar and Roland try it, however, you would have thought it required years of experience and abundant natural talent. After being shown which end of the fork to grasp and told what the object of their labors was they were left to their own devices. An hour later, when someone went out to find how they were getting along, they were poking at a mountainous pile of hay. They were walking slowly around the pile, pulling out wisps here and

there to make the thing symmetrical; but it was like a small boy trying to get his side-burns even with a razor; they always got a little too much or not quite enough and taking it all in all they were just about holding their own. Scattered about over the field, blowing hither and yon, were small wisps of hay, mute testimony to the scope of their endeavours. They were patiently informed that their method of procedure left a certain amount to be desired, given instructions to make the shocks smaller, and again left alone.

The next inspection disclosed that they had taken the advice considerably to heart; instead of resembling a mountain their shocks were now reduced to moderate-sized ant-hills. In such a case as this further advice seemed somewhat superfluous, so they were requested to relinquish their forks and undertake some more elementary task which might be within the scope of their abilities. Roland, being the larger, was put to carrying water from the adjacent river. Oscar was given over to driving the derrick horse, the 12 year old boy who customarily performed that function being sent out to reorganize the scattered hay. Now driving the derrick horse involves conducting a stalwart member of the equine species up and down a prescribed path, a cable attached to his stern drawing up a load of hay, by means of a boom, to the stack. This particular derrick-horse was an old hand at the task and with a minimum of direction would function efficiently and smoothly. Oscar gave much more than the minimum necessary but unfortunately all of it was wrong. Within a few minutes he had succeeded in getting himself stepped on, in breaking the harness in two places, in dropping a load of hay on the stacker's head, and finally in letting the by now fed-up horse run away and smash up the rigging.

Meanwhile nothing had been heard from Roland and the water-bucket. Just as someone was going to find out whether he had fallen in and been drowned he put in his appearance. It seemed that he had let the bucket get away from him in the current and had to pursue it down-stream for some distance before apprehending it. He now had it full of water, but unfortunately he had seen fit to include a quantity of mud and a choice selection of casual debris. He was patiently shown the error of his ways and sent back, with the now partially crippled Oscar as help-mate and counselor. In only about twice the customary time they reappeared, with the bucket dangling perilously between them. Perilously, because Roland was 6 feet 2 and Oscar 5 feet 5, making it necessary, if both were to grasp the bucket handle, for one to stand on his tiptoes and the other to bend over

like an amateur actor's conception of an old man.

Beaming with pride they had almost reached their goal when, alas! an insidious stone intruded itself beneath their toiling feet and down went Oscar, Roland, and the bucket.

There was very little objection when they evinced a desire to don dry clothes, and when they had disappeared down the road a mighty sigh of thanksgiving went up from all hands.

The Old Man is a stubborn cuss and next day, under protest from the foreman, the two dudes were sent back to the fields. By ten o'clock they had succeeded in completely paralyzing all activities in their vicinity, and the foreman personally escorted them to the old man and issued an ultimatum of his own. He was a good foreman so the Old Man gave in, and the hay-fields saw no more of Oscar and Roland.

The next task assigned to them was riding to the upper ranch to drive back a milk-cow. After the usual lengthy interval they showed up with their charge, which had miraculously changed into a wild tough range bull. The Old Man came ripping out to inquire what the hell they thought they were about and the bull went for him and boosted him over the corral fence, retaining as a trophy of the chase one perfectly good trouser's seat.

As I say, the Old Man is stubborn, and even the bull incident didn't discourage him from trying to reap some sort of fruit from his two lemons. In a moment of inspiration he put them to wiping dishes. If they couldn't do a man's work maybe they could a woman's.

(To Be Continued)

## Hokku---

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to the general comment that the "Hokku" is a something suffering from a typographical lapsus linguae, lacking only the final consonant "m" to complete its meaning, the editors have asked Walter Terry, an able hokku-ist, to explain the form.)

"Japanese poetry at its best," says Noguchi, Japan's great poet, "is a search-light or flash of thought or passion cast on a moment of life and nature, which by virtue of its intensity, leads us to the conception of the whole; it is swift, discontinuous, an isolated piece."

The poems of Japan tell of the moon, stars, flowers, or a waterfall, and through these objects of nature they sing of life and of human beings.

Suggestion rather than description is the salient feature of Japanese poetry. The hokku is never self-explanatory. It comes from the heart of the poet, not from his brain.

By practicing self-denial in the use of words, the poet only suggests a mood or a moment of insight that he experiences; hence the reader comes as close to the poem as the author, for the read-

er's imagination is allowed full sway in the interpretation of the poem.

The hokku writer uses as few words as possible. His aim is only to suggest. Hokku—a single utterance, or the utterance of a single verse.—W. T.

## In May

By DONALD CLEAVENGER

In May there would be no parting. They both thought that and sung it to themselves, though neither dared say it to the other. Maria sat the shiny piano in the corner of the studio and pressed her slim fingers on the bass keys. Over and over she played it in rich minors—"In May there will be no parting."

Richard painted it. He often caught his brush straying from the canvass into the borders, and all the while he seemed to be painting in rich, flaming characters—"In May there will be no parting." But they dared not promise this to themselves, no more than they dared voice the hope to each other. That would be sentimentalism.

Maria also wrote verse. She liked to experiment:

*When April's tears turn all to green,  
The heaven's then voice their gladness;  
May creeps abreast, and sets the scene,  
But May brings naught but sadness.*

For Maytime would bring them to the inevitable parting of the ways. Richard would go back to New York, bearing with him the fruits of his winter's work. Maria would hasten back to the marital fold, as in every spring when her husband returned from his winter's tour of the Continent. He was a lecturer. He had taken Maria with him once on his tours, but she was only an impediment, as useless and protesting as the bulky trunks that preserved his books, his lecture notes, and the general paraphernalia of his trade. After the first trip Maria was left in Georgia, where she was happiest. . .

Stephen Hart was lecturing in Atlanta. A poster said that Maria Whitlock was playing a benefit at the Music club. Stephen knew little about music, but he loved to hear the piano. He sat in the back row with closed eyes. "That always helps," he used to say. Liszt and long hair don't mix for me. The artistry, not the artist, is what counts." That day Stephen opened his eyes during a sporadic murmur of applause. Maria was beautiful. . .

Richard Drane had a future. Everyone in New York said that his genius would give America a new school of Realism. But Richard was a Georgia boy, charmingly naive and lazy. He sold just enough work to provide himself with a moderate income and to keep



up his studio at Sunset mountain. On his second tour Stephen left Maria behind in a summer camp at Sunset mountain . . .

Maria had paused to dip a drink from the mineral springs when a voice called out to her: "Stop; don't move. Hold that pose." She obeyed, for she was frightened. Stephen never shouted at her. His requests were quiet commands and his voice rang with a cool authority bred of many years of ordering baggage boys and porters and *wagon-lit* conductors and stewards about. You obeyed him. But that voice! Maria held the pose.

"Thank you. I'm sorry I frightened you so much, but I've been waiting for someone to stoop over that little spring." Sitting on a camp stool in front of a large canvas was Richard Drane. Maria laughed and walked over to the picture he was painting. He had sketched in the figure of a young girl bending over a fountain. Maria thought that the sketch made her look too young, and slightly undressed. "I'm sorry," Richard said, "you were standing against the sun. The silhouette was too perfect to miss."

That had been six years ago. So every winter found Maria at the Sunset mountain camp with Richard Drane. The critics said that there was more passion, more feeling, in his work. Maria played less often. Richard bought her a piano, a huge black one, with the money he made from the sale of "The Mountain Nymph."

But each spring brought a parting. Stephen would inevitably wire from Southampton just as his boat sailed. That gave Maria time to get back to Atlanta. Stephen must never know.

March gathered up the loose ends of its Northern winds and hurled them about the studio-cabin in the mountains. The tall firs tossed and pitched in the wind and the smoke swirled in dusky whirl pools from the great stone chimney. Then April sent it showers and tantalized the brown things that must soon come to life. One day a chorus of robins returning northward stopped to chatter on the window box. They sang of May.

During the last week Richard hardly looked at Maria and she at him. It was their way of mentally cleaning house. Somehow it seemed to purge them of any feeling, however remote, of shame that might linger. They both loved Stephen. The day was drawing near when the inevitable message would come, borne up the hill by the boy down at the station. The message would be addressed, "Mrs. Stephen Hart, Sunrise Lodge . . ." Stephen never varied the telegram: "Arrive New York via S. S. Washington Tuesday Nine A.M.—Stephen." The telegraph boy always de-

livered it to the right place.

From October until May was a long time for Richard and Maria to be together. Unconsciously each looked toward May with some relief, yet they always wept in one another's arm when the inevitable telegram arrived.

Maria sat at her piano. Her bags were piled in a neat pyramid on the steps. Richard was in the garage back of the cabin dismantling the old Ford so that no thief might break in and drive it away during the long summer months. The May sun streamed in over her shoulder and cast queer shapes on the calcimined walls of the studio. She was playing: "In May there shall be no parting," when she saw the telegraph boy scrambling up the hill. His face was white, his breathing obviously strained. Maria felt her heart sink. He had come. It was over.

The boy pounded on the door. He was breathing in short gasps. She understood his white face when she read the message: "Man identified as Stephen Hart, prominent international lecturer, among dead in crash of Nancy-Paris express . . ." She read no more. The grotesque chords of "In May there . . ." thundered on her brain.

Maria wept silently into a small crumpled handkerchief for several moments. It was all over! They were free! Now she need never leave the little studio. But something within her was struggling. She slipped the cablegram in her bosom and walked down the steep hill to the station.

## Haw Creek

By ROBERT LEEPER

*He came this way one summer night,  
And he was near afraid  
Of Haw Creek hollow,  
Drowned in shade.*

*A kindly man he was,  
Versed in folk lore;  
With no more luggage  
Than the clothes he wore.*

*A harmless wind was moaning  
Somewhere in the trees,  
And a screech-owl screaming--  
Calmly as you please.*

*But he feared the long shadow  
When he left the moonlight;  
He went through the place,  
But his throat drew tight.*

*He saw weird shapes  
Back of every bush,  
And his blood raced through him  
From his heart's quick push.*

*He came this way in deep June  
A good year ago;  
And he will never come again,  
So far as we know.*

## Four Phi Betes

By JOE SUGARMAN

I.

Dandruff on his collar. Ink smudges on his long fingers. A broken shoe-string in his scuffed shoes. A badly-wrinkled blue serge of the graduation-from-high-school-variety wraps itself around his thin frame. Watery, tired blue eyes peer out through rimless glasses. His right shoulder is slightly lower than his left, and his chest sags as he hops along with short, hurried steps.

He wrinkles his brow and runs his forefinger over his cheek reflectively. The head of the department has offered him a fellowship for next year. No teaching, merely research is required. He has been such an excellent student, taken such full notes, written such original and painstaking papers. They are all quite sure that he will go far away, very far in his field. He is already an authority on wigs in the eighteenth century, and there is a limitless territory ahead.

Where, he wonders, is the end of all this? A full professorship? And he was the valedictorian at high school who thrived on the thought of becoming a great novelist. He smiled bitterly. He couldn't match one of those carefully documented term papers with a single piece of fiction or verse. Maybe after this Browning course he could begin to write something for himself, of himself. Right now he had to lay his hands on that journal from Kansas mentioned in the footnote.

He will graduate shortly. His mother will be distressed to hear that he is returning to the University. Teachers simply don't compare with novelists. His father will mumble something about being sure of a job and having to struggle for recognition. His friends will play bridge with him because they have never been able to converse with him. That girl he met at that dance three years ago will be married to the banker's son.

"After all, there aren't any footnotes in most novels."

II.

He twirls the large, flat key aimlessly. One last swing and he plunks the knife into one vest pocket, the watch into the other. The key glares from his chest. It has resented being removed from its accustomed resting-place, even for a refreshing spin. For almost a year the owner's hand has been carelessly, consciously in his pocket drawing his jacket aside. Even in the winter there is one button left open on his long camel's hair topcoat.

Nervousness impels him to tap his fingernail against the polished surface of the key. Why in the name of Heav-

en had he ever registered for this course? He remembered painfully. Jack had promised a complete array of summary, notes, questions, and answers. And then Jack had been fool enough to mislay the whole business. He had ransacked the library for abstracts of the plays but had come away with only scattered critical remarks on them. They might come in handy. That obscure critique he had found last winter had pulled him out of what seemed then the worst possible jam.

He is rather proud of himself, on the whole. Not everyone has been able to bluff it as successfully and with as much reward as he has. He almost laughs aloud at the thought of that conversation with that prof on Christian Science. Yes, all his family were Scientists, and he had read everything written on the subject. His Methodist forebears were then probably pounding on their caskets. Still, the Christian Scientist professor had seen fit to exempt him from the final.

He thinks of the themes he has copied, the pretenses he has made on class, the notebooks from which he obtained a whole course's work, the neat cards attesting to hundred of pages of reading which he had never done. He remembers with a twinge how miserably he failed when he tried to write a composition for his kid brother.

"Guess I'll go over to Jack's. He must have that summary somewhere."

III.

"This committee, as I understand it, has been appointed for the purpose of determining to just what extent the student body can be of aid to the University in this crisis." The chairman continues his introductory remarks and then proceeds to dominate the meeting. There are no objections. Every person on the committee knows that unless he assumes the responsibility, as he undoubtedly will, nothing appreciable will be accomplished. At adjournment six recommendations have been adopted. Five have been presented by the chairman.

The meeting over, he pauses to light a cigarette. A fellow-committeeman approaches him. "Look, I've got something I'd like for you to do. It's really not much of a job, but I hate to ask you when I know how little time you have for yourself."

"Not at all. What is it?"

"Well, I'm supposed to give a report to the committee that we met with last night on laundry charges. I was just wondering whether you might find time to help me with it. We'd have to do a little scouting around and all that, but it's really a big thing."

"Sure, I'll be glad to work with you. I've been interested in that problem for some time. Let's start to-night."

"I'm afraid I can't. Why, you've

(Continued on page seven.)



# Son of the Rods . . . The Trail Leads Home . . . By Jack Starr

## Los Angeles:

The City of Angels takes its gifts nonchalantly and walks to the same tune that plays for cities everywhere. Hurry pushes leisure aside. Leisure sits on park benches and looks toward the mists that pull seaward, or the faint, snowy peaks that beckon. His clothes are ragged. His face is tired. Society shambles up.

"Have you got a job?"

"No, sir."

"Have you got any money?"

"No, sir."

"Come with me."

The judge leans forward. His hair is combed neatly. His shirt collar is starched stiffly. Cold eyes peer through cold glasses. Slim fingers, white but firm, tap the table.

"Thirty days, young man. I wish I could make it more."

Forced leisure is led along to a cell. The door shuts.

The sky between the bars is blue.

## The Desert:

Sand, dry sand. Cactus, thorny cactus. Wind that heat has wrapped itself around to whip a parched skin. To the east, a lake the color of a blue bird shimmers. On its further edge a mosquitoed city dwindles to the horizon.

"Great God, Pete, I'm bout to perish for some water!"

"My tongue is swelling."

Pete stuck out his tongue. It was turning black. His lips were cracked. His face was red and scaly.

"Look! Ice!"

A refrigerator on a fruit car had been opened. One hobo was handing out ice to twenty others. The train had stopped. One of the trucks had run a hot-box.

"Git away from that icebox, you damn bastards, or I'll put you off and make you walk."

There is a law against that on the desert.

## El Paso:

Listlessly alive, it perches on the shore of the desert and grows toward the green valley on the Rio Grande. Though tolerant of its Mexicans, and friendly, one must have an occupation of some kind. The Mejicanos sell pies and tortillas and trade Revolution money among the bums. Smuggled-in cigarettes are carried in their bosoms, too.

"I cannot geeve you dees for dat much," the old man said. His teeth were stained yellow. A two weeks growth of grey, stubby beard covered sparsely his brown skin. His fingers were the color of the copper coins that he jingled in his hands.

"I'll trade you the knife for twenty dollars."

He took the knife and opened the blade. He drew it against his tongue.

"No. I geeve you feefteen."

"What about the pies?"

"Five pies, five cents."

He reached in his basket and got five pies.

"Give me ten pies for the knife."

He scratched his head.

"O. K. But I don't make notheong."

## Vicksburg:

Slowly living, like the great river that washes by it, there is a feeling here that the chief end of men is to loll, and dream, and take things as destinated.

The train had stopped on the edge of the yard beside the Mississippi. A yellow moon was sneaking up from the swamps. Bands of mosquitoes were droning their war cry and biting with pin-point bills. At the top of the river banks a Negro "big meetin'" was going on. The high tenor voice of a woman shrieked out.

"Oh, Lord Jesus, I'se saved! Come en git me!"

Over and over she repeated it. Presently, her plea was joined by others and a begging babel rose and fell in the sultry night.

"Let's go closer, Pete, and listen at em."

A cop was standing at the end of the path.

"Where the hell you guys going?" he asked.

"Nowhere, cap. Just looking around."

"Well, git back in the yards and stay there."

We turned to go.

"The train leaves out for Jackson in a few minutes," he said. "The bulls won't bother you if you git up close to the front."

## Birmingham:

Smelting furnaces tinge the night a dull red. Locomotives on labyrinthian tracks ring their bells and groan to creaking stops. People talk, wondering if the steel plants will run full time or shut down. The bug of the north, business, has bitten southern flesh. They scratch a while, but occasionally stop to be themselves.

"Sure, lad, we c'n give you a bed," the man at the Salvation Army smiled.

"Thanks."

"You want a bath?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's some soap and your number." He laid them out on the desk.

"How late can I sleep in the morning, cap?"

"Seven o'clock, by God. If you damn bums wanta sleep all the time, why in the hell don't you go to work. Sleep! Huh! All of you put together ain't wuth a tinker's damn."

I looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past one. The next day was Sunday.

## Knoxville:

Smokish clouds sprinkle the browning September trees. People turn up their coat collars, open umbrellas, and mumble to themselves about the weather.

A brakeman stopped at the car door. He stuck his lantern in and peered about. Then he climbed in.

"All right, you damn bums git out," he said. "I gotta close this door."

"Can't you close the door and leave us in here so we won't git wet, cap?"

"Hell, no. What d'ya think this is—a pullman? Git in that coal car up front and stay off the tops."

Twelve bums crawled out.

The coal gondola was slushy. When the train jolted an old man slipped down. The black water soaked his clothes. His beard mopped up the ooze like a sponge.

## Asheville:

The mountains are different from what they were in June. The sickly Autumn sun is not strong enough to warm the mists that blow down. Some of the coolness chills the body; some of it creeps through to the heart.

At the "Y" where the man had let me go to the wash room to change shirts I stopped again. The clerk eyed my appearance with trained but suggestive politeness.

"Could I get a bath, sir, and a place to shave?"

"Those privileges are extended to members only."

"I am a member."

"Have you a card?"

"Yes, sir."

He looked at it. Then he shook his head.

"Your membership covers certain activities. Baths are not included."

Men sitting about the lobby were listening and whispering. A few laughed; others smiled. I turned to go. I wanted to hurry and get out.

"The Salvation Army maintains a place for transients," the clerk said. "Perhaps you can get a bath there."

When I went out the door I heard someone say, "Wonder what he came here for?"

The wind was blowing toward the south.

# A Hoax Is A Hoax Is A Hoax

By DON SHOEMAKER

Old Gussie shivered, blew her nose in a large red handkerchief, and ambled over to the little coal stove in the corner of the garret. She rotated slowly in front of it, toasting the calves of her legs and warming her knees. Her tattered wool dress flapped warmly and pleasantly about her flanks. She edged her typing table and stool closer to the stove. "Cold, it is cold it is cold it is cold," Gussie mumbled to herself, not knowing what she meant. She paused to analyze her words, just as the Master would pause to identify his philosophy lectures with his train of thought.

Old Gussie could afford to think. Since leaving the States and installing herself in the little garret among the Frenchmen she had plenty of time to think. Gussie thought that her training and splendid education, coupled with "experiences" (*life and living*, they called it) might make her a woman of letters. But many had anticipated the vaguely cosmopolitan flavor of a Paris post-marked manuscript when it reached the editorial desk of the American magazines. To put it in the vernacular, Paris was lousy with writers, good and bad.

"Cold it is cold it is cold." That hummed through her brain. Gussie twitted the keys of the old Remington and began to peck away. In the morning a queer document lay on her writing table. Gussie was snoring on a dusty couch in the corner.

At noontime Decasso found it lying there. "The dawn is cold and red it is cold is red as I see cold at my window it is red. The dawn runs on tender elbows like a red, red dawn it is cold and red; now here it is red and cold and light like the dawn . . ." he read. "*Magnifique*," he muttered, for he half suspected that Old Gussie was awake, and that perhaps she had a bottle of wine and a couple of crusts in the cupboard. When you liked something she had written Old Gussie loosened up. "*Magnifique*," Decasso said again, louder this time, for he was sure she was awake.

Gussie was off the couch in one bound. "Henri," she screamed, throwing her flabby arms around his neck, "do you really like it?"

Henri looked at the cupboard. "*Magnifique*," he said, with an air of finality, "*tres superb*," and he swung his arms in a gesture of admiration.

Gussie was beside herself. She fairly chortled with joy. "Henri," she gushed, "you are looking upon the mother of a new school. I have, *Monieur*, discovered the art of the automatic writing. Your oils are lousy, Henri, but



your critical ability is impeccable. I shall sell it, Henri, and I'll be a rich woman. Then I'll introduce you to my salon and then perhaps everybody will think you are a genius and buy your paintings . . .

"The wine, said Henri, permitting himself a phrase or two of broken English," she is marvelous, *mais oui*, she is ducky."

Old Gussie was almost as surprised as Henri when the American editor accepted her prose and a few hundred lines of verse. The afternoon her MSS. arrived from France, that august gentleman of *belle letters* was having as he afterwards expressed it "the worst hangover in three whole days." Maybe that was why Gussie's discovery appealed to him. "I'll print it just for the hell of it," he told himself. "I'm getting sick of this slosh we run every month. The worst part of it is that I have to explain the poetry in the *Pacific*, and how can I do that when the half-baked poetasters that write it don't even know what they're writing!"

Gussie's verses and her automatic prose set the literary world on its figurative ear. Who, everyone asked, was this Gussie Klein? Few ever stopped to ask *why* was Gussie Klein.

The *Pacific* had made Gussie the most discussed figure in contemporary literature. The critics first scoffed and shouted "hoax," but the *Pacific* sold out its Klein number and had to print an extra thirty thousand numbers. Soon a Klein book came out. "Mellow Horseshoes," it was called. The critics lambasted it, and the literateurs sniffed at the critics. The critics changed their minds when the volume went into three editions.

"It is not the form," one of them wrote, "that challenges the attention, so much as the sheer incomprehensibility on the surface that enchants the reader. Presently he sees the beauty and intensity lying beneath the erstwhile tiresomeness of the mechanics. He sees the soul pouring itself forth in automatic anguish, and presently he realizes that Miss Klein has given us a new art that will shatter the old precepts, shock the conventional, and build on the old foundations a new edifice of lasting beauty and meaningful content."

So Gussie moved into a fine apartment on the Rue—— and drew the literary circles of Paris to her feet. Here was a new mother of the arts, a mother of an art she herself had conceived! As she had prophesied, Decaso's oils sold rapidly when his patron went into ecstasies before them at her private exhibitions of his work. And so the two of them became immortal, and only a few dared laugh.



## Fetish

To Barton Mumaw

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS

*O-Buranto  
Priest*

*Stands in the blackness--  
the thick, heavy blackness  
dripping from the Giants  
that collonade the silence  
of the hot night jungle*

*There is a proud fear  
and a thin red line  
of waiting ecstasy  
painted  
on the mask.*

*And he stands  
on the Place  
in black  
immobility  
till the flood of the wind  
and the slow, slow wind  
comes oozing from the South  
in lazy panoply,  
and beats a potent message  
into his flaring nostrils  
of secret orchid sweetness  
and of musky watching evil  
sliding its scales  
in the warm mud  
of the ebon hidden pool.*

*These things are aphrodisiacs  
of life  
and old death  
breathed upon the air.*

*Who are these that speak  
to you, O-Buranto--  
What is this that throbs  
beneath your still feet?  
What is this that finds  
a strange, sudden answer*

*in the coiling  
and recoiling  
Of your thighs,  
O-Buranto?*

*The earth is a drum  
O You others  
O You others  
the earth is a great deep drum  
And I speak with a flame  
to things without a name  
with a reeling, drunken flame  
in the beat  
of my feet  
on the pulsing, waiting breast  
of the earth  
O You Others  
on the breast of the earth.*

*Oh what do you see  
O-Buranto  
in the smoke swimming upward  
from the flowers and the herbs  
finding death on the fire?  
For the crocodile teeth  
have found voice at your wrist  
in a mad dry jungle  
that screams in the blood.*

*But no answer;  
and the skull  
that gapes about his neck  
and the skull in his face  
laugh together.  
yell together  
in the place*

*And the ebon hidden pool  
slowly satiated  
with a thousand evil shadows  
it has drowned*

## FOUR PHI BETES

(Continued from page five)

got the same quiz I have, haven't you?"

"Yes. I studied for it."

"What! Honestly, I don't see how you do it. You've had two committee meetings, a date, and track practice today, haven't you? I swear I don't see how you do it."

The chairman snuffed out his cigarette and picks up his book.

"I've never really looked to see just how I do do it."

### IV.

He reads Proust, Joyce and D. H. Lawrence. Slinks into every concert or theatrical performance, ostentatiously tardy. Ridicules heartlessly the whole round of student activities from football to aesthetic dancing. Languidly dazzles the coterie of admirers he has acquired by reminding them that he could have been editor of the daily paper, if he had chosen. But it was scarcely worth the effort. It was so much more amusing and less fatiguing to write an occasional nasty note to the editor, pointing out mistakes in allusions or grammar.

His professors are wary of him. One of their number was so badly singed in a discussion on Coleridge that they treat him with respect and deference. When they timidly encourage him to pursue further a problem which he has brilliantly toyed with, he smirks and maliciously replies, "Oh, I don't really think it's worth bothering with any further. After all, it's pretty dead stuff, don't you think?" He terrorized the dean into permitting him to postpone math, which he can't abide, until his senior year. "It simply goes against me, that's all."

He constantly refers to himself as a fish out of water. How magnificent it would have been if he had been able to go to Princeton or Harvard as he planned. Nowhere else does one meet

*lies polished  
and still.*

*O-Buranto  
Priest  
is quiet now.  
He has spoken to Those Things  
in the tongues of the hills  
in the language of the dust  
and the long gone years  
now he is small  
a grotesque figurine  
carved from the night.*

*And the wind has fled southward  
with its panoply of blossoms  
of musk and of orchids  
for the thick, heavy blackness  
drips down from the giants  
that collonade the silence  
of the hot night jungle.*



the sort of mind or attitude he is cultivating. Even Duke, he thinks, would have been preferable to this provincial, self-centered village.

There are always plans to take fantastic trips, New Orleans this week, Chicago next, or perhaps a week-end in Washington. But he never goes. He sits in his armchair with the latest novel which he will mock and assert could have been written by a child. He tells his little cult:

"Of course, I only made Phi Bete because I couldn't held myself."

## Retreat

By CARY ELLISON

*Here nothing lives but solitude,  
An old, old man, lean-fingered,  
Grown-cheeked, and leaning on a cane.*

*Here no one comes but loneliness,  
Under the sky-reaching trees,  
Fingers of futile prayer under an empty  
heaven.*

*Here stillness is more than stillness; it  
is dead sound.*

*Here is no change and no forgetting.  
The shadows are streamers of departed  
night fleeing in haste.*

*No change and no forgetting—I am a  
statue,  
Unmoving, marbled in no-thought.*

## With the Authors

The editors can see no further reason for the pen name Jack Starr, a signature used for those delightfully penetrating and melancholy vignettes on the rods. The author is Mr. Cecil Carmichael, who is ready to vouch for the authenticity of each and every incident (we didn't ask him, but we are sure that is the case). Mr. Starr, or Mr. Carmichael, you can take your choice, spent three months on the hobo circuit last summer. The Magazine feels that it was a profitable venture.

Mr. Cleavenger, who writes of May, January or no January, is presenting herein his first contribution. His mission in literature, he laboriously explained to us, is to popularize the use of the miopic evisceration, a literary form once popular in pre-war Poland, where it died an early death. We hope it doesn't haunt you.

The illustration to "Fetish," a contribution by the versatile Mr. Fitz-Simons, is a linoleum-cut done by Mr. Bradford White, erstwhile poet. The editors explain their sudden yen for linoleum cuts in their desire to install a linoleum floor in the Magazine office, slowly acquiring press-worn cuts and piecing together our little floor, week by week.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: With the strange and sudden death of Tabbi, the Magazine's erstwhile political stooge, the mantle of prophecy falls on the shoulders of a new incumbent, Tabbi II. In the event that he is also stoned to death, there may be some reluctance on the part of campus scribes to take his place, many remembering the immortal lines from HAMLET "Tabbi or not Tabbi.")

A great English statesman is credited with an oft repeated and paraphrased remark that "in love and politics anything may happen and usually does." Likewise we might add that in no two fields of endeavor is the truth harder to find because there is always ample reason for it to be hidden. What is true as we write is apt to be a thing of the past by the time the ink has dried on the type.

As election day draws nearer the fever of campus politics has begun to grow and the would-be bosses to sing a more serious tune. Already, it would seem, the possibilities are remote for a repetition of the 1932 landslide when a solid frame-up would have carried a complete ticket but for the brilliant fight put up by the independent Haywood Weeks. In overthrowing the dynasty built by the famous triumvirate of Jack Dungan, Hamilton Hobgood (the defeated candidate) and Jim Kenan, Weeks broke up the little Tammany and precluded the possibility of an all-powerful party at least within the memory of those dark days.

However, at the beginning of the year the old All Campus aggregation found itself almost shot by the loss of Zeta Psi, Sigma Nu, Delta Psi and K. A. With the loss to the party of John Wilkinson and Sigma Chi's spokesman Rose they had not the strength to hold their old nucleus. Beta Theta Pi, although nominally on both sides, has swung back and forth until ex-editor Rose tied them to the — party.

Recent investigation as to developments reveal some interesting facts, many of them contradictory. No room is more leak-proof than the back room of the fraternity house which acts as a political party market for the swapping of offices.

The parties seem to be lined up more evenly now than a few weeks ago. The University party is still built around D. K. E. and S. A. E. with Zeta Psi, Sigma Nu, Phi Gamma Delta, and A. T. O. tagging passively along. T. E. P. has been included because of Joe Sugarman, powerful contestant in the publications field, but it is hardly likely it will get anything else despite Bob Novins' front. Pi Kappa Phi, one of the leaders of the party last year, is having but little influence on the inner circle this year. With Alex Webb gone from the ranks the party's leadership is

less concentrated than formerly but most of it has developed upon Herb Taylor.

The All Campus party this year is resting upon Sigma Delta and looking to the veteran Bill Eddleman for leadership. Along with Sigma Delta we find Phi Delta Theta, the Pikas, and Sigma Chi. Z. B. T., with its affairs handled by John Lindeman who has returned after a two years absence, is trying to ride in on some of the glory. If matters are handled smoothly the party may also number Delta Tau Delta and Chi Phi, although the latter is suffering from Wilkinson's absence.

Just what the line-up of the two teams will be has not yet definitely been decided. After the major offices have been agreed upon, the steering committee will sorter out the lesser position in such a way as will, they hope, keep each fraternity satisfied. Seldom is a lodge able to ask for more than one major office or two minor ones. Many of the smaller ones must be content with only a minor office.

The University party, now the majority, is planning on putting up a full ticket, providing, of course, they can sorter the positions without stepping on anyone's toes and losing any of the dissatisfied. From the current gossip we learn that the supporters in the party of McCachren for president of the student body have lost ground, which makes us point our finger to Carr of S. A. E., although the editor's closest friends staunchly avow that he "is not even considering."

One thing in the party's ranks, however, is certain. Deke's Lonnie Dill will head the publication ticket by stand-for the *Daily Tar Heel*. Last year, it will be recalled, the big boys were split over Shoemaker and Carr, and it was around them that the biggest battle waged. In fact, the party's publications' bill is the only one that the steering committee itself is sure of. Zeta Psi will offer Drane for the *Yackety Yack*, Moore will go up for the *Bucconeer*, and T. E. P. has been promised Sugarman for the *Magazine*.

It looks as though the All Campus will not have a complete ticket in spite of its growing strength. Vergil Weathers, a non-fraternity man, is the most likely candidate the party has to offer for president of the student body. Another man from the ranks that is being sought is Carl Thompson to oppose Deke's Dill. In the event Thompson ignores the party's offer there will be a hole in the line-up that cannot be filled. Virgil Lee, present editorial board chairman of the daily, is going to be pitched against feature board chairman Sugarman. It would seem that

Drane is going to win in a walk for the annual as he has no logical contender.

For the rest of the offices little has been decided and what has is deeply hidden. The presidency of the senior class has several likely contenders. Jack Poole and Chapin Litten have their eyes on it, and in the race for class officers D. K. E. is not likely to forget Simmons Patterson. Just exactly what happened at the meeting of the University party leaders last Tuesday night we have not been able to learn.

This is a general resume of the present position. The prospects for a good fight are better than they were. If the University leaders aren't able to swing the Sigma Deltas over and thus take the props out from over the All Campus, there'll be a pretty battle. Your correspondent will endeavor to keep you in touch with movements as much as possible, but the politicians are becoming more frightened and tight-mouthed every day.

## THE PARTY

(Continued from page one)

"Don't dare tell her I told you this, but . . ."

"For God's sake, let's get out of here."

*Day and night under the hide of me  
There's an oh such a hungry yearning  
burning*

*Inside of me*

(Receiving Line)

"So they all went swimming without a stitch of clothes on, any of them, at three o'clock in the morning."

"Times have certainly changed. Her grandfather went around collecting slop at our back doors. But you have to ask her now. You'd know it though, even now. Look at those shoulder straps. They've almost fallen off a half a dozen times on the floor. What happens to them when she isn't dancing . . . well, I just can't imagine!"

"Thornton, I think he's had something to drink."

"And I saw one of her letters to Claire. Such language, my dear, as you have never seen on paper . . ."

"But they can't be going out to the car to drink at their age, do you think?"

"It's been such a lovely party, Mrs. Weller."

"Goodnight, my dear. It's been nice to have had you all."

TSK! TSK! DEPT.

"The directors hope to have a chorus of 32 people, half men and half women."—*Daily Tar Heel*.



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME LXIII

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1934

NUMBER 8

## Grey Lady ;

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

"You see," said Carolus, "I gave up telling this as true some years ago. No one believes it, and while I get an enviable reputation as a liar, I am also laughed at, and that is no so pleasant. But if you wish, I will tell the story as it happened, giving names and dates. If you so much as smile, I will not go on."

I nodded. I had heard of the Grey Lady too often to believe her altogether a myth.

"Well," he continued, "about ten years before the Civil War broke out, the Wilsons built a large house overlooking a bend in the Tennessee River. It was a huge brick structure, with several wings, and numerous slave cabins in the rear. In 1851 the family moved into their new home. They were a happy group; Mr. Wilson was a most cultured gentleman, perhaps fifty years old, and there were three sons, the youngest a boy of eight. Mrs. Wilson was a charming person wholly devoted to her husband and sons. As I said, they had lived in the house about ten years when the war broke out. Mr. Wilson and the boys all volunteered immediately. In two years all four were dead. You can imagine Mrs. Wilson's feelings. Everything that she had held most dear was wiped out in two short years. She lived on, by herself, in the big house, and only a few of the older negroes remained with her. The estate slowly fell to ruins, the negro cabins caved in, and the fields were not cultivated.

"Mrs. Wilson stayed on. Friends were kind, but they gradually dropped away, and in the later years of her life she saw no one. After a suitable time she adopted half-mourning, and was known to the people in the neighborhood as the Grey Lady. In 1889 Mrs. Wilson died. There was a very small funeral, as she had outlived most of her contemporaries by many years. She was buried in the family plot beside the house, where she had had the bodies of her sons and husband placed. The house stood vacant for many years after her death. It was too far from the city to be a convenient residence, and of course by this time it was in very bad repair."

"But it was bought later, by the Ashes, wasn't it?" I asked. I hoped I

## Lament from the Swamps

By HARRY COBLE



By Brad White

*Beat your palms against the floor-boards,*

*Let the tears stream down your faces;*

*Let your moans reach up to Jesus,*

*Stir not from your wailing-places.*

*Solomon is dead! Black Solomon is dead.*

*Cora, mother of his daughters,*

*Once a reckless city flyer,*

*Tamed and aged amid the cotton,*

*Let your sorrow rise still higher.*

*Solomon is dead! Black Solomon is dead.*

*Omee, you too bore him children,*

*Sons for his great exultation,*

*Dark, like swirling, brackish waters,*

*Voice aloud your lamentation.*

*Solomon is dead! Black Solomon is dead.*

*Leave the house that you have lived in*

*Haunted by your pain, your laughter;*

*Board up the doors, nail down the windows,*

*Go your severed ways hereafter.*

*Solomon is dead! Black Solomon is dead.*

could speed up the recital. This family history was a little tiring.

"Don't rush me," said Carolus, sensing my impatience. "Let me tell it. The Ashes bought the place in the spring of 1913. They improved the road for their automobiles, and restored the place as nearly as they could. They moved in in the fall of '15, and then the excitement began. The first thing noticed was a tendency of the servants to leave hurriedly and without undue explanations. The Ashes had three cooks and four house-boys to leave that first fall. Invariably they had sick relatives in a distant part of the country whose death-beds they felt compelled to attend. Did you ever notice the deep attachment negroes have for dying relatives, no matter how remote? To use a hunting term, they must always be in at the death."

"Yes, yes," I said. After all, I had not come here to listen to a lecture on negro habits. I had evidently jolted

him back to the main topic, for he went on:

"It was in the winter that the Ashes began to notice things. Nothing tangible, you understand. Not at first. Just an unobtrusive shadow among shadows in the hall, or a mist on the staircase at dusk. Nothing you could describe, nothing worth mentioning. Not at all frightening, but annoying. The members of the family doubted their eyesight. They complained of tricky lights, but that was all. Then in the spring the Grey Lady was first seen. Mrs. Ashe met her one day on the stairs. In speaking of it afterward she said she was not at all frightened. Her first impulse was to wonder who the little old woman was. There has, never, except in one account, been anything terrifying in her appearance. As I said, Mrs. Ashe met her one day as she was descending the stairs. The Grey Lady was going up stairs. Mrs. Ashe natur-

(Continued on page eight)

## Tar Heel Liberals

By ARNOLD A. MCKAY

If there is any radicalism at the University, it is so puny pale pink that it never survives graduation. It does little good in the State. Only last week I tried to buy a *New Republic* or a *Nation* in Chapel Hill (and you know how dangerous and subversive these weeklies are), but the storekeeper apologized by saying that he had few calls for either paper. Lately I attended a luncheon of so-called liberals intent upon finding measures for relief of certain workers. In the course of idle conversation it developed that I was the only Tar Heel, indeed the only Southerner, in the entire group of fifteen. As for the tangible results flowing from this happy luncheon crowd, I am afraid we did like the famous Frenchman: ate a big dinner and forgot. Liberalism in North Carolina is either too weak or too timid to speak above a whisper or else we are so ignorant we don't know what it is all about. Just the other day, importuned to write something for a state journal, I did so. Everything went along flowingly to the last paragraph wherein it was suggested—Oh, so mildly—that possibly the tobacco, and other interests might be induced to pay a bigger share of the State's taxes. Here my red blood turned into a water—a miracle performed by the editor's blue pencil! Liberalism and radicalism abroad in North Carolina? I'd like to think so.

Of course I will grant that occasionally people from the North and West, temporarily domiciled in the old North State, say something that sounds dangerously like treason to our naïve ears. But it is nearly always a plain case of anemic, academic exhibitionism. Yankees come down here, shock the natives, attract attention from other parts of the grand old Republic not yet recovered, I am saddened to say, from the Civil War-missionary hang-over; soon get a bid to return to their native land at a higher salary and with more prestige—exactly the sort of deliberate thing they set out to accomplish in the first place. But natives do not seem to carry on. We are still gentlemen (though when I mention the word I always have to chuckle at George Bernard Shaw's pert admission: "I'm no gentleman. I'm far beyond that.")

(Continued on page six)



## The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....JOE WEBB

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1934

### The Uses of Humor

The wave of nausea that swept the campus upon the reception of the last *Carolina Buccaneer* has occasioned several hints of administrative suppression, as well as a growing sentiment in the student body to drop the humor magazine from the Publications Union.

It is our observation that those who condemn the editors of the Buc as the source responsible for a current type of particularly unpleasant humor are misdirected.

At the beginning of the college year the editor indicated his desire to provide the campus with clean, if not passably funny, jokes, cartoons and sketches. But the first issue, whose purity shocked the oldest inhabitant, brought the immediate censure of what seemed a large and powerful undergraduate element. The reaction, though perhaps a shade too violent, was welcomed by that same protesting group. In fact the movement toward a "dirty" Buc was championed by the most articulate institutions on the campus, the Literary (sic) Societies, whose progenitors endowed the University library and built a tradition of good taste and the foundation of an active group culture on the campus.

It is our contention that the Buc editors have tuned their ears to the wrong element. We feel that the campus comic is both capable and desirous of publishing clean humor, and that its disinclination to do so is effected only by a raucous and misdirected minority. Unless the group which brought about the present condition is thus only a minority, the University may well look to the morality of its undergraduates.

### Presuming Again

In a recent issue the Editors pled that the student government designate

the powers and privileges of the Student Activities Committee. Within several weeks that self-autonomized body will again be called in to "recommend" an attitude toward some pressing campus problem.

As in the case of the publications scholarships the initial source of a new movement may again be bull-dozed into adopting the "recommendation" of the Committee in much the same manner that the P. U. Board withdrew docily after the blast its scholarship project received from the all-powerful Committee.

Until our administrative voices publically allocate the powers of the Activities Committee, the campus will be forced to stand patiently by and allow the projects its leaders promulgate be battered down in that process of sophisticated argumentation dear to the hearts of all Committeemen. To date our suggestion has fallen on deaf ears. We presume to introduce it anew.

### Down to Earth

For the first time in many a moon a college administration has taken a definite stand on the oft-debated question: Shall intercollegiate athletics be a racket or an ordinary undergraduate activity. Happily, the University has always been free from any charge of subsidization of its athletic teams. Yet it is encouraging to those who respect that reputation and endorse such a stand to hear an affirmation of the anti-racket position from University officials.

In the minds of many the major sports must be either entirely subsidized or conducted along the lines of equality with other campus activities. There can be no middle path, no half-hearted veiling of the facts in either direction.

Sentiment for either of the two positions is well divided among both undergraduates and alumni. Now that the argument has been courageously brought into the open and frankly stated so that all may recognize the administrative stand, we may breathe easier in the conviction that our athletic policy is on solid ground.

### Three Hokkus

*Snowflakes fell in my hands.*

*Here—*

*But I cannot show you their patterns.*

—By F. E. HOWARD.

*I leave the theatre.*

*One note trails*

*The comet of my heart.*

—By WALTER TERRY.

*The hush of a meteor's plunge—*

*What cold hand has snuffed the candle*

*In my heart?*

—By HARRY COBLE.

## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### *Culture in the South:*

Mr. Couch's definition of "culture" is perhaps best exemplified by the original jacket of the volume at hand. Such familiar Southern phrases, catch-words and allusions as "brunswick stew," "chain gangs," "St. Cecilia's Ball," "the Kingfish," "forty acres and a mule," "kentucky colonels," "can I sleep in your barn to-night, mister?" and many others equally effective in touching responsive chords betray the spirit of the anthology. The South as a living, working, striving organism is the ever-recurring theme of the thirty-one contributions.

Assuming that the South historically and geographically is peculiarly suited to such a study, the book appears to be as significant a social critique as the reviewer has yet seen. Virtually all the selections are written in a disarmingly unacademic fashion. They have, for the most part, the air of a front-porch chat, yet their accuracy and authenticity is hardly questionable. In each division the editor has obtained the services of an expert, and he has been fortunate enough to pick experts who could present their material engagingly and convincingly.

Throughout the work there is detectible a pride in the South that colors the facts and figures vividly. Yet it is a pride which is not based on narrow sectionalism. Rather it seems to spring from a conviction that the South, in whatever values she may be conserving and whatever innovations she is offering, esteems them equally as contributions to the national cultural pattern and as indigenous products. Conversely, backwards and ultra-conservatism are implicitly condemned as hindrances to the progress of the nation as well as the particular section involved.

In general, the contributors view the South in a transitional stage.

In education, religion, race relations, business, and agriculture there is perceived a constant struggle between the forces of the older reactionaries and stand-patters and the youthful, energetic experimentalists and progressives. Typical of this reaction is Mr. Nixon's in his passages on colleges and universities. He points out that although not opposed to academic freedom, the typical college administrators today are as little given to criticism of the industrial order as were their intellectual forbears given to criticism of the order of slavery . . . "They are not bold social scientists or social prophets, as is the exceptional Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina and a liberal in the eyes of liberals." The social progress that is being

accomplished springs from the younger professors, scholars, and sociologists, many of whom are represented in Mr. Couch's collection.

Particularly interesting was the editor's chapter on the Negro. He comes out squarely and vehemently against race prejudices, manifesting a hatred and disgust for it seldom witnessed either north or south of the Mason and Dixon line. "The central problem in the South for whites and blacks alike," he observes, "is the cheapness and servility of labor. Nothing can be done of any consequence to raise the level of the mass of either race until this issue is decided, until cheapness and servility of labor (which are essentially one and the same thing) have been utterly repudiated." To this keen analysis he adds the much-needed comment that both black and white intellectuals have managed to get sufficiently distant from the scene of conflict to be effective in its solution.

The University Press is doubtless proud of this volume. It should not be otherwise, for in its many pages are set forth clearly and fearlessly the problems and difficulties which the South faces to-day. Refreshingly unpartizan, delightful in style, and comprehensive in scope, *Culture in the South* represents one of the crowning works of an institution dedicated to the publication of such works.

### First Friend

By GANGLERI

*While the green Ocean rammed the  
granite rocks  
splashing the quick drift down their  
crooked clefts,  
and from wild fields a chill wind ran  
that tossed  
like withered grass our wild uncovered  
hair,—*

*I can remember how with your warm  
cloak you took me from the cold. Near  
to our feet*

*the waters' rugged rhythms swept, and  
clouds*

*moved westward slow to drown the  
sinking sun,*

*—where, with that heaving sea and  
blowing sky*

*and hands beneath a cloak, folded in  
one,*

*flowed in my soul the Earth-held tide  
of peace*

*that moves in clouds and seas and fold-  
ed hands.*

*A mad song-sparrow in a windy bush  
grew still; the sun was gone and Ocean  
darkened.*

*But down the long uneasy years this  
grace*

*we can remember only, like a star  
that runs across the empty gulf of night  
one radiant flash before its light is  
gone.*



## Students of America Prepare

By BOB BARNETT

A jagged, poisonous sword of Damocles is hanging over the American population and the slender, quivering thread that prevents its dreadful precipitation is yellow!

America is slumbering. Purlblind, optimistic, proud America is dozing while a cunning race is feverishly making preparations to thrust a bayonet through its bloated heart.

Students of America prepare! For today Japan is a growing empire. In the last three years it has increased its territory three times. Today it leads the world in the production of finished textile goods. Today it dominates the Oriental market with its exportations of electrical equipment. Today Japan stands third in the production of rayon goods. It boasts a plurality in our American territory, Hawaii. With ease the Japanese could station a fleet of planes within six hours in Puget Sound. Japanese colonies have invaded South America. Japanese nationals have established themselves in Brazil, Chile, and Peru. Japan holds Australian commerce in the palm of its hand. Thirty-four per cent of Philippine trade goes to Japanese shippers, buyers, and sellers. Japanese spirit is indomitable. The Japanese murdered three of their own premiers that have stood for conciliation and a modification of the current policy of empire building. Its navy is the powerful, the most modern, the best manned in the world. Every Japanese child longs in the bottom of his heart to see the day when the American will declare that the Japanese is his equal. France would gladly be Japan's banker. Great Britain would not be adamant to Japanese proposals for compromise. American alone stands in the way of Japan's realization of its eminent destiny, its great Oriental empire, its place in the sun. War will come! War must come! And students of America we are unprepared.

\* \* \*

When Upton Close walked before a handful of curious listeners in the Hill Music hall last week he served them a dish of subtly dramatized jingoism that literally swept them onto the edges of their seats. Dressed in a heavy silk Chinese jacket which served as a rather too conspicuous vest for his tuxedo, he came before the small gathering first to insult their state and then to startle them into a mild fever of alarm.

Mr. Close phrased his insults with the utmost suavity referring with immense superciliousness to the "Carolina woods," "the dead weight of the South," and the intellectual torpidity

of these "nice, religious people who complacently believe in the missionary enterprise with its purpose of disseminating what they conceive to be the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The tremor of alarm that somehow swept over the campus the morning following his address caused not a few people to reflect in the mental condition of this particular student generation. It need not be said that there is almost no interest in foreign affairs among undergraduates here. That observation cannot be disputed. What are the implications of this apathy? Someone has said that a docile body of youth offers fertile soil for Fascist propaganda. The docile intelligence is not stirred by idealism, by the long view. The docile mind can quickly be alarmed by sensational opinions. The inert mind can be frightened by phrases. It can be, for it has been too lazy to inform itself upon matters of international importance and can consequently be appealed to emotionally, finding its emotions then unchecked by rational thought. A single voice speaking from the roster of a music hall quickened the interest of scores of students simply because that voice frightened them. What might a half dozen screaming headlines do? It is not difficult to imagine Davie Poplar surrounded by hysterical collegians drilling themselves in preparation for the Japanese menace.

It is revealing to discover what it is that stirs the student imagination. It is cause for despair when one realizes that nothing less than an emotional scare can create interest in a problem as vital to American future as the adjustment of our relations with the Japanese Empire. An informed student opinion and a dynamic student movement is at this University a silly little fiction. One wonders if the wistful hope that North Carolina and American collegians stir themselves, inform themselves, and exert their moral influence is too optimistic.

### Tanka

*Searching, I left my town and my people*

*And struggled across the mountains.*

*On the other side I found people and towns.*

—By ANNE T. FREEMAN.

"Dinner at Eight," from the successful stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, heads the list of pictures billed for the Carolina this week." *The Daily Tar Heel*.

Dining car in the rear?

"Far back as memory goes I wanted to be a writer"—O. O. McIntyre.

Yeh, a fellow gets disillusioned sort of young, doesn't he, Oscar?

## The Caravan Moves On

By NELSON LANSDALE

The period known as the "Hectic Twenties" was an age in which living—and fast and furious and extravagant living at that—was an end in itself. And while living was our aim and end we lived too rapidly to think clearly or deeply about much of anything, and we permitted our literary figures to build up a tradition around the smallness, the unimportance and the meanness of man. To this tradition the leading literary lights of the day contributed—men whose names rank high on the roster of the present-day American great—Anderson, Bromfield, Dos Passos, Dreiser, Hemingway, Lewis and O'Neill, not to mention scores of apes and imitators. With the aid of psychology, their contribution to literature has been a number of novels and plays without heroes or villains save for the hectic age in which they lived.

A few there were who sought escape from the overwhelming pace of life lived at its frantic fullness, and who turned from city life to the backward, provincial regions of America for their sources. So was discovered an American folk-lore—by name, it is true, by those who knew nothing else, but by others who were earnestly seeking an escape from modern life, or filling their pockets with a comforting jangle in providing it for others. But this folk-lore, interesting though it is, is not an adequate expression of modern life as it is typically lived. Not on the grounds of content, nor even of expression, does it deserve consideration as a reflection of our times—and one of the criteria for judging a novel as great depends on the extent to which it reflects the life of the time with which it deals.

Then there came a reversal of economic progress, a gradual halt to senseless and extravagant living, and the leisure for the contemplation of such abstractions as humanity, justice, peace and the nature of man. And with these things there came the realization that man was more than he was cracked up to be by the Hemingway-Lewis school of writers. In the "Hectic Twenties" when there were, figuratively, two cars in every garage and a butler in every other pantry, we permitted our literary idols to harp on our fantastic rate of living, our meanness and our mediocrity because there were many compensations for our lacks—we could form part of the endless caravan of carbon-monoxide-breathers and billboard-readers on the highways, or we could ring up the bootlegger for two more quarts of the real McCoy. In other words, as long as we could go, it didn't matter where.

Now that there are two chickens in most garages and two slices of bread in some pantries, we do not find the revelation that man is petty, and mean and despicable particularly enlightening. We know it. We, too, whimpered and wailed when our toys were taken away, and we do not like to be reminded of it. Our old literary idols are passing, and it is not so much that the quality of their work is deteriorating—if you except certain publisher's blunders like *Ann Vickers* and *Death in the Afternoon*—but that they are no longer writing what we want to read. They are the best writers in the tradition of an only-too-well-remembered past, and they have, with the notable exception of Eugene O'Neill, been unable to change their pace to suit the times. It is no new or even very keen observation that an audience applauds what it wants to hear, and we are only now realizing that we have stopped applauding what we don't want to read.

We wanted to hear the theories of faith in personality and belief in the individuals integrity and ability and importance in the cosmic scheme of things re-stated. We wanted to read about a man, not a puppet twisted and torn under the burden of more machinery than he knew what to do with. There were as many readers waiting for a novel which would say these things, and say them well, as there were waiting for *Main Street* back in the flushed and successful days when we could afford to be self-critical. Then came *Anthony Adverse*.

Out of all the chorus of enthusiastic praise which greeted it—"it is the most brilliantly and passionately written novel of adventure of our own day," "it is the story of the modern man in his search for God," "a great romantic novel," "not only a great novel but a great experience"—the important thing is that in *Anthony Adverse* is written what people want to read. Its intelligent optimism, its reassertion of the fundamentals of a healthy mental life—faith, and integrity of self—are true reflections of the intelligent modern mind.

Largely because it happened along at precisely the right psychological moment, and also because it is well and entertainingly written, *Anthony Adverse* has become the protagonist in the wave of reaction against the Anderson-Dreiser school, and it will, for that same primary reason, find many followers, especially among men now in college who are not too heavily steeped in the Dorothy Parker-Lewis tradition, or who are disgusted enough with it to break away from it. And disgust

(Continued from page seven)



## Oscar and Roland

By DON POPE

(Continued from last issue)

I was lying down after dinner the day they started and I hadn't more than dozed off than a crash from the kitchen woke me. Number one said I to myself, and waited expectantly for further developments. In a few minutes I tabulated number two, and almost immediately after number three. I lost my entire nap standing by, but for the time being the artillery seemed to have ceased firing. Pretty good, only three plates deceased and the whole job done up on an hour and a half. The Old Man was almost good-humoured at supper.

They maintained their average nicely on their second meal, disposing of three more plates at neatly timed intervals. Breakfast came and went with only the loss of a couple of glasses. And then came dinner and the deluge. I had lain awake for awhile, with my pencil poised, but deluded by a long period of peace and quiet I was sound asleep when a terrific crash ruthlessly cut ten years off my life and made me hit my head on the bedstead. My first thought was that it was an earthquake; but saner consideration told me that it could hardly be anything so mild. There was only one other thing it could be. My second guess was right.

Investigation disclosed that, flushed by their unprecedented success at maintaining the status quo in the kitchen, Oscar and Roland had piled all the dishes they had wiped on two trays and prepared to transport them to their proper places in the closet. Each picked up a tray and started forth. Oscar took the high road to the left of the table, Roland took the low road to the right; (The floor had something of a list to starboard.) but unlike the figures in the famous ballad they arrived at their destination simultaneously. The result of that famous meeting is history.

The Old Man sent for a new set of dishes and politely requested Oscar and Roland to keep the hell out of his way if they didn't want to get their damn necks busted. Following instructions they spent the next week hunting magpies. It is not reported that the bird population diminished greatly, but two chickens and a calf were found mysteriously shot and the old Man was slightly annoyed at find a bullet-hole in his hat when he took it off one day.

As long as the two visitors did not try to work, however, no one minded an occasional bullet whistling about and tranquility reigned, tranquility such as the ranch had not enjoyed since their arrival.

Somehow, though, the Old Man was-

## Sonnets from Ronsard

Translated by PAUL SELBY

XXIII

To seek the precious marts of distant  
Ind,  
And buy nor gold, nor jewels, nor  
perfumed ware;  
To haunt the spring, nor drink its  
crystal rare;  
To walk the flowered mead, nor  
nosegays bind;

To dally in the midst of dames refined,  
To be surrounded always by the fair,  
Yet never see love's fateful torch nor  
flare;—  
He who does these, madame, indeed  
has sinned.

He has himself deceived; for I do hold  
That one but nears a hearth to foil  
the cold,  
That one does freeze embracing ice  
and snow.

Alas! Can thy heart's youth refuse to  
know  
Of love's sweet warmth, before thy  
beauty's old,  
If not its brazier-heat, at least the  
glow?

n't satisfied. He went around looking preoccupied and worried. Suddenly one day at dinner his face lit up and he gave a grunt of pure joy. "At last I've got it," He said. "If this doesn't fix them I don't know what will."

The next morning, bright and early, he roused Oscar and Roland from sleep and gaily informed them that he had a little job for them. Smiling their usual beatific smiles they inquired what it was he had in mind. "Boys," he said, "I've got a little 160 acre field across the river that's having dandelion trouble. I want you to go over and see if you can't clean it up after breakfast."

When they had gone the Old Man said to me: "Thank God I've at last found a job for those kids that's fool-proof. There's enough weeds in that field to last them till judgement day, and as long as it doesn't matter whether they pull any or not I don't see how in hell they can do it wrong."

"How about the wheat?" I asked.

"Oh they can't pull out enough of it to hurt much. Be reasonable, man. You can't expect to get something for nothing. It'll be worth it to keep 'em away from here."

Along toward the middle of the morning Oscar and Roland breezed in, fresh as daisies and looking pleased with themselves. The Old Man met them at the gate, an apprehensive look in his eye.

"What's the matter boys; how come you're back so early?" he asked.

XLIII

When thou art old, dost sit in candle-  
haze  
Before the fire, and spin thy flaxen  
skein,  
Then say, whilst thou dost say my  
verse again,  
"Ronsard my beauty sang in golden  
phrase."

No single servant that thou hast these  
days  
Who hears my name will half-a-doze  
remain,  
Nor will its far-off sound be quite in  
vain,  
Blessing thy virtue with immortal  
praise.

I, a frameless phantom 'neath earth's  
breast,  
In myrtle shade shalt take my final  
rest:

Whilst thou, a stooping crone, at  
home dost stay,  
Nursing thy pride's regret and love's  
old sorrow:

Live now, believe me, nor await the  
morrow,  
Gather the fading rose of life today.  
—Pour Hélène, Livre II.

"We're finished, sir," replied Roland. "Finished," the Old Man mumbled weakly.

"Well," modified Oscar, "Not quite. But it won't be long now. You see, we started in to pull up the dandelions by hand, but it was sort of slow. We thought it was to bad to spend so much time pulling weeds when we could be useful around the ranch. So we figured out a swell way to do it quick. . . . There were a lot of horses on the other side of the fence so we just opened the gate and let them in."

"And you should have seen those horses go at it!" adumbrated Roland.

## High Church

By GANGLERI

Thin drone of withered feeling!  
O heartless feeble music falling lamely  
to an end!

What are these upright restless bodies,  
sitting listless here beneath this  
high-wrought roof?

Return, O Lord!  
Drive out this sapless Intellect that  
crusts our hearts!—

This joyless Mind that moves no song!  
Stride down the sky again, wild god!  
Laugh, Alfater! O break them with  
laughter!

Crash thy hammered thunder!  
Burst these doors,  
and pour thy lightning in!  
Stir them! Shudder their hearts in  
joy!

## Little Helen and The New Deal

By DON SHOEMAKER

Little Helen is all wound up again.

There are times when I wish that Uncle Henry had never met Aunt Sue, or, better still, that Grandfather had not been so careful at the Battle of Antietam. For, to put it mildly, Aunt Sue's young one gives me more trouble than any ten relations on both sides of the family. "Now Frank," Mother tells me sweetly, "don't lose your temper. Remember that you must be a big brother to Little Helen."

That's just about how it is. When Helen was below the age of consciousness it wasn't such a hard job trying to manage her. Then she usually confined her activities to robbing birds' nests or plunking cobble-stones through the big stained glass window at St. Andrew's Chapel. But Uncle Henry always took care of that, and even though he bought that damn window over and again ten times, nobody seemed to mind.

But with her twelfth birthday Little Cousin Helen achieved more than a modicum of subtlety. Her new escapades flavored of a tinge of sophistication, such as sending threatening letters to the grocer's boy demanding a hundred dollars or his life ("Signed, The Black Death" etc.) And then the time she phoned in a riot call from Uncle Abner's apartment when she and her Mother had gone to visit the old gentleman. He was deaf, and when the police came, Helen's mother fainted and Helen refused to open the door. They broke in and smashed about five hundred dollar's worth of antique paneling. But Uncle Henry hushed it all up.

Well, as I said, Cousin Helen is all wound up again. This time she has developed a startling psychosis over Mr. Roosevelt, the N.R.A., the Blue Eagle, and the New Deal in general. Aunt Sue wrote me last week that Helen paces about the apartment muttering all sorts of strange things about "controlled currency," the "thirty hour week," "Russian recognition," and a host of other ponderosities. Uncle Henry and Aunt Sue are slowly going mad, they say.

Helen has taken to drawing charts. Charts of the market, of the dollar, of re-employment, of retail sales . . . charts of everything conceivable, until the nursery walls are plastered and charted from one side to the other. She quotes the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* with miraculous accuracy at meals. Roosevelt is doing this; Johnson is telling them that; Mr. Warren is going to fix that dear little dollar

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# Hickory Rods and School Bells ... A Tale of Unmoulded Youth ... By Carl G. Thompson

## I.

Clustered groups of children, slides, sandpiles, and toys cluttered the large airy room which had many—oh so many!—windows.

Conscious of my conspicuously overdressed appearance, I lagged after Mother, holding bashfully, fearfully to her hand as she led me into the room. Hiding as well as I could behind her, I felt the scrutiny of many sets of curious, young eyes. The tense hush which had come over the room on our entrance was broken by an exited whispering. I was but dimly aware of it all.

"Certainly, Mrs. Davis," said a funny woman behind the desk. "I'm sure he'll enjoy it here and will be a nice boy, won't you—what shall we call him?"

Mother looked at me. "Do you want to be called William or Junior?"

I didn't like either one. "Charlie," I blurted, having always like my middle name.

"Call him William." And Mother left.

I played the rest of the morning with children I already knew. Kindergarten seemed no more than an inside play-ground, but when noon came I was tired and hungry.

"Do you like school?" The funny woman had not bothered me before.

"Yes, ma'am," and I ran home to Mother.

## II.

I choked back a sneeze and become red in the face.

"Don't do that again," the third grade teacher said. "It's very bad for you, William."

The delight of henceforth bursting forth with a thunderous ach-chooooo has never been surpassed.

The old-maid teachers in grammar school satisfied their mother-instinct by lavishing love on their pupils—love diluted with discipline. I rebelled against their fawning on me, but the punishment inflicted by a rubber hose kept me constantly aware of the disciplinary powers of these dictators.

I took out my spite toward the teachers by the harmless method of making word-plays on their names. Miss Fox—ate you up; Miss Weeks—took you for keeps; Miss Bird—flew at you; Miss Brennan—Brennan peanut butter; Miss Stowe—cooked on a stove, and so on.

The older fellows dubbed me the "Royal Mascot" of the athletic teams, such as they were. Once when we had played a team on the other side of town I became lost. The others came back and found me. I always liked and went with older groups.

The rubber tube was applied most

vigorously and with feeling around my legs, thighs, and vicinity during the months I was in the sixth grade. I was caught passing a note which contained much I was evidently not supposed to understand. I didn't; the teacher said even she didn't know the meaning of the note. I believe it now; she was an old maid. But I was whipped anyway, not understanding why. Small wonder that children became curious. No enlightenment, only punishment for some unexplained wrong.

## III.

Now in Junior high school, the old high school building, I looked down

Academy. The student body, composed of several self-segregated cliques, was a small one.

That fellow who squealed on me—how I hated him! Lots of fellows did; he was a constant welcher.

"Mr. Lombre," he said to the headmaster. "Bill Davis was the one who put water in my seat."

Mr. Lombre grilled me. No, I insisted, I did not put it there. Quibbling. I had been with the fellows who were putting water into the seats of others by carrying it in their mouths from the fountain. Another had beat me to Joe's seat. I didn't tell Lombre that.



By Chas. Noell, Jr.

with contempt on those still in the grammar school, up with wide-mouthed awe to those gods whom I had mascotized and who were now leaders in the new high school.

"Can I come around on my bicycle this afternoon?"

For the benefit of a pretty brunette, I conceived all manner of monkey-shines, worked to receive good grades, and even imagined marriage ten years hence.

One afternoon I told her I couldn't come. I went. Another boy was there, riding her on his handlebars. The first disappointment and disillusionment.

Smart-alecky pupils, smart-alecky teachers, stringent rules, lovely campus, hell-raising, were predominant at the

The ten-cent perfume we used to throw, the sirens we blew, the slingshots with their wicked lead, the marbles rolling in the halls, the smoking in the washroom, and among some of the more daring, occasionally a glass of hard cider, all had their hey-day and passed on.

That fall of Twenty-Nine. I was learning how to wonder about the world, the Gods, why we were, how we were, where we were. The melancholia of youth was beginning to depress me. All seemed so serene; yet there was fear in me.

I sat in my room, my elbows on the table, my chin in my hands, my eyes staring abstractly over the rippling, clear waters of the lake. The huge red

sun was slipping rapidly behind old Bare Hill. Its rays, reflected from the dust and moisture of the air, played a symphony in colors on the lake. The passionate hues aroused in me vague longings, tore my heart with a yearning for love.

A storm was coming up from the east. At first only its beauty was apparent. The black clouds were hidden behind a lining of fascinating gold and silver. Alluring, the sight brought joy and hope into the heart. Then the sun disappeared; the storm broke.

After the storm had subsided and the rack, rain, and desolation were observed, a telegram from my father brought me home, wondering, fearing, and the doubts of youth increasing.

No more prep school for me; a fresh start for Father.

## V.

The old gentleman superintendent of the high school I now attended had known me and had liked me. But a year in prep school, association with older fellows, an exaggerated importance of myself had changed me and in my first year with him he was compelled to suspend me twice from school, thrice from two of my classes, and four times from another one—the fourth time was out.

The sun of the sunny south, the long leaf pines, the sand in my shoes at recess, the football we played on a no-good field, the matching of nickels, dimes and quarters, the smoking we did behind an old pine tree. Over-confident, we were caught smoking once, but nothing happened to us.

The female teachers tried so hard to teach and keep order; and boys don't like subjugation to females. We, the bunch, always progressed and behaved under male instructors, not from fear but because of respect. Under the women we raised hell.

I was beginning to see not very far or very much, but adolescence had begun. I was finding that although hell could be raised in school, plu-perfect hell could be raised outside.

That one girl was a peachy sport. I was in the land of peaches and sports. Soon I found how sporty she was. I lost much which could not be regained and gained much in experience which could never be lost. Out every night, seldom in my bed until nearly dawn, I became known as a fast liver, which for some reason inspired admiration from my school mates.

The admiration made me feel superior; this manifested itself in the form of pretended disgust toward everything and an affected boredom of one who

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# Grandma Townsend and the Geranium Bed... By Franklin Post

Grandma Townsend ruled the Colony with all the majesty of a feudal duchess. Majesty was just what it was; majesty born of a splendid tiara of snowy-white hair and piercing blue eyes and the decaying remnants of a gentility acquired long ago. Her duchy was a pitiful community of second rate artists, grouped together in a block of abandoned stores near the university. That's how I happened to meet her. I was a junior at the university when a friend of mine invited me up to the Colony for a studio party.

The party was half an hour old when Grandma Townsend burst in with two cops from the 57th st. station, all three of them roaring drunk. The little old lady quickly whipped the party into line. The last thing I remember was Grandma Townsend chasing Patrolman Regan around the room trying to get hold of his revolver. He had suddenly taken a fancy to sniping at Marna, the toe dancer, and his stray shots were puncturing the window-lights.

You see, it was Grandma Townsend's studio. She lived there with Carl and Geneva. Carl was a portrait painter, when he could find some sucker packing baron to pose for him. Geneva had been a music student at Northwestern. One summer day she came to Carl's studio to sit for him. She stayed a week. When the cops came looking for her Carl decided that perhaps they ought to get married. Grandma Townsend moved in with them after a few months. During the cold late winter she used to take turns watching the baby to see that it didn't freeze to death. There was a stove over in the corner, a red hot stove. But it was only painted red to lend the illusion of warmth.

Somebody told me between drinks that Grandma Townsend was something of a poet. It was rumored that her son published her verse to keep her pacified, and incidentally to prevent her from returning home. As long as she had her gin and her wards around her Grandma Townsend was happy. But sometimes she would burst out crying about the "foul treatment that Reginald gives me."

That was the last time I ever saw Grandma Townsend—or at least the last time I ever *thought* I saw her. For several days after that she disappeared from the village. Carl and Geneva told the police that she had gone home to visit her son. Most of us knew, however, that Carl and Geneva had buried her out back of the studio in a geranium bed. The rotten gin got her, someone said. Anyway, they were too proud to bury her in a potter's field,

and they didn't have the money to give her a decent interment.

Last Fall when I was in town I called around to visit Carl and Geneva. They were having a party. "You're just in time to attend the memorial party for Grandma Townsend," Carl told me, shoving a stinking glass of gin into my hand. My old friend Joe Tugwell, who was an English instructor at the university, was there, too, so I stayed. Presently Tugwell drew me aside.

"How about helping us pull off a hoax?" he asked me. "That ratty old Shakespeare repertory ham and I are going to fox the crowd at the memorial party. I'm going to dress him up in a sheet and put a geranium sprout in his hair. Then in the middle of the verse reading (they always read some of her lousy sonnets at the memorial party) he's going to pop in when they read that one about "My Soul is Like a Pack of Crumpled Cubebs." If the crowd is tight enough it'll wow'em." Everything seemed pretty rosy at the time, so I assented.

We took the ham actor into the wash room and draped a sheet around him. I mixed some ashes (Carl had sold a picture and the studio stove was now blazing with honest heat) with a thin mixture of grease paint and we fixed the old gent up like a corpse. Joe filched a geranium from Lord knows where and we fixed it securely in the manufactured apparition's hair. Not so much like Grandma Townsend, perhaps, but just enough to make that bunch of anemic aesthetes pass out with fright when he barged into the room.

All went well. Carl was just in the midst of "My Soul is Like a Pack of Crumpled Cubebs," that is, the part that deals with the old lady's self-asserted resurrection, when the door swung open. There stood the apparition of Grandma Townsend. Two girls promptly fainted and several of the boys put down their drinks. The figure passed rapidly through the room and out the street door.

When the crowd had recovered its composure Tugwell flew into a laughing fit and finally confessed the hoax. But just in the middle of this a knock came at the wash-room door. Tugwell opened it, and there stood the apparition, geranium and all. The crowd roared at being fooled twice. I looked at Tugwell. He looked at me. The apparition blustered and cast off the grotesque costume in abject wrath. "So I'm that rotten, am I?" he blustered. "Can't even fool a crowd of half-baked artists." He stormed out in a rage.

Joe beckoned to me. We walked out

of the studio and found a speak. After the second drink Joe touched my arm, and I saw that his face was chalk-white. "The first one," he began, and coughed, "the first one didn't have a geranium or any grease paint."

"Yeh," I replied, weakly. My knees were shaking. "Let's have another one, straight." He nodded.

## TAR HEEL LIBERALS

(Continued from page one)

There is historical basis for the older alumni behaving as they do. Prior to 1900, Chapel Hill was just another state university where sons of respectable citizens stayed for four years and then returned to their respective communities. Students held correct opinions on all subjects, and the teaching was "sound"—if you gather what I mean. Not that there was not a good deal of independent thinking before the turn of the century. I recall with intense gratification—to mention only one instance—a grand-uncle of mine who was graduated from the Hill, returned home to found a useful female seminary, and to display some concern about the inevitable conflict, the Civil War. He was invited to make a speech at a local rally, but he didn't get far. Always the mildest of men, he prefaced his few remarks with an exhortation to go slowly; that moderation should be the policy and war avoided until every human recourse had been exhausted. Well, the one hundred per centers declared war on him right then and there, pulling him off the platform; and gossips say that the only thing that saved him from a sound beating by his compatriots was the recollection that up to that time he had been a good and useful citizen, a leader in his community. I submit, however, that his behavior was in perfect character, in glorious Chapel Hill tradition. So when we say that the year 1900 is significant in the story of Chapel Hill liberalism we mean simply that it is an arbitrary date that marks the University's deeper interest in things beyond Cameron Avenue and the Post Office.

President Edward Kidder Graham, whose early death was more than a state calamity, was among the first to catch this vision and to make it a reality. Since his day Chapel Hill has been growing steadily in public service, a place for the meeting of all minds, a spiritual clinic for the intellectual health and social well-being of us all. Today it enjoys uncommon and conspicuous leadership in the family of colleges. It is young yet; not yet come

of age—as in Wisconsin, for example, where the state does nothing without consulting the reasoned and unselfish opinion of its state university; but it is beginning to have a personality. We alumni ought to see to it that its normal development is not stunted nor its mentality needlessly inhibited. I don't feel at this late date that I would be willing to die for dear old alma. Ever since Frank Graham took us freshmen to Greensboro where we yelled ourselves hoarse—thereby risking pneumonia and a few other uncomfortable fatalities—while Virginia was beating the pluperfect daylights out of our team, I promised myself faithfully that I had to see something to yell for before I cut loose again. But I will defend dear old alma against the charge of blaspheming the gods of 1934. Liberalism is too fragile a flower, too necessary to our civic health, to be cried down and insulted. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to paraphrase the little motto that rapt historians tell us the Father of Our Country copied in his note-book: "Labor to keep alive in thy breast that little spark called *Liberalism*."

Similarly, old grads should not be blamed too harshly for the views they hold. We are all strange, irrefragable compounds of slave-holding sins, po' white trash repressions, toothpick clubs, August meetings, the Democratic party, and four-fifths of a book for each citizen. Many of the studies and activities in college are hopelessly cast in the sign of Taurus and are therefore not tremendously important. Indeed, is anything more ridiculous than Christian colleges requiring Bible study and rifle toting? Or faculty members debating solemnly whether to pay football hostlers ten or fifteen grand? Or colleges offering courses that any intelligent student can learn enough about to pass in a night's reading? Certainly much of our educational process is puffy, pontifical, not worth writing home about. There is only one thing worth drawing blood for: the freedom of free speech. Crabbed old Voltaire was never quite so mischievous nor ever again quite so effective as when he flashed: "I do not believe a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

*Tar Heel Liberals was originally a letter to the Editors stating the writer's position on the question of University appropriations, provoked by an article entitled "A Look into Davie Clark's Locker," which appeared in these columns recently. The writer, who lives in Maxton, N. C., and is a graduate of the University (1913) has given his kind permission to use a portion of the letter in this form.*



# The Collegiate Shows the White Feather . . . Lonnie Dill

Almost a year ago to the day, the resolution of Oxford Union that "this house will under no circumstances fight for King and Country" created a mild sensation in England. Conservative Cambridge sent in a vigorous protest. "A band of stalwarts," as an American newspaper had it (and there's something symbolic of an attitude in those words), raided the Union premises and vandalized the minutes in which its resolution had been entered. A box of white feathers was anonymously addressed to the parliamentary society.

But Oxford Union, in answer to this, re-passed its resolution by a larger majority than before, this time in the face of opposition led by one of its more illustrious members, the son of Winston Churchill. On the following day Manchester Union, prototype of Oxford Union at Manchester University, upheld the attitude of the Oxonians by a large majority. And within a month a similar organization at the University of Glasgow had followed suit. Both antagonists and protagonists had made the most of treason. Oxford's white feathers—"pin feathers from the dove of peace," if you please to be metaphorical—whirled away in the four winds.

## II

One lit on the Brown University campus. But the managing editor of its student newspaper, Harold Seidman, disclaimed that his ensuing propaganda had its origin in the Oxford movement. He had come indignant over a news-reel showing U. S. battleships in action and urging audiences to write their representatives for a bigger navy, Seidman declared, and the result was the pacifist petition spread by the *Brown Daily Herald*. At any rate, the Oxford movement, but two months old and unprecedentedly militant, begat kindred enthusiasts. And these enthusiasts, it is noteworthy, were drawn not from the ranks of rabid malcontents, but from a more or less conservative element at the university.

The Brown petition circulated. The Boston University *News* editorialized favorably. The Boston University school of Theology started a petition of its own, which half the students enrolled in it, plus 200 from the school of liberal arts, signed with a flourish. The Harvard *Crimson*, the *Princetonian*, the Tufts and Northeastern papers sponsored the Brown movement; the Columbia *Spectator*, the College of the City of New York's paper, the *Bucknellian*, and the Amherst paper endorsed it. The fever spread to the west coast. Students at Reed College, Portland, joined the ranks of pacifist protesters, students from seven colleges of the San

Francisco Bay region met at Stanford, drew up a petition, and refused "to be conscripted into any war whatsoever." Tulane and the University of Chicago passed out a petition.

Instead of a petition, Amherst and Columbia held polls, the latter's showing some interesting results. Nine hundred and twenty registered. Of these, 293 would fight for their country "under no circumstances." Four hundred and eighty-five would fight only in case of invasion. Eighty-one would fight whether their country were "right or wrong." Thirty-eight would fight to protest "American investments or citizens," and 464 would suffer even imprisonment for their convictions against war.

In spite of this decided stand its effects on public opinion were negligible. In the first place no great importance was attached to such a poll on an emotional issue where all possible voters could not be reached. Straw votes almost invariably result in majorities favorable to the protagonists. In the second place the R. O. T. C.—militantly militaristic as ever—did its best to suppress the movement by resorting to curtailing freedom of speech. The *News* at Boston University, at first heartily in sympathy with the *Herald*, is controlled by the College of Business Administration, where the R. O. T. C. is entrenched. It finally printed an interview with the university R. O. T. C. head, who condemned its editorials. The Harvard *Crimson*, Tufts, and northeastern papers met a similar fate. Student writers at the College of the City of New York, at first also in favor of the movement, were muzzled by college officials, who feared a "Red" reputation and consequent decrease of endowment. And the activities of the Brown *Herald* were curtailed because the state legislature smelled a communist plot! (That was before we recognized Russia, bugaboo of civilized America.) Pacifism disappeared from college newspapers as suddenly as it had broken into print.

Sporadic editorials, of course, still appear. But the main source of student protests are cases of refusal to take compulsory military training. Almost contemporaneous with the *Herald's* campaign was the refusal of a freshman at the University of Maryland to take the military training required by that institution on the grounds of conscientious objections. His case was not upheld by the Supreme Court. Only a few weeks ago over a dozen students at Ohio State were facing expulsion for their conscientious objections against military training. Over a year's time these cases have been constantly appear-

ing to add new pages to the history of student pacifism. But conscientious objections have proved unconvincing arguments, and, contrary to Lincoln's statement, the bullet is still stronger than the ballot.

## III

It is interesting to note the comment of American newspapers on this flurry of pacifism. *The Christian Science Monitor* quoted Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft":

When we have succeeded in half-educating everything that wears trousers, our army will be a beautifully unreliable machine. It will know too much and will do too little . . .

The *Monitor* called the English recalcitrants "half-educated" and hinted—puerilely enough—that enlistment of the best of British society during the war caused the best to be killed off; hence, this generation, with its pacifistic ideas, was "beautifully unreliable." The Canadian Press service epilogued the news story of the Glasgow University episode with:

Unperturbed commentators, however, point out that similar motions have been passed for many decades, but as soon as the need was urgent the students were the first to 'rally round.' Similar comments were as optimistically reactionary as the college newspapers had been optimistically radical.

## IV

How, then, shall we regard these student outbursts? "Unperturbed commentators," perhaps, may be Pollyannas and say that the same student attitude toward war has broken out before. But as a matter of fact 1933 saw the most concerted drive for pacifism that the students have ever put on. Prior to 1933 they had concerned themselves mainly to activities in favor of disarmament. In 1931, for instance, students from 20 American colleges in Geneva planned to place representatives in every American college "to crystallize student opinion in favor of disarmament." After the Geneva Arms Conference they realized that such conclaves are fiascoes and that disarmament, when engineered by a gathering of silk hats, is more likely to breed war than to end it.

Besides the disappointment resulting from the failure of disarmament as a practical means to end war, there is another reason for this recent trend in student minds. There has been "a change of loyalties," as the president of Manchester Union expressed it, from that abstraction, the Honor of Our Country, to that reality, the social good. Students, when they take the trouble, are the thinking, growing part of any population. Their testing of old ideals and their search for new ones brings

them to one conclusion in regard to war.

It is unfortunate that the English and American phases of student pacifism should have acquired as sensational a color as they did. Such a flare-up of newspaper comment must necessarily have died away from want of fuel. But these exists nevertheless the spark of a new attitude, which no generation before this one has so completely been conscious of. If it is kept alive without sensationalism and without shibboleth until it becomes the uncompromising attitude of a full-grown generation, then the world can take hope that war will no longer be tolerated.

## THE CARAVAN MOVES ON

(Continued from page three)

with that tradition is not only currently popular, but justified—it leaves us too little hope, too little faith, too little confidence in ourselves. It boils down to the somewhat vague conclusion that life is futile, so what of it? This conclusion accurately expressed the thought and emotion of a generation in a hurry to get to an unknown destination, and those writers who preached that sermon best were the best writers of their time. But this conclusion is not expressive of our own, because we have stopped to think where we are going and do not find their answer satisfactory. Hence, we are having another revolt against another literary tradition.

## Princess

(For Elise Cortese in "Princess Ida")  
By ROBERT LEEPER

From castle halls as old  
As the laying of stone on stone is old  
And grey as a night of moon-soaked  
clouds,  
Your brave song came,  
Mighty maiden,  
Echoing down,  
Lilting down . . .

And the hour was brimmed  
With your voice  
And filled with the fantasy  
And beauty of your singing,  
While your maidens all  
From the castle wall  
A doubtful defiance  
Were flinging.

And the night was still  
And the winds without breath,  
Fondling the glorious strains.  
Live on, O Princess,  
Live on,  
Till the song is done  
And the fancy that gave it  
Is dust.



## HICKORY RODS AND SCHOOL BELLS

(Continued from page five)

thinks he knows all and knows nothing at all. Thank God that under this superficiality I was beginning to realize that I was genuinely disgusted—but only with myself. Before I graduated I was able to discern a suspicion of adult thinking in my mind.

Because I thought it was easy, I would become a writer—and this decision I found easy to make but—

VI.

Unmoulded youth develops into balanced manhood.

The University—Strange people in a strange town. Strange customs, strange buildings, a green freshman and confusion. Chaos gradually becomes routine.

Without any particular illusions about life, without any romantic ideals about college life, without any real knowledge of the intellectual world, without knowing how to pursue my interests, I was quite satisfied, at first, to drift with the crowds, falling in with their ways, doing as little of my work as possible, entering a few activities—but without enthusiasm.

After idle, stupid high school days, I looked here for intellectuality and education and did not find it. True there were some professors who enjoyed being helpful in educating a young man. The friendship, understanding, advice and encouragement given to me by one of my first instructors helped me more than anything else in my first year and shall never be forgotten.

Why were there no others like him? I wanted to learn—so did the others—not by sitting in a classroom repeating, parrot-like, passages from a book supposedly read the previous evening, but from discussions of experiences, opinions and thought of others. The text books were staid, conservative, out-of-date, pedantic—disgusting.

And then I found out what I wished. The professors feared insincerity; their time was not to be wasted by “booklickers,” but genuine interest was welcomed—usually received with almost surprise.

People came to college to get—not to learn—but to get a degree which could be easily had without education. The real education was to be reached only after battering down innumerable obstructions, the chief ones being the text books, exams, and classroom pedantry. These were designed to think for you, but their thoughts were dull, old, and usually uninspired—in many cases untruthful. Beyond these, in association with professors and students, in campus life and student activities was the real knowledge to be gained.

These revelations were gradual and

with them was a mixture of seemingly less educational experiences and incidents. Some were hilarious, some foolish, and some unpleasant, but in all of them I found real value. By dulling and relieving the mind for a time, they left it refreshed and eager for exercise again. In these moments too, I came to find that the others were little different from myself. Each man imagines his thoughts individual. Egoist! We all learn, but smugly satisfied we keep our knowledge to ourselves and never realize that it is common.

And each year of college wrought changes. I accepted new theories, new thoughts and ideals only to discard them in favor of newer ones. Intelligent work began to afford real pleasures and real pleasure was found in absorption. Rational thinking took away many childish fears of an omnipotent and only made me more curious of the Meaning, which I now explained to my own satisfaction, thus giving me a new interest and a different confidence.

College days have not yet ended—more than a year awaits me. Though they will pass on, these years, and become only memories, the influence of four year's experience and study with a heterogeneous group of teachers and fellow students can never be dissipated but will have affected the trend of my whole life and my acceptance of it.

(The ABC's are passed and the D's begun. I wait nervously. “William Charles Davis” and with the impressive looking document in my hand I stumble into the world of all manner of men.)

## GREY LADY

(Continued from page one)

ally turned around to watch her, and followed her up. When the little old lady reached the top, she turned to the left, into the big upstairs hall. When Mrs. Ashe reached the corner and looked around there was no one in sight. There was no one in any of the bedrooms. The Grey Lady had just vanished. Sooner or later all the members of the family saw her. None ever experienced any strong feeling of fear.

“This sounds ridiculous. It is true, however. In time the Grey Lady became, I shan't say a familiar figure, but if not a common occurrence, at least an extra-ordinary one. She was seen perhaps two or three times a month, always wandering about the house, upstairs, down, through the big rooms. She seemed to be searching for something, but with no tense, worried air that characterizes the ghost of popular fiction. The Ashes decided that there was nothing to do, and as she did no harm, they all tacitly ignored her, and she was seldom mentioned among themselves, and never outside the family.

“One day—I think this illustrates

perfectly the typical appearance of the lady—a neighbor, Mrs. James, called upon Mrs. Ashe, and brought her two small children, Bob and Sarah. The ladies went into an adjoining room to talk, and left the children playing with a small dog on the floor of the parlor. When Mrs. Ashe and Mrs. James came back into the parlor, both immediately asked them who was the little old lady, dressed all in grey, that had passed through the parlor into the room where the ladies were sitting. Neither Mrs. James nor Mrs. Ashe had seen any one enter their room, and neither of them had left the room during the course of the visit. Here is the point. The children had never heard of the Grey Lady, and had no basis for any imaginings on the subject. They had shown no fear of her, only a curiosity about who she was. This incident has never been explained to my satisfaction, and is one of the firmest basis for my belief in the Grey Lady.

“A second incident is also interesting. This is the only time that the Grey Lady aroused any feelings other than curiosity and interest in her “audience.” The Ashes had living with them an orphaned nephew. He was in high school in the city, and Mrs. Ashe often helped him with his Latin lessons. One night he was studying in his room in a wing of the house. The door to his room was open, and he was sitting at his desk with his back to the door. He became conscious of someone in the doorway, and thinking it was his aunt, he asked the meaning of a word without looking up from his book. There was no answer, but he was so sure that someone was there that he repeated his question. He still got no answer and looked around. . . .

“No one has ever determined absolutely what he saw, but the family were startled at his screams, and ran upstairs to him. He was quite incoherent, but repeated over and over the phrase ‘The Grey Lady.’ That boy, William Ashe, was in a sanitarium for two months with a nervous breakdown. He was not a delicate boy, nor was he ever before subject to attacks of any sort. He had lived in the house with the Grey Lady for many years, but . . . the fact remains. He was seriously ill, solely from the effects of what he had seen.

“The Grey Lady still inhabits the place. The Ashes still live there. William Ashe recovered from his shock, and he too is living there now. There isn't any explanation. I've given you the story you asked for. If you can make anything out of it you are welcome to try.”

I thanked him. I had wanted a subject for a story, and here it was. But what was it? A shadow had appeared

to two children, and a nervous adolescent kid had seen something. No, the story wouldn't do. It was too thin. But as I rose to go I thought that the evening had not been entirely lost. I had enjoyed my friend's story, and he had been glad to have a sympathetic audience. I thanked him again and took my leave.

## LITTLE HELEN

(Continued from page four)

just where it belongs. . . .

I thought that perhaps it had all blown over until I got a long distance call the other night. It was Aunt Sue. “Frank,” she pleaded, “What can I do with her? At a dinner party I gave the other night she stalked right into the living room and accused old Judge Jackson of hoarding. Before I could get hold of her she launched into a long tirade about ‘slackers who hide gold in old mattresses.’ She turned around then and denounced Dr. Gerther as ‘a Tory and a traitor to Mr. Roosevelt.’ At the other end of the wire I heard poor Aunt Sue weeping in sheer mortification.

I remembered my duty. “Aunt Sue,” I began soothingly, “this is what I suggest. Give Helen back to her movie magazines. Keep her away from the radio, the newspapers, and political magazines. Get her mind off politics. Take her to church several times a week. Let me know in a fortnight how things are developing.”

After tearfully promising to mention me in her will Aunt Sue hung up. In a week, at the most, I figured I would hear the worst. But Little Cousin Helen always moves swiftly.

Monday morning the New York operator summoned me to the wire. It was Aunt Sue. All hell had burst loose.

“Frank,” she began, “have you ever heard of a magazine called *The New Masses*?”

“Yes,” replied Frank, his heart jumping three notches.

“Well,” Aunt Sue went on, “coming out of church the other morning Helen stopped at a newsstand and begged me to buy her a copy. I thought it was a Catholic church bulletin. All Sunday afternoon she read in her room, and I thought perhaps we had her cured. At dinner that night she was strangely silent. All evening she sat in a corner and brooded, her face dark, her eyes blazing.

At bed time Henry patted her on the head. ‘Here, little daughter, is a quarter for behaving like a good girl.’

Helen took one look at him, seized the money and threw it on the floor. ‘Capitalistic pig,’ she shouted in poor Henry's face, and stalked from the room.”

“Frank,” Aunt Sue pleaded. But Frank had hung up.



# The Carolina Magazine

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## What Youth Movement? . . . The N.S.F.A. in Washington

By BERNARD SOLOMON and ROBERT BARNETT

In Rome a squadron of young men in black shirts gather to curse their enemies and praise their own beloved Mussolini. In Berlin a crowd of young men in brown shirts lower their outstretched right arms and gather for a stein of beer and heated talk of their own beloved Germany and their own loathsome oppressors. In Havana unshaven A.B.C's oust the national government and place their own professor in the presidential chair. In Madrid young *senors* and *senoritas* shout and stamp and beat on drums and fire pistol shots and their anxious monarch slips quietly out of the reach of their fury and contempt. In Paris the Camelots du Roi hiss a republican cabinet out of power and help to shatter the peaceful business of *Place de la Concord*. In Nanking a trainload of students march from the station, beat and maul the minister of foreign affairs, and a foreign policy changes. In Tokio three young men stalk up to the Prime Minister and shoot him dead to leave a sword waving army department free to pursue its program unhampered by ideals. In Vienna, in Rio de Janeiro, in Constantinople, in Oxford young untested voices are raised . . .

In Washington a few short weeks ago young voices mingled to find final expression in this utterance. "Just before we adjourn I want to leave this one word with you . . . The National Student Federation of America is to serve you . . . Make use of your organization that we may grow and expand. Let's cooperate and be united and always present a united, strong, and able front. (Applause.)"

What front?

The youth of America sits lolling on overstuffed sofas. The female population tangles the hair, fondles the hands, tickles the necks, grins into the faces of the male population mislead somehow into thinking they are realizing that casual, free social intercourse which characterizes "the life." The male population frees itself for a few moments from the female to loll elsewhere and meditates upon the matter of getting votes. Sex and position are the last word, the farthest horizon in the lives of these admirable young men and young women. But the sex they

know is an emaciated spectre of the lustfulness which full blooded youth should experience. And the position they desire is as empty and unremunerative as a blown egg.

The aristocracy of this gallant generation gathers in Washington to exchange ideas, to form policies, to solidify their ephemeral "front." And what do they talk of? (One would almost wish that he could say wrangle about.) These bright young things taxed their bright young imaginations and reached out and down into the misty atmosphere of the "significant" and drained the rich resources of their idealism and issued the opinion that college editors are not competent to write on government, world affairs, international policies, etc. . . . that college newspapers need the steadying arm of faculty censorship . . . that the best men must be elected to the "positions" in their or-

ganizations . . . that great care must be taken in selecting the personnel of Ways and Means, Resolutions, and Projected Program Committees. On these matters the aristocracy of American youth presents a solid and united front. It is indeed gratifying.

But all did not go as smoothly as one might hope. That solid impenetrable front was ruffled just a trifle one lovely afternoon when the boys and girls were drinking tea, rubbing elbows, and giggling nice, innocuous pleasantries, when they were doing all of that in the presence of our First Lady, a crowd of "crazy foreigners" (i.e. National Student League—Young Communists—and L. I. D.—Young Socialists) were marching around on the streets suggesting a mild antipathy to the idea of warfare. Those that held positions in this aggregation of rugged

(Continued on page seven)

## Summer Morning

By VIRGIL LEE

Sam, the freckle-faced boy who sells newspapers in front of Millman's drug-store, yawned profoundly and slapped at a fly which was crawling over his nose. The blow failed in its real purpose, but served to awaken Sam in time for him to become aware of a light truck filled with newspapers which was pulling up to the corner. Sam stumbled to his feet and walked over to the rear of the truck where the driver was unloading a bundle of papers.

"Here's forty—to begin with," said the driver brusquely. "I'll be back later with some more."

"Forty!" Sam's eyes widened. "Why, I never take over twenty-five and hardly ever get rid of those."

"Don't worry, you'll sell 'em all."

Sam, too sleepy to remonstrate further, watched the truck disappear around the next block, fingered his lips for a moment, and then sat down on the curb with his papers to await the hour of eight.

As the sun rose higher in the summer heavens, the roof of the jail on the opposite corner of the square slowly turned from copper to gold, to orange, and finally—as the rays struck the corrugated metal on the front eaves—became splotted with a dull red.

The headlines of the newspaper in Sam's lap were a mere blur to the boy's eyes as he sat there, nodding.

"Wake up, Sam."

It was the voice of Mr. Millman, the druggist, come to open up for the day.

"How about a paper, son?"

Sam was on his feet in an instant and, although his eyelids seemed leaden, he handed out the paper mechanically and his "good morning, Mr. Millman" synchronized perfectly with the receipt of the welcome three cents.

Sam watched the druggist as he unlocked the door and let down the awnings. Mr. Millman had always been his friend, always had a kind word. He even refused to sell papers in his store—always referring customers to Sam whenever they desired a copy of the *Gazette* or *Times*. If Sam had not been so sleepy he would have noticed a certain preoccupation about Mr. Millman, as if the man was strangely worried. Why did he fail to hook one end of

(Continued on page seven)



By Bill Henderson



## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

Not to be outdone by the *Buccaneer*, the *Magazine* is celebrating its birthday this year. We're ninety years old, or, as we like to put it in the feeble strokes of our palsied but hopeful hand, "ninety years young." The occasion demands no less than an ode:

### REFLECTIONS ON OUR NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Four,  
A Century back, less or more,  
The Carolina Magazine which at that  
time had a rep  
(And today probably needs to eat more  
"Wheaties" or "Pep")  
Was brought forth upon this earth and  
dedicated to the virtue  
That a very small quantity of what you  
read won't hurt you.  
And even if 1844 is a long way distant  
On this point we don't mind being in-  
sistant,  
That ninety years of this sort of fare  
Must be getting in everybody's hair.  
So, if at ninety we're showing signs of  
senility  
Don't forget that we were somebody in  
our infancy.  
The child is father of the man, and all  
that sort of rot  
Oh Time! turn back, and make us just  
again a little tot.

### CRITIC:

Young Richard Bradshaw is a classmate in the local grammar school of young Paul Green. One day several weeks ago, just as the class was about to be dismissed, Richard stood up and gravely addressed the class:

"I think that everybody ought to know that the father of one of our classmates has written a moving picture, *Carolina*, which is at the theatre to-night."

The class let this sink in and young Bradshaw continued. "I don't know whether or not *Carolina* is any good, but there's a swall "Mickey Mouse!"

### VERSE:

For some weeks the *Magazine* has been suffering from the contributions of an unknown poetaster, who steals furtively into the office when our back is turned in a game of stud with the Yackety Yack boys, and slips his poems into our desk. We offer them for consideration, the first, a sort of "Tanka," or as we like to say "Sanka," is coyly signed "Anonymous." Because of the inconsistent grammar, we suspect the Buc editor of the two "Hokkus."

### ESPERANTO EMBROGLIO

Baby Ray has two kittens.  
The kittens are little.

Baby Ray loves the little kittens.  
The little kittens love Baby Ray.

Baby Ray has two chickens.  
The chicks are little.  
Baby Ray loves the little chicks.  
The little chicks love Baby Ray.

Baby Ray has two ducks.  
The ducks are little.  
One duck is sick.  
Baby Ray does not love the sick duck.  
The sick duck does not love Baby Ray.  
Wanna buy a duck?

### HOKKUS

My dog Rover.  
Street.  
Automobile.  
Sausage.

The tom-toms beat their haunting  
rythm.  
They stop.  
Silence.  
Oh, how I wish I was in Peoria.

## Lyrics from an Ivory Lute

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMONS

### LOTUS

You and I . . .  
*We gathered lotus blossoms upon a pool  
of jade  
And in a crimson junk-boat we watched  
the petals fade.  
But I saw your almond eyes when you  
knelt at Death-of-Day,  
And held a little lantern to light me  
on my way.*

### NIGHTINGALE

*I have climbed the old dark hill in the  
footsteps of the moon  
Above my head the fragile porcelain  
vase is flecked with opal dust  
Ah, the sweet silver of that small voice  
in the shadows . . .  
I have lost my staff among the whisper-  
ing grasses  
And the bitter silent tears fall down  
upon my robe  
Upon the scented graves of near-for-  
gotten memories . . .*

### I HAVE KNOWN A MAID UPON A PAINTED SCREEN

*Long ago  
She stood all small and slender  
Among the river reeds,  
And twined about her throat  
A string of amber beads.  
White herons stood about her  
In waters blue and green.*

OUR OWN GO CLIMB A TREE DEPT.  
. . . this clique . . . of People Seldom  
Seen, But Often Head Of . . . Tabbi,  
Nos. I and II.—"Pen Points" in the  
*Daily Tar Heel*.

## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### *The Anatomy of Criticism:*

There is nothing laborious or studied in Henry Hazlitt's examination of the principles on which modern critical theories are founded. He neatly avoids the dullness of the treatise by casting his work in the ancient and too-long neglected dialogue, or more properly trialogue form. He represents the three dominant strains in contemporary criticism by a college professor, the editor of a literary journal, and a young book reviewer. Week-ending together as they are, they agree "to forget their manners" and with entertaining wit and spirit bite into each other's critical positions.

For the most part, the book does not purport to lay down a personal theory of criticism. Its mission seems rather to be an effort to present comprehensively conflicting views and to attempt a reconciliation or at least an explanation of the cause for disagreement. The trio of critics discuss such eternal problems as criticism's right to exist, the critic's function, tradition and rebellion, the value of posterity's verdict, and realism versus romance. In all of these selections Hazlitt presents the arguments pro and con and, then, in the guise of one of the characters sums up the value of the arguments presented.

In the most provocative chapter he attempts to settle the question of objectivity versus subjectivity. The college professor has maintained that the critic must judge works in relation to some objective standards, while his opponent, the book reviewer, has held that the individual himself creates the truest standards. Middleton, the third party, offers what he terms "The Social

Mind." In effect, it is transposing the social theory of value as developed by the economists to the field of literature. "Literary values are objective so far as the individual is concerned," he says, "just as economic values are; but they are subjective for society as a whole, and beyond this social objectivity it is impossible for us to pierce." He illustrates from the stock market, contending that just as differences of opinion about the price of a commodity result not in an infinite number of prices but in one market price, so differences of opinion about an author can be said to result not in many reputations for that author but rather in one reputation. Whatever our personal views are, we invariably refer to the reputation of Sinclair Lewis, posing it as an objective fact.

The social mind, however, is not the product of the majority but rather of a small group of men with prestige and influence in the world of letters. It is their judgments which, when given to society, become the judgments of the social mind. In this way have endured the reputations of Plato, Homer, and Shakespeare. Whether the rank and file read these authors matters not; their reputations continue to exist. These judgments are not necessarily "right." They are significant largely because they prevail. Hazlitt accounts for changing reputations by holding that the social mind of the present judges the social mind of the past and is free to develop and make its own reputations.

The objections of the other two debaters notwithstanding, the argument is convincing if one accepts the premise that "intrinsic" value as such does not exist. According to Hazlitt it is a concept which has long been abandoned in all judgments except those pertaining to intellectual products. If one rejects this view, as in the case of the other topics for debate, opposing opinions are so skillfully presented one cannot fail to find a theory ably defended to which one may intelligently ascribe. Thoroughly unpedantic, Hazlitt never closes the floor for discussion and never leaves the reader confused as to the origin and criticism of his own particular critical theories.

Dorothy Lamour, who entered the doors of radio by way of a beauty contest she won in a little New Orleans town.—*Washington Herald*.

Or maybe a little Louisiana state, Mr. Hearst.

Tom, Dick and Harry can hardly qualify for such speed even if they had the road. But fill up Tom or Dick with beer or liquor and they will try to make the eighty miles.—*N. C. Christian Advocate*.

Does Harry just get the pretzels?

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## Pizened Perfume

By ELEANOR BIZZELL

As Elbert ground the crank, the car rose and fell, spasmodically. It coughed once and died down. With a jerked effort, he gave the handle another swift wrench and it started. Straightening his cramped back, he saw that he'd gotten all het up and his shirt was stickin' to him. If there was one thing Dr. Mack hated it was a smelly nigger. But it was too late to do anything about it now. It was gettin' nigh onto three o'clock. He'd hafta make haste if he calculated to get the Doc's grass mowed afore time to meet the train. It had been such a dry spell the grass had quit tryin' to be green anyhow but the Doc didn't seem to notice. One thing sertain, he'd hafta cram in these extra jobs if he ever intended to git that there car paid for.

The car lumbered out past the row of indentically squatty, weather-stained shanties. He began to wonder if he'd make enuf to pay the garage man Sad-dy. He became so occupied with his musings that he had to jam on the brakes with a sharp jerk when he heard somebody yelling, "Hyah, there, Elbert, goin' toards de stemmery? Wait on us."

By this time two other negroes had lumbered up on the running board and stepped over the side without opening the door.

"Hod you boys?"

"Feelin' pretty peart."

The car jogged off again. The larg-er and more burly of the two punched the other one in the side with his elbow. "Looks to me lak you're up to gettin' terribul stuck up now you've got an awtymobile."

The yellow one replied, "It sho' do. How much didja pay fer it, if you've a mind to tell it?"

Elbert volunteered proudly. "Mistah Garris sold it to me for thirty-nine dollars. Said 'twas worth aroun twice that much anyhow, but he was gettin' in some new uns and needed the space this un was takin' up. So he got shet of it real cheap. He says that I kin make a steady livin' in taxiing. I figger that soon as I can manage to git it paid up, I can git along without triflin' with the manual work aroun' the Doc's place. It's been hard enuf to keep my two feet in shoes here lately."

"Lawd, Elbert, you's a case in dis world."

Mentionin' the Doc reminded him that he was hotter and sweatier than ever and the Doc wouldn't lak it. He'd told him the last time he'd planned to wait on the table that he stunk lak a pole cat, and had laughingly told him to buy a bottle of perfume. He grinned at the idea. But then agin it might

help, if he used not enuf for nobody to notice. He'd stop by de sto' and git a bottle. The car smelt musty too. It wouldn't hurt to kinda sprinkle it aroun'.

"I gotta stop down street a minute. I've done forgot sumpin'."

"Naw, take yo' time brudder, take yo' time. We's on the afternoon shift anyhow."

He went in alone and bought some green colored eau de cologne. He thought it was a pretty sizeable bottle for a dime. He asked the girl to wrap it up good. Bud and Hip might tease him. But then they didn't know how particular Doc was.

"Po' Elbert'd git along halfway decent if Matie warn't so jealous. Lawd, tha's a mean 'oman. I hear say she got de butcher knife atter him twice last week," said Hip.

"Yeah, it's de Gawd's truf. She's got de devil in 'er fer fair. I know so. If she warn't de best lookin' yellow 'oman in Little Egypt, he wouldn-

a kep' her aroun', I don' reckon. She shore has a strong holt on 'im. He had to turn down that job last summer of drivin' those Yankees back nawth, all on account of Matie and those six brats a his'n. He's got class—"

At the stemmery they jumped out and he drove on up past the freight yard and stopped behind an empty car where nobody would be meddlin'. He scattered the perfume around the stuffing of the car and then sheepishly smeared some on his shirt. Just a little, anyways, he thought.

He got to the house and was looking around the woodshed for the lawn mower when he heard the Doc calling him from the house.

"Elbert, is that you?"

"Yassuh."

By this time the doctor was at the shed door. "Can you drive me out to Broadhurst's bridge, Elbert? One of Zeke Summers' children has a bad case of pneumonia and I'll have to go at

once. I just sent my car down to be greased and they haven't finished it."

He hesitated and began, apologetically, "I would, Doc, but I got to meet de night train."

The doctor reached in his pocket and answered hurriedly, "We'll take a drink before we go and I'll pay you five dollars. Zeke's an old patient of mine. There's no other way I can get there."

It didn't take him long to make up his mind what to do. A nip o' toddy and five dollars. More'n he'd made in more'n a week and he could pay some on the car. "Sure, Doc, get in."

"Smells like Matie spilled some of her perfume in here, Elbert."

"Yassuh, she must've."

It took them over an hour to get to the Summers' place. They had to de-tour by the covered bridge. Soon after the doctor had gone in, he came out and told Elbert that he'd be there awhile. The child was going through the crisis and in case anything happened it would be best for him to stay.

Elbert got to thinkin' about how Matie would raise the devil tomorrow but he forgot it soon as he remembered how much he was gettin' paid for the trip. Money always made her feel good. Well, he didn' mind waitin' cause the Doc had been mighty good to him. He'd kept the knee baby from dyin' in the fall.

He got home that night about one o'clock. He reached around in the darkness to light the kerosene lamp, which was tied with a wire to the overhead rafter, but figgered he might wake 'er up so he outened it. He'd surprise her with the money in the mornin'. He decided to git up early and buy her a treat, maybe chittlings and pig feet. That 'oman loved vittles. He'd ask 'er to fix 'im some good old ham and ring eyed gravy.

Next thing he knew, he was being shaken violently. He opened one eye. He saw a pair of glaring owl eyes and thick lips, blue as blackberry stain and flapping lak bellows. It was Matie.

"Get up you dammed nigger. I'll larn you to be sasshayin' aroun' with every slut in Little Egypt." By now she had yanked him out of bed and he saw that she had his gun.

"But, Matie, I uz only takin' de Doc . . ."

"Shut up yo' dammed mouf. When did de Doc start a usin' perfume?" She laughed hysterically. Her flat nostrils widened. She gave him one more prod with the butt of the gun and ran him to the back porch. "Now stand thar and if you dare to move to'ards me, I'll shoot yo' guts out."

She went over to the woodpile, still cursing. She picked up the axe from under the washpot. She jammed the hood in . . . slashed the tires . . . he watched.

## Son of the Rods, Jr.

By CARL THOMPSON

(With profuse and all sorts of apologies to those men, Jack Starr and Cecil Carmichael.)

### London:

Foggy English city, spread along the muddy Thames, it serves to house people who like to watch the fog over the river and hear the tug-boats as they chug-chug about. Very English people stop to look and wonder when, bumping into them in the fog, you shout a violent "damn."

I had heard: "Westminster Abbey is the resting place of many great writers." Applying for a room there, I was told by a Cockney with a peculiar Cockney accent:

"T'is hisn't hno hplace hfor t'e hlikes hof hyou."

English always drop *h*'s; and before words without an *h*, they make a sound like *h*.

### Paris:

Froggy French village-city, lively and very American, its inhabitants glean their livelihood by seining for fish, whence comes the name of the river which curls through the city.

Remembering French accents in movies, such as *'lure* for 'love,' I staggered—stumbled—I mean, walked to the Louvre, but it was nothing except some 'feelthy pectures.'

"Pardow, missir, say mow bwasow."

"It is like hell. The bar-tender give it to me."

"Ahh, you are Engleesh—yes? No?"

"Naah—Kansas City, m-o."

"Oooo. Amerreecan? You weesh to dreenk weeth mee?"

Bubbles, dry bubbles. Hiccoughs,

lousy hiccoughs. Gay Paree makes a wanderer forget the hundreds of miles—well, everything. Even I felt—but not much. Those fancy drinks never did suit me.

### Berlin:

I never was sure of the religion of my great, great, great grandfather. Through Italy was very pleasant.

### Venice:

In an open gondola, sitting in a puddle of canal water, ten drunks were grouped together as only ten drunks can group together and did more than peer over the sides at the showy water glistening from the glare of our noses.

We could sing *Pagliacci* as well as the gondolier.

He couldn't sing *Pagliacci*.

### Vienna:

Old playground of some kind of aristocracy, its people give the distinct impression of being brazenly un-American.

"Was willst du haben?"

A plump fraulein (?) with definite feminine characteristics translated her query by demonstration.

A city especially noted for its Beautiful Blue Danube and The Merry Widow. I never did see the Blue Danube.

### Hongkong:

Shades of the past, shades of Sax Rohmer, yellow shades, night shades, drawn shades, and an Englishman steps out.

I entered a narrow door to my left (your right, facing the picture) to be

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# And Now the End

By TOM WALKER

The clock struck three-thirty. George raised his head, shook back his hair, and shifted his position. The sun had descended to the level of the window, and the aperture focused the light on his face. He rose and lowered the shade, then looked up the stairs at his mother's door. The oak door stood firm; he heard no sound. George glanced at the clock, then frowned. He began to pace the length of the hall.

The room was silent but for the tick-tick of the clock, and in the quiet, thoughts of the past few days slipped through his mind—Jane's visit, and their making plans for him to leave Kingsley and take the new job . . .

The door upstairs opened, and one of the nurses came into the hall. George hurried to the foot of the stairs.

"Any news?" he called softly.

The woman shook her head and continued on her way. George frowned and resumed his walk. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and brushed his face. As his thoughts turned to that morning, a heaviness seemed to settle in his head and push at his forehead.

He had known his mother would not approve of his going, but he thought he would be able to make her see his side of the matter. That morning during a conversation with her he had again mentioned his plan. She laughed, but he had noted her insincerity and a sign of doubt. And as she spoke, she turned from him.

"I think you'd be silly to go away," she said. "You don't know what you might be getting into."

"But mother," he protested, "I've already gotten the job."

"You're getting along well here, aren't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but—"

"Mr. Wesley says—"

"Good Lord, don't mention that name," George groaned. "I get too much of him now."

His mother had been somewhat shocked. For a moment she said nothing, then, "Still, you know how badly I want you to stay."

And then Jane had spoken.

"I suppose I shouldn't say it," she smiled, "but it really seems to be a good opportunity."

His mother's face grew cold, and she took a deep breath. George smiled gratefully at Jane.

"Perhaps we'd better discuss this later," his mother said coldly.

Four o'clock. Slowly the clock tinkled the hour, recalling George from his reverie. Anxiously he looked upstairs. He loosened his collar and sat

# The Canterbury Tales

By ROBERT LEEPER



By Brad White

I.

## PILGRIMS WERE THEY ALL

*One night when April blew in from the hills*

*And tender leaves were thin against the sky,*

*I awakened at a small bird's startled trills—*

*And thought I heard the Pilgrims riding by.*

*Their horses' hoofs were loud against the ground*

*And all their trappings fluttered, fold on fold,*

*And through the noises came the murmured sound*

*Of jests they made and stories that they told.*

*Eternal vagabonds of spring, they came With holy purpose down the moonlit way;*

*Too late I tried to call them, name by name,*

*And only caught their laughter, distant, gay.*

*Long then I listened, while an April bird*

*And spring wind shaped the answers that I heard.*

down. He felt tired, and his shoulder blades were beginning to ache.

The nurse again entered the hall. George rose quickly and called to her.

"How is she?"

"We can't tell very much now."

George's brain suddenly whirled, and his legs trembled. He almost shouted, "When are you going to let me know something?"

"Please, Mr. Arthur. You'll have to be quiet."

At luncheon his mother had hardly spoken. George's feeling of uneasiness increased, and he was greatly relieved when Mrs. Arthur rose and they left

II.

## A MONK THERE WAS

*In autumn I have heard the wailing cry*

*Of hounds that hurtled down a fox's trail:*

*Deep-throated, long, the echoes used to fly*

*From tree to tree until their strength would fail.*

*And I have heard an old man, bent and tired,*

*Upon an autumn evening, spit, and say,*

*"One thing I did that no one ever hired*

*Me to—I followed great hounds in my day!"*

*Now I have read how, years before our time,*

*A certain merry Churchman loved his hounds*

*And horses more than all the drone and rhyme*

*Of holy life; and I hold that the sounds*

*Of his dogs' baying and his bridle-bells,*

*Wind-blown, would temper half a dozen hells.*

the room. They walked out on the porch into the coolness of a vine-covered corner. After a few minutes his mother asked him to go uptown. A sensation of dread caught at George's throat, and he hesitated. She repeated the request.

"Why, o-of course, mother," he answered.

As he walked away, he saw a slight frown on Jane's face. A look from his mother sent him to complete the errand hurriedly.

When he returned, his mother was alone. George hurried to her.

"Where's Jane?"

"She said she wanted to lie down

for a while. She went upstairs just after you left."

"Oh." Relieved, he sat down.

Neither spoke. George thought of his new job, and Mrs. Arthur sat with her head against the chair-back, tapping her foot on the floor. Finally she raised her eyes.

"Thinking, George?"

"Yes. Sort of."

"About leaving?"

George turned and looked at her.

"Yes."

She hesitated, then said: "Are you really so serious about going?"

Startled, he stared at her.

"Why, Mother, I thought you understood that I was. I can't just stay after I've accepted the other job."

Mrs. Arthur was silent, and George struggled for something to say.

"I—I can't stay here forever," he said at last. "Why, I'm dying by inches." He tried to laugh. "We were going to leave in a few days."

She raised her brows and looked at him.

"We?"

"Jane and I."

"I hadn't understood that part of it," she said finally.

He twisted his hands slightly. "Well, it's not exactly settled yet, but—"

"And I can't understand why you let this foolish—"

"Please, mother—"

"—girl talk you into running away on such a scatterbrained trip."

He rose and stuck his hands into his pockets. "But it's not foolish. The job's a much better one than I'd ever get here."

"That's certainly foolish, George. Mr. Wesley—"

George sat on the arm of her chair. "Mother, I knew you wouldn't like it, but I was sure you'd come to see it my way."

He smiled. "I really couldn't stand it here another week."

"I've always tried to make it—"

"It's not that, mother. Not at all. You know it isn't. It's just the grind of going every day to a job I hate. Why, it's nearly ruined me. The . . . don't you see that?"

"No, George, I'm afraid I don't."

He stood up. "I'm sorry, mother, but I'm afraid I'll have to go. You see"—he scratched the floor with the toe of his shoe—"I want to marry Jane."

She sat still, her hands clasped on the chair-arms.

George looked out at the street. "That's the real reason. I could if I took the job at Garrison." He leaned over and put his hands on hers. "What do you say now, mother? You've got to say yes."

She looked up slowly. "Got to? I suppose I have."

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# And What Has Happened to Sex? . . . A Study in Changing Tastes . . . By Joe Sugarman

That the so-called co-ed issue of the *Buccaneer* revolted a good portion of the campus was attested not only by the remarkable formally written and published protests but also by a grimace of disgust on the collective countenance of the Carolina student body. Frank astonishment greeted many of the lines and sallies which had been designed to bring forth guffaws of approval. Remarking, "that's too raw," "none of that stuff," "hey, that's what I call dirty," a large number of readers felt that the comic magazine had overstepped the bounds of propriety and was degenerating into a sheet on a par with "Snappy Stories," "Paris Nights" and other smoking-car literature.

Yet upon inspecting this issue of the *Buccaneer*, the salute to the co-eds scarcely seems any more risqué or intrinsically filthy than a good many of its predecessors. After all, there should still be many students who can recall the editor of two years ago feverishly crashing into dormitory and fraternity rooms in an effort to regain every possible copy of a number containing a remark frankly insulting to a local lady. And few have not heard that the year before a certain drug store anecdote necessitated banning the magazine from the mails. In effect, then, the *Buccaneer* is no lewder in 1934 than it has ever been during the present student generation.

At the risk of being obvious, there follows the conclusion that if the *Buccaneer* itself has not changed appreciably in tone and spirit, the change has been effected in the attitude and receptivity of its audience. There is little evidence to show that any wave of resentment accompanied the publication of the issues mentioned above. In the case of the 1931 incident the bulk of the readers ridiculed the censoring. Yet in its implications the slur was immeasurably more damaging than any one of the lines in the recent issue which has drawn such spirited criticism as to cause the somnolent advisory committee to the *Buccaneer* to consider the problem of functioning.

What may very well be the cause is that the *Buccaneer*, for all its reputed alertness, has slipped behind the times. The objection to the muckishness in the co-ed issue indicates that dirt is not quite the saleable article it has been in the past. The student body has been reading the same general type of material presented for the last two or three years and now instead of endorsing it with conspicuous abandon is openly condemning it. The present reaction to the *Buccaneer* cast of joke and cartoon suggests that no longer can the

phrase "sex-crazed collegians" be mouthed at undergraduates as it has been for the past decade.

This changed attitude is, by and large, a reflection of a general shifting of public interest away from sex as such. It is rapidly becoming a platitude to comment that in the effort of current society to escape from the realities of depression it is turning its back on realism and naturalism and is embracing romanticism in a fashion that would have been inconceivable five or six years ago. And in rejecting the stark and uncompromising in life, readers have had of necessity to lessen their interest in sex *per se*, or, more properly, in dirt for dirt's sake. The romantic veils sex with appropriate lights and phrases, sublimates it in the general pattern of his work; the result almost invariably permits himself to be carried to the point of exploiting it and hammers at sex to the exclusion of much else that properly belongs in the scheme of human affairs.

An admirable proof of the veering away from mere curiosity in the salacious is the recent legalizing of the sale of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. To Americans visiting Paris it was invariably referred to as the one which contained in cold print most of the unprintable words in the language. People requested their traveling friends to bring them back copies of it much in the same spirit as they asked for "feelthy" French postcards. This year when the American edition was published, the reviewers failed notably to mention the presence of the much-discussed words except as integral features of the book's plan and author's method. A few years back astonishing publicity was given D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* as a work in which the average reader might (if he could locate a copy) find practically all the nouns, verbs, and interjections forbidden to American publications. This was the comment of the press, despite the fact that the *Ulysses* itself had been well-known by then for almost ten years. In fact, the very act of permitting Joyce's book to be issued in this country indicates that the courts, bulwarks of conservatism, are realizing that sex and smut are no longer synonymous in the public mind and that the book is reasonably certain of an audience which will read it for its literary value rather than any superficial aphrodisiac attributes.

Literature in general has undergone a rather thorough scrubbing in the last two years. What has happened to Radclyffe Hall who perhaps started the whole business with her sensational *Well of Loneliness*? Periodically she

publishes what amounts to a re-write of the badly-written, madly-read best-seller and fails to make expenses. The high school teachers, adolescents, and spinsters who had never heard of homosexuality until Miss Hall's Stephen entered their lives are back making faithful obeisance to the virtuous Kathleen Norris and the saccharine Temple Bailey. Perversion has virtually disappeared as a marketable product in literature.

In similar fashion Eugene O'Neill who made the abnormal in sex the cornerstone of his phenomenally successful *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* has in his latest works been significantly inclined to portray the sexual elements in his characters as normal and regular. The neurotic Nina Leeds has been replaced by a nice, unaffected schoolboy whose venture into sex is thoroughly within the limits of usual experience and upon whom the effect is healthy and improving rather than shattering and degrading. Ah, *Wilderness!*, it might be noted, is one of the more pronounced hits on Broadway this season, produced by the same company which scored equally high with O'Neill's previous works.

Biography, for some time the playground of writers who were bent on digging up the illicit love affairs and sex abnormalities of personages largely for the dirt therein, has experienced a like cleansing. The discretion and sympathy with which Stefan Zweig handled the *amours* and marriage difficulties of Marie Antoinette offer a striking contrast to the sensationalism and bombast of Rupert Hughes' treatment of Washington or Edgar Lee Masters' emphasis on the depravity of Lincoln's parents. While biographies of the present may offer considerable exploration into the sex lives of their subjects, it is presented as proper or accountable development rather dragged in gratuitously. In the backwash of the romantic tendency idealization and glorification of our forebears is replacing the iconoclasm of the last decade.

To illustrate the completeness and universality of the shift away from dirt in art or near-art perhaps no better medium can be taken than that infallible index of public taste, the motion picture. There has been an amazing decrease in the number of yellow films styled as "sex-educational." Productions such as *The Naked Truth*, *The Road to Ruin*, and countless others portraying harlotry purely for the sake of exciting or shocking audiences have all but vanished from both metropolitan and provincial scenes. The popularity

of actresses of the Clara Bow or Alice White stamp whose voluptuousness was formerly sufficient to win them a tremendous following, has declined markedly.

The cessation of the current Mae West rage can be explained by regarding her as the culmination of the movement toward vulgarity for its own sake rather than as the originator of a new movie type. In fact, it is evident from the lack of characterization and thinness of plot which distinguished *I'm No Angel* from her first success that Mae West's chief appeal was not on the basis of pure smut but rather as a personality able to portray sex in relation to the complete female character. When she neglected the attendant human qualities that created a real person in *She Done Him Wrong*, she produced nothing but layer upon layer of unjustifiable dirt in her follow-up picture.

The tendency upon the part of the Hollywood producers to require acting rather mere posing from such figures as Jean Harlow, Bette Davis, and Joan Blondell signifies their sensitivity to public weariness with "clothes-horses" and exhibitions of scantily draped female anatomy. The day of the star's disrobing whenever and wherever she chooses is definitely past.

From the magazine field itself comes perhaps the most convincing proof of the decline in interest in smut. *Ballyhoo*, the publication which aims to serve the nation much as the *Buccaneer* does the campus, skyrocketed to popularity on the strength of its imitations of national advertisements and the daring of its cartoons. But in the past two years, while the material has remained substantially the same, circulation has decreased to a pitifully low figure. Readers quite evidently sickened of an infinite series of gigantic feminine posteriors, silhouetted nudes, and sultans overcome by the size of their own harlems. Yet less than two years ago when the magazine *Judge* went into bankruptcy it frankly announced the cause as its failure to keep up with other more risqué publications.

Sex, as both *Ballyhoo* and the *Buccaneer* might learn, is just as good as ever it was. Better, perhaps, for it has to a noticeable degree had its face lifted and had removed the layer of smut that was obscuring its true self. The general public has ceased to confuse sex with mere dirt exhibitionism. Sex, after being virtually submerged by a coating of filth which was taken for a time to be its true expression, is regaining its rightful place in the arts. No longer solely identified with un-

(Continued on page eight)



# The Vortex . . . Three Political Sketches . . . By Nelson Lansdale

" . . . and I am sure, yes, gentlemen, I am positive, that with the ticket we have—a balanced ticket of strong fraternity and non-fraternity men—that the party will again sweep its way to victory."

Eloquent, black-tufted Randolph Craig sat down and the hall rang with applause. Under the mask of modest graciousness with which he had for four years accepted the homage due his silver, persuasive tongue, Randolph was thinking. 'Balanced fraternity and non-fraternity ticket, hell—a bunch of pampered darlings from the Court and Cameron Avenue, with enough of the rattle-brained, ill-mannered non-fraternity mutts to ram the ticket down their throats. Spoiled brats, crooks, windbags, disgruntled little . . .

For the thousandth time the talk he had had with old Dean Lacy four years ago came back to him: "I tell you, Craig, that with your ability to speak and your popularity with the non-fraternity men here on the campus, you can go down in the history of the University as the man who had guts enough to buck and break a rotten, crooked, selfish political system. Why don't you do it? You are the strongest non-fraternity man on this campus in the last thirty years—make the others see what dupes they are, show them the graft and the crookedness behind it, and they'll stand behind you until you've wiped out this filthy splotch on the University and on the state. Make politics fair! Make politics just! You can do it! All it takes is a Man!"

Randolph lit a cigarette and listened to one of his fellow conspirators—a Mu Nu—sing his praises in glowing terms. Perhaps someday there would come a man strong enough to clean up the campus, strong enough to show the Law School that God still lived in Heaven and not in Carr dormitory, someday there would come a Man . . . But Randolph Craig was due at the Mu Nu house as soon as the rally was over.

## SELF-HELP CANDIDATE

Lloyd sat strumming the side of the splintered old wooden desk, beating out an unconscious tit-tat-to as he watched the trees—just coming into their own now that it was spring—waving at the breeze outside the window. Five dollars. Where was it coming from? Five dollars—to pay the party expenses. And after a month of buying dopes at dorm stores to build up good will, after he had just paid the interest on the student loan, five dollars which couldn't come out of his salary, and no chance of getting it from home . . . five dollars.

Slowly, his eyes swept around the

narrow, coal-streaked little room. A battered bureau, with three legs and a brick for a fourth. A ten-cent looking-glass nailed to the wall. A Lucky Strike ad—a warm and lovely woman blowing smoke-rings at a handsome and perfectly tailored young man across the dinner table—covered up the spot on the wall where the rain dribbled through when it was nasty and delivering milk between five and six was no joke. A cast-iron bed with sagging springs. No, it wasn't much, and a man did have to sleep somewhere. He eyed the splinters in the desk he sat on. Not five dollars in that. Skimming over the battered chair he had picked up when the Mu Nus refurnished their house, his eyes lit on his books, two narrow shelves of them, set into an upright packing case.

He walked over to the box and began to pull them out, one by one, thumbing through them reverently—these were his masters, his children, his gods. Every one of them had a history, each seemed almost a part of him. *Representative English Literature*—now that was a fine book. He'd bought it from popcorn proceeds after the Duke game. He'd gone without lunch for it, and there it was—a little worn, but neatly annotated in his own writing. Why, he knew where everything in it was . . .

Herb, the fat, tobacco-stinking book-dealer was brusque and businesslike. As he hauled out each book from the packing case he thumbed through it. "Pretty heavily marked up, this," he said.

"It . . ." Lloyd started to protest, but stopped hopelessly. After all, intelligent or not, marginal notations make a book look even more second hand than it was . . .

"Not a bad book this," said Herb, picking up another casually.

"It's swell," said Lloyd, his eyes ablaze.

The green spittoon announced the arrival of a wad of tobacco juice. Fifteen years of practice and Herb was practically perfect. "Wouldn't be bad, at least, if it hadn't been worn out with use," Herb spat again and the bell within the spittoon rang. "Hear you're playing with politics, Leonard."

"Yeah," said Lloyd.

Tobacco juice splattered in the spittoon. "Great game, politics."

## SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE

"Hello. May I speak to Bert Rawls, please?"

"This is Gary Hamilton."

"Yeah. I'll wait."

"Hello? He's not in?"

"Oh—thanks." Gary replaced the

receiver slowly. "So he won't come to the phone. Oh Bert—this damned political mess doesn't have to get between us, does it? I can't help it if . . .!" Gary ground a cigarette out on the floor viciously, and dialed long distance. Waiting for the call to go through, he tried to think the thing out clearly. 'After all, a friend was a friend, and just a political mess—well, even if there had been lies, and stuffed balloting he hadn't done any of it. If Bert would only listen to reason—if he could only . . .'

"Hello, mother? This is Gary."

"The returns have just been counted and I called up to tell you that I'm the new class president."

"Thanks, I knew you'd be glad."

"Well it's kind of hard to sound very enthusiastic about anything when you haven't had much sleep."

"No. I feel all right. I'm not tired. Just a little worn out from a couple of weeks of chasing around—smokes and dopes and that kind of thing."

"No, of course, I'm not a nervous wreck. Don't be foolish. Didn't mean to snap at you. Sorry."

"Drinking? Just a little, now and then. Just to keep going . . ."

"Now, don't fuss so. I'll be all right in a few days."

"No, no, I'm not sick, just a little tired and nervous. Don't worry about me."

"Bert? I haven't seen him for a couple of days, about a week in fact."

"Yes, he was running for the same office I was, you know."

"Well, I wouldn't say that. He's probably a better man, but it's the machine that puts you into office."

"No, I'm not being modest—just frank. Well, I better hang up. Say hello to dad for me . . ."

"Thanks, mother, I'm glad you're glad. Goodbye."

## AND NOW THE END

(Continued from page four)

The clock's chime roused George from a doze. He yawned and raised his eyes. Four-thirty—two hours since he had gone upstairs and found Jane packing. Bewildered, he had asked the reason. She said nothing, but continued throwing things in the bag. Taking her arm, he asked again.

"I—I'm not sure, George. Only I'm beginning to think myself that you'd be foolish to leave."

He laughed. "Don't get a notion like that. Sounds like mother."

She looked at him queerly. "Yes. Yes, it does."

His mouth snapped shut, and he was unable to speak. Jane was sobbing quietly.

"Wha-what did she say, Jane?"

"It's not that, George. She said nothing."

He shook his head. "You couldn't change so suddenly." He took her hands. "Tell me, Jane, what did mother say?"

She looked down and tried to withdraw her hands.

"Please, don't, George."

"Tell me."

"She, oh—" Jane bit her lower lip. "She said I was to leave."

Stunned, he dropped her hands. Blood colored his face, and he felt a humming in his ears . . . "to leave . . ."

Jane snapped the case shut and picked up her hat and coat. At the door she turned. "Goodbye, George." Unhearing, he made no answer. He remained motionless in the center of the room.

When full consciousness of the situation came to him, he rushed to the steps. On the stairs he met his mother, but ran on unnoticed. Quickly he opened the door. And then he heard his mother's scream.

He saw her lying at the bottom of the steps with one leg turned up under the other. Something tore at his chest, and for an instant he stood still. Then he slowly closed the door and walked to her. He remembered her groan.

Then the doctor, nurses. They took

## The Lyrd

By MARGARET McCAULEY

*The Lyrd came out of the North last night,*

*With winter in his train;*

*His hoary locks were flecked with white,*

*And his robes were driving rain.*

*The storm clouds fled before him*

*Like ships on a startled sea,*

*And the trees bowed low to adore him,*  
*In his mighty majesty.*

*The trembling beasts hid away in their lairs;*

*Men quaked by their warm firesides:*

*For every creature alive bewares*

*When the storm king's fury rides.*

*He swept through the West, and his icy breath*

*Glased over the rivers and lakes;*

*He swept through the East, and his crows, Death,*

*Rode in the flying flakes.*

*The forests and towns that lay in his path,*

*He chilled in a wide clean swath:*

*And then with a ghastly mocking laugh,*

*He vanished again in the North.*



her upstairs and told him to go away.

Again the sick-room door opened. George breathed deeply and started up to meet the doctor.

"She's resting pretty easily now, George."

"Thank God," he muttered.

"But she'll have to be quiet a long time. Her age—"

"Yes, yes," George said. "May I see her now?"

The physician nodded. "But only for a moment."

George ran upstairs and tiptoed into the room. In the darkness, he could just make out her form on the bed. He leaned over, and as her head turned, he saw her drawn face.

"George," she whispered.

He said nothing, but took her hand and squeezed it.

"It's better now . . . but I'm so numb." She tried to move, but the effort made her shiver.

"Don't, mother." Knowledge of her condition fell upon him, and he drew in a sibilant breath.

"What is it, George?"

"Nothing, nothing." He swallowed hard. "I'm just glad you're all right."

She started to speak, then paused. "You-you're not going to leave me, George?"

His chest seemed to sink in and press his heart. In a tired voice, he whispered: "No, mother. Of course not. I'm not going to leave."

She smiled and closed her eyes. Her breathing became deeper, and George felt the nurse tap his shoulder.

"You'll have to go now, Mr. Arthur. The doctor wants to see you."

He nodded, and stood up wearily. Softly he walked from the room. Downstairs he found the doctor talking to the other nurse. When he saw George, he dismissed her and stepped forward.

"Well, George, she seems to be getting along fine. She's got a long way ahead of her, but"—he smiled, and put his arm around George—"she'll make it all right."

"Thanks, doctor." George sank into a nearby chair.

At the door, the doctor paused and scratched his chin. "Uh, George, your mother . . . said something about your going somewhere . . ."

"Yes, I was. But that's all off now, of course."

"Unh-hunh." The doctor cleared his throat. "Yes. You see, your mother's condition . . . she'll need you pretty badly." He rubbed his jaw. "I didn't want to tell you, but . . . she'll never leave her bed."

The physician put on his hat. "Well, it's too bad about the trip, George. I guess it wasn't important."

George shook his head. "No," he mumbled. "No, it wasn't important."

## Three Runic Poems

By RICHARD CHASE

### THE BEGINNING

*Like a cicada shrilling in a tree,  
pulsing his song in slow increasing waves—  
a summer locust hidden in a tree,  
from heavy stillness whirling sound on sound—  
. . . somewhere in Yggdrasil Urfather sang,  
and filled all space with wheeling suns and worlds;  
threw out these singing systems from his breast  
and hushed, returned again to soundlessness,  
deep-hidden in the Tree.*

### AFTER RAGNA-ROK

*"Then Spake Gangleri: Shall any of the gods live then or shall there be any Heaven or any Earth? Harr answered: Vidar shall be living, inasmuch as neither Sea nor the Fire of Satyr shall have harmed him and he shall dwell in Viithi of trees and high standing grass, and the sons of Thor shall come there and they shall have Mojnir. After that Baldur shall come thither, and Hodur, from Hel."—from the Eddas.*

*From driving scuds of broken cloud earthward  
he came, so swift and quiet down the wind,  
riding knee-clutched upon a wild sky roan—*

*I hardly knew when he was near, or when  
or when he hailed me there across that stormy wold—  
wind-shattered words already long fore-known*

*fell like the rain upon my waiting heart:*

*"Wes hael, thou son of Earth! The gods' long Weird  
is done, and Baldur risen out of Hel!"  
I heard it said, I knew that he was come*

*before my startled eyes were fixed—  
and then*

*I saw the restless hooves denting the sod,  
the naked god's white hands, his quiet eyes*

*that turned upon me when he slacked the rein.*

*Vidar, The Silent One, high Woden's child,  
had touched the Earth, had said his Say,  
and gone.*

*—My heart beat high with runic prophecies.—*

*A long beam broke the sundown rifts,  
where far*

*beyond the clouds, beyond the blazing sun,  
across a shining risen Earth I heard  
the laughing of Alfater's sons, embarking.*

### REQUIEM

*Lay me naked on a hill,  
near mossed grey rocks  
and under cedar trees—  
white and clean in the Earth,  
like an empty snail-shell under fallen leaves,  
forgotten, lost,  
taken close to the warm breast that nourished me.*

*Let me be drifted deep in the cool-rooted soil,  
and the wind bear me  
from the swaying branches of a Tree—  
only then shall my love for the Earth be full,  
only then shall I rise quick in the storm.*

### SUMMER MORNING

(Continued from page one)

the awnings—so that it slipped down? Why did he leave one of the screen doors open—allowing the flies to get in?

Customers began to come along. Mr. Person bought his usual copy without saying a word—grasping it and hurried off, his eyes glued to the front page. Old Dr. Sandquist came up with a serious mien and left with his paper, his saturnine expression intensified. Mr. Evans answered Sam's salutations with a mere grumble—unusual for him, the best-natured insurance man in town . . .

The sun rose higher.

If Sam had been more observant he would have noticed that as the shadows shortened the number of women and children in the streets lessened, while, on the other hand, the number of men increased. Little knots of citizens gathered here and there in spirited conversation. Occasionally Sam heard stray bits of sentences and phrases like "Sheriff won't dare—," "damned nigger," "what are we waiting for?" and numerous other expletives and expressions of aroused feelings.

The roof of the jail was by this time almost the color of blood.

By nine o'clock Sam's papers had miraculously diminished to a single copy. Sam didn't notice it, but women and children were almost nowhere to be seen. Neither did his sleep-becclouded brain understand why groups of men, most of them made up of the rougher elements of the town, gathered here and there and talked in sibilant undertones.

Mr. Millman came out of his store and shouted to a passing friend something "it doesn't look so good to me." Sam saw the door of the jail open slowly and the head of Sheriff Peter-

son appear, then move from side as if looking up and down the street . . . the wind had risen slightly and the flag on top of the jail whipped and cracked with a staccato motion . . . the crowd increased . . . old man Crooks stumped down the street crying out unintelligible imprecations . . . Sam's eyes suddenly dropped to the front page of the paper he was holding and he caught his breath sharply as the significance of the streamer head-lines came upon him . . . and with a shrill outcry of "go get 'im," the mob surged toward the jail . . . the newsboy, his eyes dilated and his mouth agape, didn't notice the copper penny which dropped from his hand and rolled into the gutter—flashing blood-red in the rays of the sun.

## WHAT YOUTH MOVEMENT?

(Continued from page one)

manhood whispered that the exhibition outside was so unnecessary and unruly. The rest didn't even know what was going on.

When the gathering of young manhood and womanhood doffed their hats to each other and proclaimed their momentous convocation adjourned they were assured that although in body they might be dispersed, in spirit they presented a united front. Thrilled, they were, with the breath-taking thought that they were bound by a spiritual bond no knife could sever.

In Rome . . . In Berlin . . . In Havana . . . In Madrid . . . In Paris . . . In Tokyo . . . And in our own Washington.

## Sonnet

By WILTON MASON

*I never thought that I could bear again  
To trace my way through hills and hollows where,*

*In our slow evening walks, the skyline clear*

*Caught at our throats with joyous clutching pain,*

*And where the sunset, brilliant after rain,*

*Spread its resplendent glory everywhere,  
Gilding the tops of mountains far and near*

*With radiant light—a shimmering, golden stain.*

*I thought that with you beauty, too,  
must die;*

*I had not dared the old, hushed paths to try*

*Till yesterday the sunlight broke my will,*

*And called me out; and, wandering down the ways,*

*I felt, as in those joyous yesterdays,  
Your spirit, living white and glorious still.*



## Trivia

By JOHN F. BUTLER

## Memory—

I keep a picture gallery in some remote apartment in my mind's establishment of girls I have known and thought I loved. It is a delightful place to go after hard work, after disillusionment, after daily dream-shattering. I walk through its halls and look and look. I need no catalogue. I know each separate face. And cherish them all. I am happy until I come out again. Usually, I keep the door to this gallery locked. But the key has many duplicates—an old tune or a snatch of verse.

## Jannette—

There is a lady in Charleston about whom many stories are told. Her name is Jannette. Calm and beautiful, she has learned the ways of the world. That has made her sad, but she regrets nothing. She refuses to grow bitter. Disillusion becomes her; disenchantment adorns her; and she grows more beautiful with the passing years. She believes in God, and puts her faith in the tears of the angels, which in due course will wash the world clean of prejudice and prosecution. She is weak, and cannot live without love. She is brave, for she will always ignore experience. She listens to her heart, and smiles at herself. But sometimes she weeps, for she is very human.

## AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SEX?

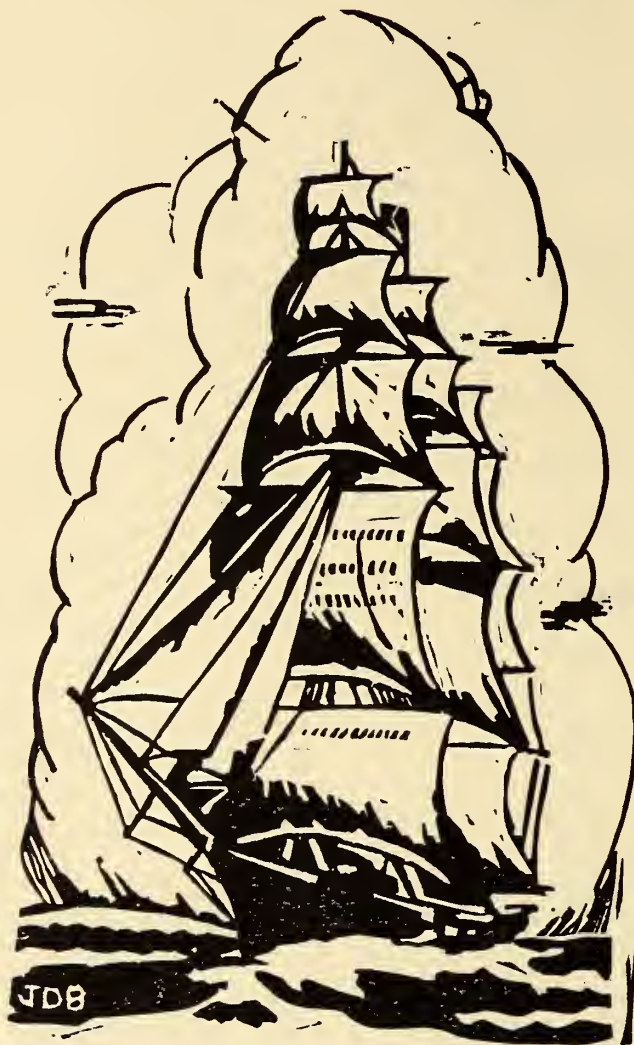
(Continued from page five)

printable words, gross cartoons, and pronounced cases of perversion, the interest in sex has shifted to a healthier and more normal sphere.

As the public is perceiving that sex properly handled serves not as an end in itself in literature but as a property necessary to the depicting of the complete human personality in action, it is drawing a half-forgotten distinction between sex and coarseness. It is testing the use to which a writer puts the sexual element in his efforts. It is questioning his sincerity and purpose in introducing the abnormal and is inspecting the result rather than concenrating its attention on the actual description of sex in operation.

With this re-discovery of the true role and function of sex in literature there has of necessity been a rejection of the counterfeit. The coarse could maintain its popularity only so long as it was position to conceal sex in its proper form. Proven false by a peculiar combination of circumstances, indecency is nothing more than pitiful when it attempts to appeal to a public which is on the high road in the opposite direction.

## Admiral Byrd's "The Bear"



By Julian D. Bobbitt

## The Editors' Chair

Criticism of any college publication is invariably aimed at the editor and his staff. If the editor is, as Mr. Barrymore might be paraphrased "impervious to criticism," he immediately classes his critics in two categories: Those who like his publication are individuals of rare critical perception, intellectual Titans, and thoroughly rational, sensible people who know a good thing when they see it; the others, the dissenters, are morons of the first order.

Happily, few of the editorial genre ever arrive at the "public be damned" attitude. Yet, on occasion, an editor restrains his inclination to wrap the nearest chair around the neck of his most unfriendly critic, he often pauses to wonder whether he or the critic is responsible for the attitude.

An ex-editor of this publication once said to the writer, "I considered myself lucky when I had two or three readable contributions in each issue of the *Magazine*."

But there is no serious indictment in that statement. The *Magazine*, in

every department, has always existed as a laboratory for those who desire to see their efforts in print, and to profit thereby in criticism of the intelligent sort.

The *Magazine* does not propose to affect a *Harpers*, or an *Atlantic Monthly*, or an *American Mercury* complex. We are, after all, just college lads who have an itch to write and publish . . . and when you gotta' write, you gotta' write.

Yet it is the desire of the editors to publish as much interesting material as he is able to extract from the campus, at the same time avoiding the inclination to pander to popular taste in featuring contributions with little semblance of literary form and a minute suspicion of any profundity.

We do not pose purely as a literary magazine. Happily, there is an intense and sincere interest in creative writing on the campus. Those columns are the avenue on which our literateurs may parade. As a laboratory we can be nothing more. The laboratory course, of course, is optional.

## SON OF THE RODS, JR.

(Continued from page three)

greeted by a—yes!—a Chinaman. A weighty feather broke my arm.

"Smoke?"

The Chink was holding a package of Luckies toward me. I shook my head, pulled out my pipe and asked, "Got a load of opium?"

## Shanghai:

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter goes the rain. No, that's not it! Pitter-patter, slither-slather, blither-blather, two Chinamen are following me. What do they want? Why do they follow me? Chinamen are everywhere. I am bewildered and doubting.

It was a Chinatown. Shanghai! Like others who have been shanghaied, I arrived here never knowing how or when. I looked at my wrist-watch—the next day was Tuesday.

## Tokyo:

Distinctly Oriental, lots of Japs, a flavor of the Orient in the air, jinrikishas, gin rickeys, and stuff.

A yaller wench with yaller skin and yaller teeth yalled at me.

"Funnee boy wantee goee on partee, mebbeee?"

"How muchee?" In my polished Japanese.

"Four cash."

"Sure cash, but how much?"

"Four, I telle you, four cash."

"Whatee kindee partee?" I was dropping my accent.

"Anee kindee. French?"

"Nope. Kansas City, m-o."

Her Orientals dropped.

"Okey-dokey, yank. Come up and we'll make some whoopee."

"Nope. See you in Kansas City."

"Yuuuuu nahsthty ma-an!"

## Forgotten Gods

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

*In graven silence the stone Gods sit,  
Proud of the dead court, proud of  
guarding it,*

*Proud and aloof, still and cold,  
The work of men in the days of old.*

*Blank eyes watching o'er the dead town,  
Watching the pools where the boar  
comes down,*

*Staring darkly, waiting for man,  
With his offerings of gold, and his  
plumed fan.*

*But man the creator, the maker of Gods,  
Man is gone, and the wild boar nods,  
Plodding his way to the marble pool,  
For his evening drink in the evening  
cool.*

*And weak little man, the God of the  
Gods,  
Will never come back, so the wild boar  
nods,*

*In tolerant reverence, as he returns  
To sleep where the Gods think the  
altar-fire burns.*



# The Carolina Magazine

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## Ladies of the Past . . . «Not with the Rank and File» . . . By Edith Harbour

### FOREWORD

Chapel Hill is predominantly a man's town though less so now than in the college generations gone by, but there were a few women who marched not with the rank and file through the dimly-lettered pages of the University's history but held a place distinctive in the life and times of which they were a part. Theirs was an influence greater and certainly more far-reaching than that of even the co-eds of the present. (Biographical data from Battle's *History of the University of North Carolina*, Vols. I and II.)

Chapel Hill must have presented a dismal aspect to those first ladies who came with their professor-husbands to the then infantile University of North Carolina. But Mrs. Elisha Mitchell who came as a bride from Connecticut and endured many inconveniences in transportation before arriving at the little college town evidently found nothing lacking in either Southern hospitality or Southern cooking. In a letter to her mother she described a Carolina dinner given in her honor as consisting of: "Roast turkey with duck, roast beef and broiled, (sic) broiled chicken, Irish and sweet potatoes, turnips, rice, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, stewed apples, boiled pudding, baked potato pudding, damson tarts, current tarts, apple pies and whippis."

There were still few women in Chapel Hill in the twenties. One of the belles of that day was Miss Sarah Williams Kittrell who "raised the tunes in Church Service." At the time she was engaged to a promising young senior. The match was broken off, however, because of his poverty and the great distance he lived from Chapel Hill. She married and moved to Texas; he later became United States Senator. The acknowledged leader among the ladies was the President's wife. Mrs. Caldwell (Helen Hogg) was born in Hillsboro. She prayed fervently but never aloud at prayer meetings and inaugurated reading clubs among the women of the village. Between 1820 and 1830 there was an increase in professional salaries, and it was noticed immediately afterward that the professors' ladies were dressing more fashionably.

There was another side to the pic-

## Sounding Brass and Tinkling Cymbal

By JOHN FREDRIC BUTLER

*Why is it that I laugh when I behold  
A Gothic temple from an age that's old  
Rear up its spire in southern woods of  
pine*

*And thumb its nose at this young land  
of mine?*

*Why is it that I think, "This is a  
corker,"*

*When I look through my copy of "New  
Yorker"*

*And see the pages blanked in forced  
submission*

*To laws of States that haven't any  
vision.*

*Why is it that our poetry of late*

*Incites in me a most delirious state  
And finds with me its not intended  
worth*

*In provocation of unbridled mirth?*

*I think I know the reason. Listen now.*

*I'll whisper it to you if you'll allow.*

*I do not wish to hurt the misled poet,  
Although I think 'twould do him good  
to know it.*

*These poor benighted souls can't speak  
of passion*

*Without a Venus nude in ancient fash-  
ion.*

*Nor can they tell about the rising sun  
Without Apollo horses on the run.*

*I cannot figure out a crazier picture  
Than Pan, Myth's biological mixture,  
With horns thrown back, (nothing's  
supiner)*

*Cavorting through the woods of North  
Carolina.*

*There're Pats, and Libs, and Dots, and  
Clementines,*

*To whom young swains now offer  
Valentines,*

*But not an Aphrodite or a Venus  
For Greece is dead and they were of  
that genus.*

*Why can't the budding poets write in  
meter*

*Of things around them—things that  
are concrete.*

*And leave the Gods in Greece or an-  
cient Rome?*

*Why can't they write about the things  
at Home?*

*Another point I should like to mention  
And try to bring to everyone's attention  
Concerns this verse so damnably exotic.  
Are all our poets hopelessly neurotic?*

*Or are they kids quite hopelessly di-  
verted*

*By Hemingway and other ginks per-  
verted?*

*If so, I recommend a random line  
Of Dorothy Parker or of Hoffenstein.  
Stay Home!—See your own country  
first.*

*There're liquids here to quench your  
poet's thirst*

*For verse and even lines of greater im-  
port*

*And you won't have to worry about a  
passport.*

*The really great, of course, speak uni-  
versals,*

*But only after many fond rehearsals,  
And what they said, I think was never  
said*

*By talking of an age already dead.  
We've tired of all this exotic allusion  
And hereby recommend a strong ablu-  
tion.*

*"From the ridiculous to the sublime,"  
I've uttered knowingly from time to  
time,*

*But now I find this ancient saying must  
Be changed: Sublime's become ridicu-  
lous.*

ture. In her "Southern Tour, or Second Series of the Black Book" published in 1830 Mrs. Anne Royall writes that the University was under the dominion of "these she wild cats, a Priest ridden woman, fleecing the last cent of pocket money from the innocent, unsuspecting young man . . . Not a step dare the hen-pecked President take without appraising this tyrannical woman." The current opinion was that

this vitriolic outburst was occasioned by the fact that Mrs. Royal was avoided by faculty wives when she was in Chapel Hill. Some went so far as to say that she was either a malicious and untruthful woman or else demented. There is a story to the effect that Mrs. Royall who travelled alone (outlandish behavior for a woman of that day) received a bad first impression of Chapel Hill because the inn keeper's wife greet-

ed her with, "Have you no man with you?"

Then there were the "four Maries," benefactresses of the University in a financial sense, who are commemorated by marble tablets placed near the main entrance in the new Memorial Hall. Mary Ruffin Smith, daughter of an Orange County physician, left the bulk of her fortune to the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina and 1,500 acres in Chatham County to the University to be used to further the education of indigent students. Mary Elizabeth (Morgan) Mason who died in 1894 bequeathed to the University a tract of about eight hundred acres of land about two miles from Chapel Hill which had been purchased by her grandfather from the Earl of Granville. Mary Shepherd (Bryan) Speight also left a legacy to the University. Mary Ann Smith, daughter and heiress of a Raleigh merchant who had accumulated much of this world's goods, made a will in 1861 in which she left half of her estate to the University for the endowment of "such a chair as shall teach both the science of Chemistry and its experimental application to the useful arts." She died in 1891, having been for many years prior to her death an inmate of the insane asylum. The University, in lieu of an attempt to prove her sanity in 1861, accepted a compromise of \$37,000. The westernmost dormitory on the campus is named in her honor the Mary Ann Smith Building, but it is commonly called "the Graduate Club."

Conspicuous among the other women who supported the University through its lean years is Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, bell-ringer extraordinary and writer of an endless procession of hymns and odes. She was equally capable of writing naiads in Professor Winston's spring or of glorifying the University in poems of praise. Extremely learned was Mrs. Spencer, and her potent pen kept the plight of the University in its darkest days ever before the public eye. The co-ed shack is named for her. It is related that the last object her dying eyes rested upon was a picture of the campus and her last words referred to the University: "The University is prospering evidently. As I resign my interest in it I leave it in good hands. *Deo gratias.*"



## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

### Hello Again

Ensnared in our deep leather chair, our feet on our solid mahogany desk, a handsome bust of Homer on our left and a rich leather quarto of Keats on our right, we crackle our paper cuffs and meditate upon the fate of the next Carolina Magazine. Outside, a few glistening flakes of well-bred snow patter decorously at our leaden window pane. A pair of robins who thought they had come south for the winter discuss the weather in cultured twitters on a telephone wire out beyond the snow flakes. We scratch our head with a silver handled letter opener, a gift from the P.U. board for not writing any nasty editorials about them. This is the life, we sigh, and turn wearily to a sheaf of vellum copy paper, and with our feather quill, scrawl another of these enlightening little messages on the follies and foibles of our times. The Carolina Magazine (Est. 1844, flourit 1934) must go to press.

### Over Here

Somehow, all this talk of pacifism is not quite in tone with the present policy of the University administration. All day long the dull boom of dynamite discharges reverberates across the campus, rattling the windows like so many siege guns. The CWA has dug trenches everywhere, grim looking affairs that wind about these hallowed grounds like the battlements of some shell torn no man's land. Now and then we peer cautiously in their direction, half expecting to see the ugly snout of a Springfield rifle protrude above the parapet. The library stacks are under martial law, a vised passport and a psychoanalysis the requisite documents of admittance. Nervous, white-faced young men pace about the campus like so many infantry recruits on furlough. It seems that the English department has just given a new, pass-proof comprehensive examination.

### One More Spring

It is with a great deal of foreboding that we anticipate the advent of Spring, so gloriously heralded by May-like last week-end. For with Spring our poets get restless. Nice, innocuous little sonnets rhyming "love" and "dove," "mine" and "sublime," "heart" and "lark" et cetera land upon us. Our poetry editor, a level-headed young man in season, throws up his hands in horror and rushes off into the woods to slash his wrists with a pair of razor-edge hokkus. We, who are a dog-in-the-manger about love sonnets anyway, always say philosophically that that is life,

and the Spring will always bring sonnets, come or no the revolution.

### Moment Difficile

Two friends of ours who attended the Ballet Russe dances in Durham the other night, report a most embarrassing experience. Shortly before the curtain came up a mysterious gentleman tripped down the aisle and presented each of our friends with a Coca-Cola, liberally garnished with straws. Less sedate members of the sedate audience suppressed guffaws and looked on to see what would happen. Our friends, a lady and a gentleman, nonplussed for a moment, rose to the occasion, and sat through a whole routine sipping the dopes with a minimum of noise and a maximum of gentility. Finished 'em to the last drop, too.

## MDCDXXXIV

By PAUL SELBY

*O, I have listened with a curious ear  
That I might hear*

*Within the ancient watchwork of the  
past*

*The fleeting fast*

*Of present days—how the wheels of  
time*

*Enmesh in rhyme*

*That matches with the music of the  
spheres,*

*And how the years*

*Their tales of hope and sorrow chime  
away,*

*And how the day*

*Tells forth upon the setting of the sun  
A new deed done.*

*O, I have listened . . . but have only  
found*

*That round and round*

*Upon the face the hands have once  
more rolled*

*And once more told*

*Another Hour towards eternity,  
Silently.*

## Winter Tale

(Translated from the Irish of an unknown author of the ninth century.)

By CHARLES E. LLOYD

*A tale for you: a stag bells, long, with-  
drawn.*

*The winter snows. The summertime is  
gone.*

*The high wind's cold; the sun is hang-  
ing low;*

*His course is short. The rivers brim-  
ming flow.*

*Deep red the fern; her form all hid  
from eyes.*

*Wild geese resume their long-accustom-  
ed cries.*

*The bird's swift wings are prisoned by  
the cold.*

*It is the time of ice. My story's told.*

## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### Mostly Canallers—

For some five years Walter D. Edmonds has been quietly engaged in building up a fine folk-literature of the Erie Canal region. In his three novels, *Rome Haul*, *The Big Barn*, and *Erie Water* he gave an inclusive account of the waterway's history up to the Civil War period. In these twenty-four stories, many of which have appeared in magazines during the past few years, he attempts to fill in whatever gaps he considers left by his previous work.

As might be expected, the Canal itself recedes in importance before the rich personalities associated with the area which Edmonds has symbolized by it. Yet there is an underlying unity in the volume in that virtually every story depicts a phase of either the rise or fall of the waterway. The tales range from the exciting days of the digging of the Canal down to the advent of the railroad which relegated it eventually to the position of an historical curiosity, a fit field for the exploration of a writer such as Edmonds.

Canallers are a curious breed. It is their lot ever to witness change and expansion, yet seldom to play more than a passive role therein. Background figures in a great movement, they pilot their crafts, tend their locks and develop a sense of restlessness seldom to be gratified. Only vicariously do they experience the adventure and thrill that the character of their work dangles before them but never grants.

It is thus that many of the tales are not strictly of canallers but of individuals incidentally or temporarily associated with the region. Pioneers, trap-

pers, immigrants, state dignitaries mingle freely in the pages with the tavern-keepers, pilots, freight-bearers and various other typical characters of the countryside. Edmonds' ability to blend these elements into convincing and active tales is one of the keys to the pleasurable effect of the book as a whole and the stories individually.

Most of the selections are frankly sentimental. Happy, humorous endings generally succeed fierce fights, alarming accidents, and grisly adventures. Those stories which are less gay, less playful in spirit are frequently lacking in the warmth and sincerity which pervades the lighter tales. Of the more serious type, "The Trapper," the very first story in the volume, is an admirable exception to the generalization above. More than almost all others, it has a bleakness and strength which penetrates deeply. Edmonds is perhaps at his best when he is giving the general atmosphere of the periods. Then, more than when he concentrates on character and plot, he achieves an admirable reality overcast with a pleasing whimsicality.

## Jerry

By ROBERT LEEPER

*Jerry had a gay laugh,  
He had a quick tongue;  
Jerry never heard the wind  
While he was young.*

*He never heard the stormwind  
Moaning at the logs,  
Racing by the corner  
Like a pack of fox dogs.*

*He never heard the northwind  
Bringing the snow;  
His laugh was always drowning  
Its fiercest blow.*

*He had wild parties  
In his old log shack;  
They drank their way to fairyland  
And slept their way back.*

*They drank red wine  
And sang so bold  
They stole away the long years  
Till Jerry was old.*

*Jerry first heard the wind  
After sixty-two;  
He sat and listened to it  
With nothing else to do.*

*He heard the wild storms come  
Tearing through the trees;  
He heard the old winds—  
And his laugh would freeze.*

*Jerry was a gay lad  
Years and years ago—  
And how he came to fear the wind  
None of us know.*

## The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the  
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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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## "Toasted Susie is My Ice Cream"

*Four Saints in Three Acts*, book by Gertrude Stein, Random House, New York, \$1.00 (An Opera to Be sung).

The ever-adventuresome Random House, who gave us *Ulysses* after a court struggle, go afield again to publish the libretto of Miss Stein's opera, now a curiosity for Manhattan opera enthusiasts. Unfortunately we have not had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Thomson's music, nor have we any conception of the exotic celophane sets which garnish the opera. And, strangely enough, after reading the opera book, we know quite as much about the opera as we do about its other ramifications.

It seems, however, that there are four Saints and three acts; yet we count at least twenty-one Saints and four acts. Stage directions and scene numbers are sung by the cast, all of them, incidentally, negroes, who, at the time of staging, were reputed to have appeared in white-face.

The plot, ranging about Miss Stein's own particular type of tautology, is a bit beyond us. We tried reading the book while listening to Baby Rose Marie singing "Thmoak Gets In Youah Eyyyes," but we were still in the dark. Then we tried reading Arthur Brisbane on one side and Miss Stein on the other. The result was a queer conglomeration of platitudes that ran something like this: "The pigeons on the grass alas the army needs army Mr. Hearst pigeons air large army force pigeons grass working army air grass man Roosevelt."

Some of Miss Stein's lines some of rich are rich lines:

"To know to know to love her so.  
Four saints prepare for saints.  
It makes it well fish.  
Four saints it makes it well fish."

The above comes in the prologue to the first act, which sets under way only after several scenes are omitted, and others are repeated. Once, in Act III, the saints repeat "Once in a while" for a solid crowded page.

The most popular chorus comes in the last Act, Scene II (which for some reason comes before Scene I):

"Pigeons on the grass alas  
Pigeons on the grass alas.

Short longer grass short longer  
longer shorter yellow grass Pigeons  
large pigeons on the shorter longer grass  
alas pigeons on the grass."

The final act swells to a close with the lines:

"To Saints.  
Four Saints.  
And Saints.

Five Saints  
To Saints.  
Last Act.  
Which is a fact."

Miss Stein is indubitably a genius, or so she says. If this be genius the history books need re-writing. But, then, no Steinomaniac, we are perhaps one of those people lacking a sense of the finer subtleties. We're through. Which is true.—Donald Cleavenger.

## The Lady in Scarlet

By SARA HALL

On the peak of Silence I stand and survey the plain of men below. Within the shapeless heaving mass my eyes distinguish one figure. It is the Lady in Scarlet, the unreality of myself; it is the color and the shape of men's minds. It is invested with the lusts of all in whose minds it exists, shaped by the tongues of women, impelled by the murmurous current of unintelligible words from distorted unseen mouths.

Into the darkest caverns of opinion my eyes follow the Lady in Scarlet; pitiful stumbling figure, she is a shade among shades, while here upon the mountain the air is clear and sharp, and peace is bought by turning the eyes away from the delusion of fellowship.

The Lady in Scarlet is not of me, nor I of her; and yet, if I were not, neither would she be. These storms of the mountain are black with the blackness of original night, and bright with the lightning sword of passion. What can she know beyond the sickly breath of the foul flesh-linked minds?

Crawl, little beasts of men, live on in your unreality, writhe in your Bacchanalian orgies, worship at the feet of Dionysus. Reflect justly, Scarlet Lady, the hearts of your creators. Here with me are the rejected; here music gives itself freely to the bosom of unrent air, and the colors of dawn undisturbed dance in the heavens.

Here is a word complete in itself, and the door is closed, and the key is in my hand. If I move among the walks of men, I am hidden by the Lady in Scarlet, that none may know what I am. What she does I cannot tell; only you may tell, and by your telling she is nothing, and she is yours. The world and I are well content with one another.

## Sentence

By SARA HALL

I hear the drums, drawing nearer.  
I bruise my futile hands against the  
walls of ancient fear.  
The drums will pass, and I will be  
alone  
Within my cell of silence—  
O, inexorable Self!

## In The Book World

*A Modern Tragedy* by Phyllis Bentley.  
(MacMillan) \$2.50.

Miss Bentley has chosen as the locale of her new novel a place not many miles distant from the setting of *Inheritance*. The theme of the story is the rise and fall of young Walter Haigh. The first half reads like a parody version of Horatio Alger. Our hero, engaged in the textile business with his father for an old established firm, meets Trasker, a newcomer to the industry. The magnate realizing the possibility of "using" this likable young man with a ring of sincerity to his voice, offers him a place in his firm. From then on his rise is rapid. He learns that high finance depends as much upon manipulating as upon hard work. He lends tacit consent and an air of authenticity to Trasker's schemes and thereby constantly betters himself. He marries the daughter of a neighboring tycoon and is whole-heartedly accepted by her family. We see him living in a completely re-decorated but only partially paid for manor house, the youngest director of an ever expanding company, and an inspiration to all poor middle class young men of ambitions. But exaggeration of values, falsification of accounts, and recapitalization of companies serve only to delay, but not to prevent the crash of the Trasker interests, and to precipitate the "tragedy."

Alexander Woolcott (*New Yorker* and *Radio*) and George S. Kaufman (*Of Thee I Sing*) thought that there wasn't enough good old time theatric excitement on Broadway so they worked together on a play that utilizes a beautiful actress under a hypnotic spell, a murder committed in full view of the audience, and conversation in the modern manner. Altogether *The Dark Tower* is a play that will burn the hair. Random House is responsible for the published version.

*The Cross of Peace* by Philip Gibbs is definitely a novel of propaganda; that is, the use of events and the formation of characters are shaped by the cause which is the driving force behind the author's pen. However, it is well written and presents certain phases of the War and of still more bitter Peace which followed, that are unknown to the general reader.

Dodd Meade and Company have brought out two of Shaw's plays and one short dramatic dialogue in one volume, the format of which is similar to that of the old Brentano editions. *Too True To Be Good* was produced by

the Guild in 1931. *On The Rocks*, a political comedy, was given in London, and will be seen in New York before the end of the present season. Both plays, the argumentative reader will be glad to know, are backed up by the typical Shavian Preface.

Gerald Johnson and Paul Green have contributed to *Harpers Magazine* for March. Mr. Johnson, once professor of journalism at this institution has written an article, "On Playing the Flute Badly." He believes that it might be better for "the inner man" if he produced a little music of his own now and then, rather than resting content in his ability to enjoy the best of symphony music with the twirl of his radio dial. Mr. Green's "Fine Wagon" is a story of western North Carolina country folk.—Mary Dirnberger.

## To M. B.

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

Love, love while the world is young,  
So said the bard to me.  
So have the nightingale troubadours  
sung,  
So must it always be.  
But my love of blue eyes, and the trim  
little waist,  
And the play of the gold in her hair,  
Demurely and surely has whetted my  
taste,  
Now drives me to madness for fair.  
Just as calm as can be, she has danced  
with me,  
But, closing her eyes to my pleas,  
Not a word will she hear, and too sadly  
I fear  
That she is not conquered with ease.  
But my time is yet long, so the end of  
my song  
Must wait till I've labored yet longer.  
And concerning my lotus, I'll tack up  
a notice,  
Whenever my chances grow stronger.

## English Teacher

By ROBERT LEEPER

Do you recall how she read "Snow-  
bound"  
On the black winter day  
When the wind blew at the panes  
And then blew away?  
How, after that, the flakes came,  
Slanting down the air,  
Making lines before the woodland  
Like grey streaked hair?  
Do you recall—why do I ask,  
Since one time you have known  
The sifting snowflakes in her voice,  
Their whisper through her tone.



## Telephone at Nine

By WILBUR DORSETT

"I'm getting moldy!"

"You're getting what?"

"I tell you, Mr. Gilbert, I'm just naturally molding by slow degrees. If the clouds don't rain out some time this month and let us have a little sunshine I'm going to be worse than a rotten potato. Talk about depressed—" That from Julie, Julie Mullins, her fat face behind brown rimmed glasses. That coming from one who was as clever as a wet dishrag sparked the Seniors in American History into a peanut-gallery laugh. Hahahaha, Julie!

Their mirth was hearty, as much as an outlet of rainy day restlessness as for Julie's remark.

*Thank Caesar's ghost*, thought James W. Gilbert, teacher of American History in Melville High, *Julie's awakened a little fire in this dead period*. And he said, "Well now, I don't suppose a one of us feels any more cheerful over the rain than you do, Julie . . . But that isn't getting the Panic of 1873 straightened out. You remember that since the early days of the war all business had been carried on in debased greenbacks which the government refused to redeem at face value in gold. The business classes of the East wanted all this 'cheap money' withdrawn. So a start was made to take the greenbacks out of circulation—gradually. But the Western farmers and the Southern planters raised too big a howl . . . I wonder if anyone knows just why these farmers protested? . . . Cullen?"

Cullen, busy at plaiting the window shade cord, was startled into mumbling, "Mmm—I didn't quite understand the question."

"Well, does anybody know? . . . Carol?"

Carol knew. She always did. "I suppose it's because they owed so much more money to the big business men. If the greenbacks decreased in number their value would go up. And then they would have to pay back so much more than they actually borrowed."

Gilbert bothered himself inwardly. Why did he ask her? Another slip. She always knows. She's been doing so much of the answering that the class has almost become a dialogue between Carol and him. And she's been known as his pet every since school started. Pet, pet. For six months—it was now late March—pet. What a stigma for her to labor under. And it made him "partial." Partial! My God, what could he do? All the rest were a mile behind her. She led in all of her other classes as well.

The whole thing would pulsate through him as an instantaneous sensa-

tion, over and over again during his class. These flashes were merely the holding-overs of hours of debating alone in his room each night before.

How could he keep the students from knowing he loved her? These sixteen year old boys and girls, ever conscious of the "Sweetheart" combinations in their group, were too alert for such an affinity to escape them. He had many times deliberately marked her lower than she should have been in order to make a convincing display of impartiality.

*Why doesn't she brush back that wisp of hair from her eyes and let me go on with my lecture? Why doesn't she draw that orange scarf around her throat?*

He went on to the class, "These Patrons of Husbandry had been in existence among the farmers since 1867—first just as a rural social activity. Our modern Grange—just like the one in this county—came from that." Nora Bryant, who's daddy brought her five miles into school every day, brightened up. Now that was something she could grasp. "But during the Panic it grew into more than just a social organization."

Carol had gone into a mental huddle, too. *Mother will make dinner nauseating . . . I'm seventeen; she was married at that age. What if he is my teacher? He's only twenty-two. Five years difference. Daddy was eight years older than Mother . . . Marge Cline Conkling making that nasty remark about Mr. Gilbert helping me with my home work. It is no more than if a twenty-two year old shoe salesman—*

Cullen saw that little nervous jerk of her head as she looked up to the teacher. *Hell fire! I wonder if she does.—A history teacher! Whatta dumb life he must lead, him and Ulysses Grant and Lincoln. And just one year out of college . . . No feeling! history teachers don't—*

"Now these Granges undertook to regulate prices themselves. They pooled their funds, and saved a great deal of money by getting their tools and supplies together. The State Grange of Iowa even built factories to manufacture their own tools."

"Ain't that Socialism?" grumbled Rolfe Glasgow.

"Well, it happened even if—" *Uh, oh. Don't use that word again. As the town's banker, Rolfe's papa wouldn't like Rolfe's bringing that home to dinner . . . On the school board, too. When in pedagogy think as the papas think.* And Gilbert continued with Grant.

"Among the exposures during his second administration (*why doesn't she do something*) was the unearthing of the "Whiskey Ring" (*so that I can keep her after class?*). They had been

defrauding the government (*Thank God, she and Cullen—*) Cullen, what are you and Carol disturbing the class about? Both of you had beter come by after class and see if we can't get it straightened out."

Cullen protested, "Aw, Mr. Gilbert, we were just—"

"And to go on with the Whiskey Ring—" *Is that clock hand moving? Must be broken. I'll have the janitor get it right with the master clock.*

The hand crept on to 12:30 and released the hungry girls and boys. The bell was followed by the clashing of locker-doors in the hall and the scampering of hundreds of feet rushing down the stairs to the waiting family cars out at the beflooded curb. This clamor gave cover to Carol's conversation with Jimmy Gilbert after Cullen had left.

"Yes, I think she'll let me, Mr. Gil—er—Jimmy."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Oh, you know. Mrs. Taggard next door, and the P. T. A. women."

\* \* \*

It stopped raining that afternoon and the little town enjoyed a greenish-yellow March sunset behind its roofs and smoke.

That night Gilbert's wine colored Chevrolet coupe squeaked its brakes in front of Carol Murdock's home. Jimmy Gilbert walked up the short broad cement way between the heavy magnolias, and across the deep porch set with squat brick pillars.

In the reception hall a moment later he was begging Carol, "Aw, come on, let's duck this. There's a swell show in Charlotte. Stage show. This is its last night. We'll be back a little after midnight; only sixty miles."

This time her mother didn't care. She had heard caustic mention of the fact that the wine colored Chevrolet was sitting too often in front of their house. With a school board member living on one side and Mrs. Taggard on the other—the Mrs. Taggard who sleeps with one eye on the clock and the other on the Murdock's front steps—"Well, I suppose it'll be all right, but—"

"We haven't had to use the flat tire alibi yet, have we, Mrs. Murdock?" The three laughed at his remark.

The door of his car slammed and the motor raced the young couple away.

Mrs. Taggard's curtain wafted back into its natural, limp hanging position.

\* \* \*

In Charlotte after the show they decided to go by the coffee shop for midnight sandwiches and coffee. They lingered over their cups in the warmth of the shop. People were treading in and out, laughing to each other, greeting friends in the line of sheltered

booths. From above somewhere the radio played its endless jazz.

Carol looked up at Jimmy from under the saucy brim of her tipped hat. "I've had a grand time tonight!"

When they finally came out on the street they found it deserted except for an automobile or two silently huddled under the street light. Wind-blown papers were scattered about, highly whittened in the light of the moon between the buildings.

"Jimmy, let's don't ride home in such a hurry as you did coming over. The show, the hot coffee and food, and all make me feel kind of restfully tired. I don't want to go to sleep—that's so usual."

So they followed the wide road from turn to turn, from hill to hill, its broad asphalt coldness showing up clearly in the cloudless night. For miles and miles they drove on, with an early morning conversation of words that were too loud however quietly they were spoken. A lazily hummed song they did together in the tone of a lullaby. Her warm presence mesmerized his spirit.

Not so many miles from home he smiled, "I'm dating you strictly against the Superintendent's orders, little lady!"

"He's human, even if he is your boss."

"He isn't my boss. It's the Mayor, the School Board, Mrs. Taggard, Jed Hopkins, Preacher Marley, Mrs. Dell—all of them—the whole damn lot! The Superintendent's only a nurse maid."

"Yes, but why go over all that again?" Carol interrupted. "If you only could have waited until I had graduated before you came here, then you wouldn't have—er, started liking one of your pupils. Unpardonable Sin of the School! . . . Oh, look at how the power house across the river is lighted up! At that distance doesn't it look just like a yacht? I wonder if we could walk over on that path of light, couldn't we, Jimmy? Why, we could skate on that frozen light! . . . The river looks absolutely asleep."

She slipped her fur sleeve over his on the wheel. "Let's stop here on the bridge a little while to look at it."

"We'll cross first."

The car glided to a stop at the other end of the bridge. "Better view from Bynner's Bluff, though."

So, weaving around the hillside, the headlights followed the wiggling rut of the road. Cedars brushed the windows. Rocks gave the tires belly jabs.

When the coupe reached the top of the cliff Carol cried, "Don't run off Oh, God." The brakes jerked the automobile to a stop, almost too late. She snuggled to his overcoat, laughing, smotheringly at her own fright now so quickly relieved.

(Continued on page eight)



# Bowen Jernegan . . . A Forgotten Man in North Carolina's History . . . By J. Fraser Allenby

Late in the summer of 1845 there died in Watauga County a man whose career was one of the most spectacular in the history of this state yet whom for some unknown reason history in her erratic course has passed almost completely over. I heard of Bowen Jernegan for the first time from the lips of an old mountaineer who was quite surprised that I did not know of him and with whom he said his father had been quite friendly. Jernegan, as I was later to discover, played a very important and remarkable role in the earlier history of the western part of this state.

J. B. Wiggins in his *History of North Carolina Before the Civil War* says, "Perhaps no figure in this period of North Carolina's history exerted a more powerful influence in adjusting the differences between the western pioneers and the Cherokee tribes than did Bowen Jernegan who by birth and education was preeminently fitted to perform this delicate and important function." Truly few could have been better equipped for this task than the now almost forgotten Jernegan. The son of a Scotch Irish father and a Cherokee mother, he was born on the outermost fringe of the sparsely populated western part of the state shortly before the turn of the century. His father died when he was but a boy and his mother returned to her tribe bringing her son with her. He was accepted into the lodges of the Cherokee and became as versed in the knowledge of the forests and the streams as were the Indians themselves. The little English he knew was soon almost forgotten and except for a word here and there he spoke nothing but the Cherokee tongue of his mother's people.

As Jernegan approached manhood he attracted the attention of a white trader who was struck by the boy's handsome appearance and superior intelligence. The trader, Floyd or Lloyd, wished to send him to the University which at that date was beginning to hold a place of prominence in the state. At first Bowen was loth to leave the carefree life of hunting and fishing, but the strong persuasive powers of the trader prevailed and in 1811 young Jernegan matriculated at the University in Chapel Hill.

As might have been expected he was handicapped by his difficulty in speaking and understanding English and though his familiarity with it increased his rather poor command of the language was a very real obstacle to him in the pursuit of his studies. Probably because of the very difficult time he had with his academic work Jernegan must



Frontispiece to Thwaite's "History and Annals of Watauga County." (Courtesy Hicks Collection and the publishers.)

have started looking around for other things to occupy himself, and before long he was getting into various sorts of mischief. It is probable that he was encouraged in this by evil companions who wished to make the half breed a foil for their own misdoings.

For a time his pranks were tolerated but after a time the students became tired of them. To be sure President Caldwell said of him, "Bowen is a likely lad, albeit to a measure imbued with the savage tendencies of his aboriginal forbears." But the students themselves entertained no such high opinion. At any rate we know that Jernegan was hailed before the Philanthropic Society for "certain publik misdemeanors" and fined a dollar. The following year his offenses having grown more flagrant the Phi expelled him indefinitely for "stealing, cheating, and throwing rocks at the faculty."

Despite the disgrace of this exit from the University we feel that Jernegan was glad to return to the open existence of the forest. For a time his story is lost but soon the over-advancing tide of white civilization touched him again as friction became greater between the Cherokee and the white settlers who were encroaching upon their hunting grounds. It was at this time that Jernegan volunteered his services as intermediary and his good offices in this capacity no doubt averted considerable bloodshed. Despite the conditions of his expulsion by the Philanthropic Society he held no grudge against the white race and was respected and befriended by both races alike.

There is no scintilla of evidence to show that Bowen Jernegan ever betrayed the interests of the tribes nor on the other hand endeavored to take ad-

vantage of the settlers. It is interesting to note that in failing to agree as to the disposition of a large tract of land in what is now Ashe county the whites and the Indians agreed to each appoint their strongest man and the two to wrestle for the possession of the many acres. The match resulted in the victory of the white wrestler due to the watchfulness and the impartiality of Jernegan who noticed that the Indian wrestler had coated himself in bear grease which would have made it almost impossible for the white man to throw him. Jernegan forced him to remove the grease and after a hard tussle the white emerged victorious.

Having, by means of rivalry in love, awakened the enmity of a minor chieftain Jernegan was accused by him of having been corrupted by the gifts of the palefaces. These accusations, false though they were, gained some belief among the ignorant savages and led to bad blood and finally open warfare between Jernegan and the chieftain, Waukomis. The latter was found one day with an arrow through his heart and though there is no reason to suspect that Jernegan committed the murder suspicion rested heavily upon him, and coupled with the accusations of the deceased succeeded in visiting upon him the fury of his red half brothers.

Hearing of plans for his punishment, Jernegan made his escape and sought shelter with his white friends. From devious sources he learned that the Cherokee would make short shrift of him if they caught him, and Jernegan was never again to enter the circles of their counsel fires. Barred from the life of the Indian which he much preferred, Jernegan was forced to become one of the settlers, and served them well in the hostilities that later arose between the red men and the white.

Possessing a wonderful knowledge of outdoor life he became a hunter, and though aware that his capture by the Cherokee meant capture and death by some cruel torture he would make trip after trip into the deep interior of the forests and return laden with pelts that gained him a fair livelihood. His close shaves were many and it is told that he spent a whole night in the high branches of a friendly pine tree with a camp of wandering Indians below. To come down meant discovery and death, to sleep would be to take a chance on falling from his high perch and being injured and preserved for the stake or the war hatchet. All night long he lay awake and when the unsuspecting redskins had departed descended and returned to his little cabin. On another occasion he was surprised by a band of

Cherokee while skinning a bear and managed to beat a hasty retreat hiding in a hollow log for five or six hours while the angry savages searched the neighborhood for him.

Sometimes it was Jernegan who surprised the Indians. Hunting late one evening he spied a camp fire in the distance. Waiting until darkness fell he crept closer and closer taking good care to create no slight sound that would disclose his presence to the wary braves. Flat on his stomach in the shadow of a large oak he heard the warriors in the guttural tones of their language which he knew so well, discussing plans for a raid on the little settlement that is now Hurricane, almost on the borders of Tennessee. Waiting until the marauding savages had fallen asleep he stealthily departed and travelling all night through the trackless wilderness guided by only the North star he reached the little settlement in time to give the alarm. When the Indians arrived they were surprised to find the inhabitants and their animals safe inside their block house and prepared to withstand their onslaught. In disgust they slunk away and deep in the forests that night the anxious frontiersmen of Hurricane heard the far away incessant throb of the war drum and the blood-curdling whooping of the disappointed braves.

As time passed the government made things safer for the white man and Jernegan found less opportunity to employ his talents as a scout and hunter. Brave and accomplished in the craft of the wilderness, Jernegan was not well fitted to cope with a more complex civilization and old age found him dependent on his neighbors for odd jobs and even charity. Many still remembered all he had done for the early settlers and he was never hungry or homeless among the hospitable folks of the west. He would wander from home to home and in each he was allowed to share the modest cabin and the simple fare in return for which he performed little tasks of all kinds. It is more than likely that in his last days this once mighty hunter nursed the young children of his benefactors and regaled them with tales of his thrilling experiences.

Like so many others he regretted the passing of the frontier days and when death found him at last he was not sorry to go. Whether his soul inhabits the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Cherokee or the less sylvan Heaven of the white man we can never know, but he would be out of place in neither. Honest, brave, and fearless he remains in the minds of those who remember his

(Continued on page eight)



## Little Helen

By DON SHOEMAKER

"Everything," Little Helen said confidentially, "is glandular."

Despairingly, Aunt Sue had sent Helen down to the farm from New York. Again I had been selected to rid her of her current mania, which this time appeared to be psychiatry. Where and how this new fixation had entered her brain no one seemed to know. I am sure, at least, that when Helen attains her mental majority she will be a genius, if her youthful versatility is any criterion.

But here she was, slumped on the front seat of a station wagon bound from the station to the farm. When she got off the train her salutation on seeing her cousin had been slight to the point of discourtesy. Something was mulling about in her over-active brain. I said nothing, but merely deposited her in the wagon and drove off.

"Everything," repeated Helen, sinking lower in her seat and pouting, "is glandular." I resolved to ignore her first sally.

"And how is everything in Miss Perkins' school?" I inquired innocently.

"Definitely hypophrenic, all of them," said Little Cousin Helen, her brows wrinkled in deep concentration.

At best, only an individual of common perception, I was astounded. Little Helen was unquestionably off again. But I sought to make conversation.

"Has Miss Perkins taken you to see an operas this season?" I inquired again, hoping to establish the obviously one-sided conversation on some plane of common knowledge.

"Yes Cousin Frank," she replied, "We saw *Faust* last Saturday afternoon.

I neatly avoided a wheezing lumber truck and ventured.

"Like it?"

"Definitely a cycloid personality, *Faust*." She sniffed derisively. I shut up for the rest of the trip, resolving firmly to enlist in the Foreign Legion at the earliest opportunity. There would certainly be some regulation that would forbid Aunt Sue's sending Helen out there to me for correction. And even if she did, perhaps the Riffs would get her.

When I carried Helen's luggage into the house I noticed three back numbers of the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* among her belongings.

The tension was terrific for several days. Helen was casting the evil eye upon everyone in the household, analyzing the mental processes of each and making feverish notes with a pencil stub on a grimy pad of scratch paper. Lem, the hand who looks after the stables, presently refused to come into the house for his usual after-breakfast

## John Fraine Conducts His Own Inquest

By I. M. MATLIN

*Thought, still-born, tried to kick its paralytic feet within my louse-ridden skull.*

*—“My dear, you wouldn't believe it; you'd think that those men could at least keep themselves clean.”*

*A man can see and hear and feel, but what could I think of*

*as I watched the other bums, their greasy faces mobile in the sun's glare.*

*Rows of empty stomachs and glazed eyes— for each one of us, a drab little grave in Potter's Field down where the garbage dumps grow.*

*“COMMISSION OUTLINES PROGRAM FOR INDUSTRIAL RECOVERY. . .”*

*“BARBARA HUTTON, ANGERED, SAYS SHE'LL SPEND HER MONEY AS SHE DAMN WELL PLEASES. . .”*

*The bum next to me was reading a western thriller; the \$8 per week shipping clerk was reading in Collier's the pretty story of the vacationing collegiate*

*who welcomes the arrival of a big-eyed wench in his white little town as the means of his “invalidating the tedium of the summer months”— and finishing the story, wondered if he could afford the neighborhood movie that night.*

*On the street, some waiting—some hurrying;— the grave, at least, is cool and peaceful. . .*

*I got six lines on the backpage of The Bronx Home News the next day “An unidentified man threw himself beneath a moving. . .”*

*They said I appeared to be twenty-five; in reality, I was fifty.*

*My hair turned from gray to brown as I laughed with the wheels on my head.*

smoke with me in the library. “That gal gits under my skin,” he said, “I can't never tell what she's thinkin.' Seems all the time like she's peerin' into my haid. Makes me fidget.”

Helen, in her inimitable manner, had begun the destruction of my household.

One day the situation reached a crux when Emma, the negro cook, rushed into my study and demanded that I “do somefin' with dat little gel.”

“Emma,” I said, trying to smooth things over, for Emma is a priceless cook, “Miss Helen is just a little unsettled after her hard school term in New York. Her mother has sent her down here for a rest.”

“Ah don't know nuffin' 'bout that, Mr. Frank, but I ain't goin' to have no one snoopin' aroun' mah kitchen takin' notes an callin' me a 'neurotic.' Ah ain't had none of that trouble since I was divorced from mah las' husban'.” She walked off toward the kitchen, muttering angrily. I resolved to have a talk with Helen.

I found her in the dining room puzzling over a number of diagrams, which she was labeling vigorously. “What are you doing, Helen?” I asked sternly.

“It's a sort of personality chart that I keep, Cousin Frank. Everything is glandular, you know. See, I have a chart here of Emma. On the left are the degrees, Mania, Elation, Normal,

Depression, and Melancholia, and the chart is divided into Morning, Afternoon and Night. Her curve shows emotional excess tending to depression.”

I noticed that Helen had me noted as “Hypophrenic,” and in large red letters opposite, “Hyper-stupid.”

“Give me those charts, little cousin,” I began gently. “Don't you know you mustn't play with things you don't know anything about?”

“The trouble with you, Cousin Frank, is that your Perception is fragmentary, your Intellection minute, and your Volition practically negative; in short, a case of Hypoaesthesia and Hypognosis. Your trouble is glandular. To quote from Rochefoucauld: ‘The defects of the mind, like those of the body, grow worse as we grow old.’ What you need, Cousin Frank, is an hour or two with a good psychiatrist.”

Late that afternoon Lem caught Helen testing the reflexes of Princess Alice, my hog that won the blue ribbon at the County Fair last September. When she had gone to bed I burned the charts and journals, then telegraphed Aunt Sue. Emma had begun to take the neurosis incident to heart and was leaving in the morning.

Helen had no comment to make when I packed her off to the train the next afternoon. “It's only a compensation, Frank,” she told me. “Better

## The Egg

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

It was a perfectly ordinary egg in every respect. It was oval, white in color, and smooth and uncracked. The only unusual thing about it was its position. It lay on the seat of Mac's car. And Mac's car was parked in the steel yard, where there were no hens, and nothing to attract hens. Just why any sane chicken should choose such a place to lay an egg was never explained. But if the hen was a little queer, the egg had not inherited any peculiarities. It was a normal, fresh egg. Mac picked it up and carried it into the basement and placed it in a box on the window sill.

The egg remained there for a week. Mac forgot it, and the other men of the steel gang never noticed it. Then one lunch hour Mac re-discovered it. He showed it to the men, and told a long rambling story of its finding and its being placed in the box. Bill, the youngest of the gang, said that it might as well be thrown away. It would be rotten by now. Immediately there arose a clamor of dissent. “Country” took the floor from sheer strength of voice. He said the egg was perfectly good, and would still be good by Christmas. Bill figured up the date. It was then the second of October.

“I'll bet you a quarter,” said Bill, “that that egg will be bad by Thanksgiving.”

Country in his turn did some figuring. It amounted, he decided, to just fifty-eight days. “I'll take that bet.”

They shook hands. All details were settled after more discussion. It was to be a gentleman's bet. No money would be put up. Two judges were selected from the office force. They would preside at the opening, and their decision was to be final. A long discussion took place about what constituted a bad egg. Country said the white and yellow had to be all mixed up together. Bill said if the egg stunk and wasn't fit to eat it was bad, and the white and yellow didn't mean a thing. Mac was appealed to on this point, and he said that that should be settled by the judges at the time of opening. This really satisfied both men, but they continued their argument for form's sake late into the afternoon.

As time went on the egg grew in interest. Not a lunch hour passed without a close inspection of the egg by the whole gang, and Bill always shook it gently beside his ear. After a week he was overjoyed. He heard a slight

(Continued on page eight)

look after your hormones; remember, everything is glandular.”

I haven't heard from the Foreign Legion people yet.



# The Political Front . . . More Merry-Go-Round . . . By Tabbi II

## I

If America is ever to awake from its present political lethargy, it must be through the arousal of the present college generation to an intelligent interest in its governmental affairs; only through this awakening can there be a substantial and progressive youth movement which will have any noticeable influence on future politics.

It was on this principle that the Magazine started this series of articles, and it was not the intention of either its original composer or the present one to be sensational. In the past campus politics has been run by a few energetic gentlemen who had the initiative and the fraternity position to control it. Even those candidates whose names appeared on the ticket had little to do with the running of things, or in fact, with their own selection. The student body as a whole had no knowledge of what was being done, and cared little. It was this indifference, in particular, that was lamented; and it was hoped that these articles, by pointing out the state of affairs to the ignorant and by stimulating the disinterested, would inject enough spirit into the campus conscience to make it resentful of the scheming and self-interested saddle-switching of the controlling Tammanyites. It neither was, nor is, the intention of the writer to editorialize upon the merits of any candidate or party, but merely to present such facts as he could gather and make of them general campus knowledge in the hope that the campus would hold a general house-cleaning of its political system.

Neither of the parties last year stood for anything, and few of the candidates. The party leaders had no knowledge of long needed campus reforms, or else refused to take a stand on any of them for fear a few votes might be lost as a consequence. Candidates were chosen on the basis that the larger the fraternity's voting strength the better office it should be given. The personal qualifications of the candidates were secondary to the number of possible votes he might bring to the party. Each party very wisely included a small number of non-fraternity men, preferably those living in one of the quadrangles, in the hope that these would be able to influence the all-powerful voting sheep.

During the past few years several attempts have been made by various individuals to fight the system. Some have succeeded, but only because of their personal popularity and not because the campus gave any serious consideration to ability or purpose.

We do not wish to imply that we stand against organized politics, for such

FINAL TICKET		
	Candidate	Fraternity
Free. Student Body.....	Harper Barnes	EXPHI.
Vice pres. "	Lee Orier	
Pres. Senior Class.....	Nat Townsend	KS
Junior "	Harry Williamson	Phi. GP.
Editor Tarheel.....	Claiborn Carr	SAE
" Yackety Yack.....	Morrie Long	SN
" Buccaneer.....	Pete Ivey	
" Magazine.....	Mary Frances Parker	
President Debate Council.....	Ed. Spruill	Phi. KS.
" Athletic Assoc.....	Dave McCathren	
Senior PU Board.....	Ed. Spruill	ATO.
Head Cheer leader.....	Ed. Spruill	DKE.
Vice pres. Senior Class.....	Tom Webb	Phi. Chi
Junior Class.....	Simmons Patterson	
" Soph.		
Secretary Senior	J. D. Winslow	TEP.
Junior	Marty Ellingsburg	
" Soph.		
Treasurer Senior	Billy Binder	KA
Junior	Roy Mc Millan	Schi
" Soph.	Harold Bennett	Phi. Chi
Member At Large Debate C.....	Henry Haywood	Z. Psi
Junior Member "	Bob Drane	Z. Psi
Vice Pres. Ath. Assoc.....	Lonnie Dill	DKE.
Chrmn. Exo. Com. Senior.....	George Brandt	KA
Junior.....	Mack Edwards	
" Soph.		
pres. Soph. Class.....	Danny Henry Jack Carr	SCHS. D.K.

THE MAGAZINE was fortunate enough to obtain the two illustrations to this article from the more or less secret archives of one of last year's dominant political parties. Above is the form of the final ticket of one party, illustrating the last minute changes, the affiliations, and on the extreme right, a column of figures that seems to indicate that all is not quite fragrant in old Denmark.

*Meeting called to order by Chairman Manning*  
*Speeches by Novins, Barnes, Townsend, Green*  
*Cates*  
*Suggestion made to get support of waiters in*  
*Swain Hall - Support in Engineering School.*  
*Candidates get campaign mugs. by next*  
*meeting which will be held after mid term*  
*exams.*  
*Suggestion by Manning that chairman*  
*of whole group be elected at next meeting.*  
*Suggestion by Cates that candidates*  
*have names of campaign mugs. at next meeting*  
*acting Sec.*  
*Perry Collins*

Above is a facsimile of the minutes of a meeting conducted by one of the regular line parties early in the Fall of last year's elections. The assiduous secretary has noted the principal activities of the evening, the speeches, the promises, and the little intrigues, indicating that these gentlemen were, as is usually the case, boiling over with activity early in the season.

is not the case. Parties are necessary for any progressiveness; however, with the present student inertia they are apt to become autocratic. It is this mental laziness that the Magazine hopes to overcome, thus forcing the parties to abandon their secretive methods, adopt definite platforms and offer qualified candidates.

## II

Since our last appearance the present political outlook has seen considerable

revamping. The old line All Campus party which completely controlled the campus two years ago has given away to the new University party which won most of the offices last spring. But in reality the new party is the old one in a new bottle. The S. A. E.'s, the Dekes, the Sigma Nus, Zeta Psis, Betas, et al, have again amalgamated to present a solid front to the campus.

Some time ago it seemed as though the All Campus group, under the

leadership of Bill Eddleman's Sigma Deltas, would hang together and offer some opposition. The party then included Phi Delta Theta, the Pikas and the Sigma Chis. But when the majority party offered to take Gaskins for their Buccaneer nominee the Sigma Deltas withdrew from the All Campus and the party went flat.

This left the University party, controlled by Joe Gant, (A. T. O.), Bob Novins, (T. E. P.), and Herb Taylor, (Phi Gam.), a wide range in its choice of candidates and an opportunity for a strong ticket, which will probably be headed by Virgil Weathers (non-fraternity) for president of the student body. For vice-president in all probability Frank Abernethy, (Beta), will be chosen.

The party's line-up on the publications will be changed by the new state of affairs only by the substitution of Pat Gaskins for George Moore as the Buccaneer nominee. Zeta Psi will still get Bob Drane for editor of the Yackety Yack, D. K. E. will have Lonnie Dill for editor of the Tar Heel, and Joe Sugarman will represent T. E. P. with the nomination for the Magazine. Membership on the P. U. board has a number of likely contenders but apparently nothing definite has been decided yet. Reed Sarratt, Jim Daniels, and Claude Rankin are the likeliest candidates.

Candidates for the class offices are still veiled behind numerous rumors none of which those in the know care to verify. However, the rising senior offices will probably be filled from those who have been built up during the past few years: Jack Pool, Frank Kenan, Charlie Shaffer, and Simons Patterson.

Attempts of Ben Proctor, last year's independent candidate for student body president, to organize some sort of opposition to the fraternity ring is still hanging in the balance. Although the self-termed University Democrats have had two meetings they have failed to accomplish anything because of lack of harmony and because they persisted in nominating men they thought qualified without consulting them as to their willingness to run. At the last meeting, for example, McCathren was nominated for president but being in the University party he couldn't accept.

But regardless of the outcome of this reform party it seems there are several of its candidates who are apt to run, even if independently. If no one else can be found to run against Weathers, Proctor will. He is quoted as saying, however, that if the reform party goes

(Continued on page eight)



## TELEPHONE AT NINE

(Continued from page four)

"These slippery pine needles under the tires scared me, too!"

Their tension was calmed by the quietness of the place, by the cold March breeze breathing from the pines around them. By the river a hundred yards below. The white bridge up the stream half a mile. The fields quilted out before them away across the water, fields running flat for a distance, then stumbling over themselves into the border hills. The power house far down where the two banks seemed to meet.

"Doesn't the light from it look funny in the bright moon? It looks like —." She broke off, unable to find the words.

They had no need of words.

They lighted cigarettes. At long intervals he would flick his ashes over the window top; and she would flick hers over the same window. The two little dots of fire danced before them in a veil of thin smoke.

"Jimmy, I want to stay and watch the sun rise. It'll be up in about three hours. I saw it once from the bridge—when we had to make an early morning trip to Grandpa's funeral."

"Can't, Carol. What would it look like, our getting home at seven in the morning?"

She sat upright. "Now look here, Mister Gilbert, it would be a perfectly innocent sunrise!"

"Why certainly, Carol, because you are you. But it's what we'd have done in Mrs. Taggard's imagination—in Jed Hopkins', Orrick's. God's angels couldn't come hom in Melville at sunrise. By nine o'clock Chairman Erwin would have gotten the news by Melville's underground intercommunication and called them up to order a quick exit.

But it would be swell, he mused. *Little girl, what can three hours hurt, just to wait for the sun? Once in a year . . . Damn those sleeping old-heads. Let 'em sleep. They need it, after the roaring youth they've had.*

"No, Carol. We'll catch the devil. They would be waiting to lead us to the church. Nope, we had better be driving on."

Carol's hair was against his cheek. They lighted cigarettes . . . They stayed.

\* \* \*

At seven the Chevrolet brakes squeaked again in front of the Murdock's brick house.

Two hours later Carol came by Jimmy's desk during the three minute intermission between classes. "You know, Jimmy, Mother thought all the time I had been in bed—"

"—ssh. Not so loud. Carol, the janitor just brought me a note from the

## Playmakerana



By Brad White

*A side view of our campus playwrights. Presently they will lay down their pipes and dash forth flashing witty repartee, folksy dialogue, and scintillating situations so downright brilliant that only a few can ever read Coward, O'Neill, Barry, Green, or Shaw in their lines.*

*Oh, Ora, Harry, Sammy dear,  
Oh have you heard, or did you hear  
We're slated for an operation?  
The Tar Heel Editors' aggregation  
Is coming to reform us,  
With plays of guts, and Hell, and damn,  
And (dear, dear, shall I say it, Sam?)  
Adulteries enormous.  
My spirit of folk, my— darn it,  
Let us hie to County Harnett,*

*Our artist has called this interesting little study "Portrait of leading actors, week after performance." Certainly, by their attitudes, very few have read the Tar Heel critic's opinion; but they know the paths of glory ultimately lead to the rotogravure.*

*Back to the mud from which we sprung.  
Yes, Sam, I hate to be a rover,  
But I shall make unending flights  
Till this infernal spring is over!*

\* \* \*

*A Playmaker, call him Bill Blair,  
Rushed to the door for some air.  
As he was crossing the sill  
He fell down, did poor Bill,  
And strangled to death in his hair.*

Superintendent's that I'm wanted on the phone."

"You don't mean about us? We just smoked cigarettes and watched the sun come up."

"Yes, darling, but I've got to go. I'll come back to see you—sometime later—I hope."

"But what—"

As Jimmy tramped stoically down the stairs on his way to the office he shrugged his shoulders with the uselessness of it all. "I wonder who's calling. The Board or the Chief of Police himself! . . . Carol . . . Wonder if she'll miss me much . . . Hell, I haven't but three dollars! Well, I'll have to mail Mrs. Leonard my rent later."

## THE EGG

(Continued from page six)

"rattle." The egg would certainly be bad long before Thanksgiving. The weeks passed, and the first of November brought frost. The men took an old tar barrel, punched holes in the bottom, and constructed a rude stove. This stove became the center for all arguments about the egg. New men joining the gang were told of the egg and were escorted to the basement to give their opinion. Their standing in the

gang was determined as to whether they believed the egg would keep or not.

Jess, a new worker, worried Country badly one day by offering to bet \$1.50 to a quarter that the egg was already bad. Jess was fresh from the farm, and his opinion was respected. Country refused the bet, and his faction lost standing accordingly. If a farmer was sure the egg was bad now, what would it be by the end of the month? It didn't feel light, though. Perhaps Jess was wrong. Another two weeks passed. Interest was growing higher, if that were possible. Even the judges made bets among themselves of pints of milk.

Bill could stand the strain no longer. On a day two weeks before Thanksgiving he profanely declared that if that egg wasn't bad by now it never would be. Why not open it now? Country was quite willing. Bill examined the egg closely. It was the same egg. The cross he had scratched on one end to prevent substitution was still there. "Alright," he said, "let's open her. Call the judges."

Not only were the judges called, but the whole steel gang left the big cutter and bender and gathered around a shovel where the egg was to be cracked. The judges arrived, looking self-conscious

and important. Who was to break the egg? Both judges refused. They were experienced and knew all about bad eggs. So was Country. Although sturdily upholding the virtue of this one, he refused to crack it. Bill, just as strongly denouncing it, picked it up without hesitation and broke it on the edge of the shovel. The judges leaned over. The crowd drew closer together. There was a sigh of surprise and admiration. The egg was quite good.

## POLITICAL FRONT

(Continued from page seven)

through he'll not be the party's nominee.

The publications field may see two likely independent candidates in Virgil Lee, (Delta Tau Delta), who is in the running for the Magazine and in Carl Thompson, (non-fraternity), who will oppose Deke's Lonnie Dill for the Tar Heel editorship. Current gossip has it that Vermont Royster may also run for the Magazine, and George Moore for the Buccaneer, both non-fraternity.

If the University party meets with no organized opposition it is hardly likely that election time will find many of the independents still contemplating running. The party has been more careful than usual in copping the more promising candidates, seeking thus to prevent any reactionary movements. But the real "politicizing" will not begin until the new quarter, and elections loom a few weeks ahead.

## BOWEN JERNEGAN

(Continued from page five)

story one of the most glamorous and interesting figures in a period that itself was full of excitement, adventure and often sudden death. To quote from Thwaite's quaint *History and Annals of Watauga County*, "Jernegan was forsooth a courageous fellow, brave and wise for an Injun(sic), and he knew the woods and the Red savages as no full white man ever did."

## The Prisoner

By JEANNE HOLT

*To break away—be free  
Shut out forever  
The endless, endless ways  
That chill endeavor—  
To be again with those  
Who understand,  
To feel and touch once more  
Some friendly hand,  
To talk again and laugh  
See light, feel gay  
To cast all shackles off  
Shed night—live day  
To soar away—be free  
Unhampered evermore  
Oh, to find the key  
Unlock the door—*



# The Carolina Magazine

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## Strange Interlaken . . . A Vignette . . . By Robert W. Barnett

Place: Near Interlaken, Switzerland.

Time: Summer.

Scene:

An oak panelled studio with large sun windows facing west somehow resembles a balcony. Below the sun windows a precipitous cliff drops many feet below finally ending as the bank of a churning, icy, Alpine stream. The crystal brilliance of the mountain light enters the room near the windows, but the far corners of the room are dark and intimate. The windows are right. Back, is an immense fireplace. Left back is a deep and capacious lounging chair. Down left in the demi-darkness is a grand piano. Back right, near the windows, is a small desk with a typewriter. Scores of leathery volumes, papery books, tissuey pamphlets lie here and there about the room in casual disorder. A fire smoulders lazily in the fireplace.

Characters:

Diana

Eugene

Diana is standing by the piano thumbing through a mass of music. She brushes the stack aside impatiently and sinks to the piano stool. Her hands fall to the keyboard and indifferently she improvises a moment or two. Wearily her hands slip to her side and she lies outstretched upon the tiny stool. Her head thrown back, unsupported and limp, her leg lightly touching the floor, she lies there a thrilling picture of beauty relaxed. Eugene is sitting by the window. His whole attention is upon his work. He works as though quite alone. His brow is knit and his hair dishevelled from the nervous combing he gives it as he writes. Upon hearing Diana touch the keys he relaxes a moment and looks reflectively out over the ice and snow that towers majestically around him. But when she stops he returns a bit impatiently to his work. Diana rises and walks to the window to look absently into the white and dazzling distance. As she stands there a new expression of interest and pleasure creeps over her face. She turns, unnoticed, to Eugene and looks lovingly at him. She takes a little breath and says,

DIANA: It's exquisite!

EUGENE: Uh huh . . . (He continues with his work, then suddenly looks up). Exquisite? (Shakes his head). Glori-

ous, magnificent, grand, incomprehensible, overpowering, perhaps, but not just exquisite.

DIANA: Gene, look! Look at that woman with that fluttering silk blouse, that tiny guide, that thread of water, those changing shadows, those pinks, and greens, and blues. It is exquisite. It's

You know. My Lord! That's terrible. I'm going to have to change that.

DIANA: Oh Gene, it's nice.

EUGENE: Nice! Am I to write nice things the rest of my life. You know, if I didn't do this stuff (He points at his work). I think I'd pick myself a nice pretty moonlight night and step out

temptuously.)

DIANA: Yes, I know how much you love it.

EUGENE: Oh, all right, I know there's that dingy side to me.

DIANA: (Looking out through the window). Look at that crazy woman! She's running, alone, up that ice.

EUGENE: That looks like Mary Newell.

DIANA: Mary Newell?

EUGENE: (Nods). I met her down by the Kursaal. She was having hysterics over that clock, you know.

DIANA: (Defensively). I like the clock.

EUGENE: (Smiling). I've never heard you say so before.

DIANA: There are lots of things you haven't heard me say, I hope.

EUGENE: Oh Di!

(Diana looks deliberately out the window with great affected interest.)

DIANA: (Finally). How did you know her name?

EUGENE: She told it to me.

DIANA: Oh . . . (Sarcastically). You know, I thought you had read it in her eyes . . . Or perhaps on the hotel register.

EUGENE: No. She told it to me.

DIANA: That was nice wasn't it? Then did she ask you to come and see her sometime?

EUGENE: (Conclusively). Of course.

DIANA: And what did you say?

EUGENE: Nothing.

DIANA: Nothing! Yes, I can see you now. There you were, standing near to her, perhaps touching her, and when she asked you to come to see her you said nothing. (Slowly, incisively). You turned slowly and smiled. Your eyelids dropped ever so slightly and she pressed closer to you and named the hour.

EUGENE: (Laughing). Diana! Supper!

DIANA: (Impetuously). I hope she falls!

EUGENE: She won't.

DIANA: (Argumentatively). How are you so sure? People do.

EUGENE: She won't.

DIANA: She will! (Without turning to the window. Now, quite exasperated). Look at her! Silk blouse! What an affectation! Gene, it's inde-

(Continued on page two)



—By Mary Dirnberger

all so big and it makes detail so infinitesimal. It is exquisite . . . I never tire of it.

EUGENE: It's awfully nice. Yes, it's awfully nice . . . Don't forget that little melody, Di. I like it. We can use it in that silvan scene, you know. You know where the minstrel sings alone in the wood and tells the running stream that he loves his Rosalind. You remember, don't you? The first lines go like this—Let's see,

On lonely road and mountain top  
I see your face, my heart doth stop  
Enraptured with the dazzling grace  
Of . . .

that window. (He takes up a sheaf of papers he has written). I confess that my remarks on the institutional background of the Chinese factory have little likelihood of changing the destiny of the world, but somehow this sort of thing is measurable. It's either right or wrong. It either perceives or is blind. The League expects this trifling effort in by Sunday. They'll have it. But they won't know how much all of this has been like digging potatoes or shucking corn or shining shoes or shelling nuts. I wouldn't do it if I didn't think it was good for me. It's humble. It's wearisome. It's worthwhile. (Con-



cent! I can see her silly little breasts from here.

EUGENE: (*Obstinately*). She won't fall.

DIANA: Laughing at the clock! Howling her name at you! Bouncing around without any clothes on! Gene, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

EUGENE: (*Monotonously*). She won't fall.

DIANA: (*Tempestuously*) Why? You're keeping something from me. (*Almost in tears*). I'm going home. I can tell when I'm not wanted. You've been cruel and horrid!

EUGENE: Look! She's at the bottom of the valley. She had no idea of climbing. If she falls—

DIANA: (*Interrupting*). Still looking at her! Still looking at that hideous silk garment! Well, take her! She's yours. You don't need to worry about poor, dismal little Diana any more.

EUGENE: (*Going to her*). You adorable little fool!

DIANA: Go away!

EUGENE: (*Startled and then a little amused*). . . You know, my dear, that contrary to common belief the Chinese have sufficient coal for many years to come. Contrary to common belief Confucius was not the only Chinese philosopher to exercise considerable—

DIANA: What do I care about Confucius' exercises? Gene, you've been keeping something from me!

EUGENE: What darling?

DIANA: (*Dramatically*). When love becomes secretive, love is no more.

EUGENE: Di, do you want to know how I learned that woman's name?

DIANA: (*Sarcastically*). Oh no!

EUGENE: Well, you see I asked another gentleman the time. He didn't answer very clearly. This woman, a Kansas school teacher I believe, had just finished spelling her name to some doddering old business man. When I said "what" to the gentleman, she looked rapidly at me and spelled her name all over again for me. (*Ironically*). An intriguing person, really.

DIANA: (*Unbelieving*). I can readily believe you.

EUGENE: Your confidence, madam, (*He bows*.) o'erwhelms me.

DIANA: Did she wear big horn rim glasses? (*Eugene nods*). And carry a brief case? (*Eugene nods*). And wear a pair of those scratchy knickers? (*Eugene nods enthusiastically*. Diana notices this ambiguous amusement and woefully concludes.) I wish she had fallen anyway!

EUGENE: (*Matter of fact*). She didn't. Now, let's see, Di, darling. I want to go over that score for the first scene of act two with you. (*He walks to the piano to look through the music*.) I'm not quite sure that you've caught the spirit of the thing in the middle of

that little love scene between the stable boy and the Lady's maid. (*He talks as he fingers the music impatiently*.) You see the viewpoint there is reversed. For the stable boy the affair is something fine and beautiful and, let's say, almost religious. For the maid the affair is a half jesting, casual, little adventure. She's not exactly carnal or anything like that. She's simply a voluptuous little flirt. Courageous and all that, though. Now with the boy, there's underneath his rough spun shirt a heart of gold. You know! Well, (*Eugene finds an unexpected sheet of music and carries it to the light*. Diana sits at the piano stool unmindful of his discovery. When he mutters "well," "well," "well" a number of times she turns questioningly to him.) Well . . . well . . . well . . . Well! Well, this is interesting! (*Eugene turns abruptly to Diana who sits quietly in the half darkness of the corner*.) Who is Vadim?

DIANA: Vadim?

EUGENE: (*Coolly*.) Exactly. And none other, than Vadim! Who is he?

DIANA: (*Innocently*.) Eugene, why?

EUGENE: You haven't answered my question.

DIANA: (*Searching her memory half-playfully*). Vadim? Oh, Vadim! Why he's that Russian boy who plays for the orchestra down at the Kursaal.

EUGENE: (*Sarcastically*). Russian boy!

DIANA: Yes. You know, the lad who plays the violin. Sometimes he plays rather nicely, don't you think?

EUGENE: Very very nicely. When I close my eyes I feel myself transported to some exotic spot where lovely maidens ply their charms upon lovely "mensy-folkies." Yes, he does play nicely, with all of the gentle feeling of a little girl. Yes, his instrument exudes the fragrance of divine femininity. Vadim is, indeed, a lovely youth.

DIANA: That's nice of you to say so.

EUGENE: First chair, you say? (*Diana nods*.) Thirty five? (*She nods*.) Moustache? (*She nods*.) Profile? (*He gestures to indicate classic features*. She nods. Half despairing he mutters.) Yes, lovely little boy!

DIANA: You were talking about that second scene, Gene darling.

EUGENE: Uh huh! Vadim writes very nicely too, eh?

DIANA: Do you think so?

EUGENE: Do you?

DIANA: (*Indifferently*.) Oh, I don't know.

EUGENE: Listen to this! Listen! On Jungfrau's cold forbidding brow The blood of sunset rests Close in my arms I hold you now Near to my throbbing breast. "Near to my throbbing breast!" Not bad!

DIANA: Not at all.

EUGENE: (*Enraged*.) What?

DIANA: I like the melody, too. Listen to it. (*Diana turns to the piano to play*.)

EUGENE: Stop! This is vicious, pagan, dishonorable, dirty, cruel; don't play that thing!

DIANA: (*Her hands hovering over the keyboard*.) He wrote it himself. It's really very pretty.

EUGENE: He wrote the music himself. Well, well, how versatile he is. Does he stand on his hands? Can he do card tricks? Does he . . . "sculp?"

DIANA: He's never said.

EUGENE: Modest chap! But maybe he doesn't speak English?

DIANA: Oh yes, very beautifully.

EUGENE: (*Desperately*.) Vadim! Vadim the extraordinary! He stands on his hands and writes poetry. He sculps and golfs. He fiddles and writes poetry. He speaks beautiful English. He's got a profile. (*He gestures helplessly with his hand to indicate regularity of feature*. Then he turns and ferociously inquires.) How long has this been going on?

DIANA: (*Shocked and defensively*.) Why Gene!

EUGENE: (*Torrentially*.) My God! To think that when I held you in my arms his heart was throbbing. His mad, Soviet heart was throbbing for you. And maybe yours for him, too. Oh my God! I've been such an imbecile. "Cold, forbidding brow!" Jungfrau! Jungfrau! (*Eugene is pacing the room*.) These Russians! And he speaks English beautifully, too! Diana! You haven't answered my question!

DIANA: What?

EUGENE: Don't quibble!

DIANA: But Gene, what question?

EUGENE: (*Dismally*.) Love and candour! Oil and water! Diana, why didn't you tell me? You knew I would free you! Ugh! I get sick inside when I think of that greasy Russian fiddler. He perfumes, too, doesn't he? I've noticed a peculiarly sickening odor down at the Kursaal this season.

DIANA: Oh, I don't think he does.

EUGENE: Such loyalty! A woman in love is truly the soul of loyalty.

DIANA: (*Laughing*.) Gene dear! Swell!

EUGENE: (*Suddenly becoming the League inquirer and forsaking the role of librettist*.) Where did you get this?

DIANA: What?

EUGENE: (*Shaking the score he still clings to*.) This damnable tripe.

DIANA: I picked it up.

EUGENE: And he picked you—

DIANA: (*Swiftly*.) You'll be sorry, Gene.

EUGENE: You picked it up?

DIANA: Yes.

EUGENE: That sounds very likely.

DIANA: I played at the Kursaal last week.

EUGENE: Well?

DIANA: I saw this thing lying on the piano as I gathered my music together and picked out the tune on the piano.

EUGENE: Yes.

DIANA: It's a swell little melody. I thought we might use it in that closing scene of the second act when the minstrel takes the princess up on the mountain top. Not the words, of course. They are impossible.

EUGENE: Oh, I don't know.

DIANA: Listen. (*She takes the music from him and plays the melody*.)

EUGENE: (*Interrupting*.) He can't stand on his hands, can he? (*Diana shakes her head and laughs*.) How about the language? English?

DIANA: (*Laughing*.) I've never spoken a word to him.

EUGENE: (*Pitifully earnest*.) And his fiddling?

DIANA: Abominable.

EUGENE: (*Enthusiastically*.) Say, that is a swell tune. I'll have to run down and ask Vadim if he and his little Russian sweetheart mind if we use it.

DIANA: And by the way, I've been thinging that a silk blouse might be just the thing for the princess to wear on the mountain top. What do you think?

EUGENE: (*Laughing*.) Darling!

DIANA: Gene dear!

(*They embrace on the piano stool. Finally they look out through the sun windows and see the Alpine glow throwing a rosy flame over Jungfrau*.)

EUGENE: "The blood of sunset rests!"

DIANA: Isn't it exquisite?

EUGENE: (*He looks into her face now close to his and nods*.) Exquisite, sweetheart!

CURTAIN

## The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

### *The World of Spring*

Less distinguished than usual is the spring list of novels. Most hopeful perhaps is *Joseph and His Brothers*, Thomas Mann's first lengthy piece of fiction to be published since he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1931. It is reputed to be similar in structure to *Buddenbrooks*, his family saga, and vitally concerned with the present social and religious questions in Hitlerized Germany. His compatriot, Lion Feuchtwanger, also exiled by the Nazis, has already published *The Oppermanns*, a bitter denunciation of the Brown Shirts in general and Munich, their birthplace, in particular.

From this country comes *Tender is the Night* written by F. Scott Fitzgerald, who after stirring things up mightily a decade ago, seemed content to go into partial eclipse. This novel echoes his familiar thesis to the effect that the depression killed off the jazz age. Other American novels of promise include Fannie Hurst's *Anitra's Dance*, *Fer-de-Lance* by Rex Stout, whose *How Like a God* remains one of the superior works of the last decade, *Heart Be Still* by Isabel Wilder, sister of the once-popular Thornton, and another of Evelyn Scott's unconventional, dynamic works, *Breathe Upon These Slain*.

Most unusual among the biographies is the publication of Charles Dickens' *The Life of Our Lord*. It is now being published serially in newspapers over the country and may possibly serve for future generations of children the same purpose that Dickens' *Child's History of England* has for those in the last seventy-five years.

When one hero decides to give the low-down on another, something worthwhile should develop. B. Kiddell Hart, whose criticisms of the god-almighty generals during the World War brought him such prominence, has looked into the case of the much-publicized, romanticized Colonel Lawrence, late of such divergent fields as Arabian deserts and Homeric epics. Hart, an excellent scholar of the facts in the case, promises to present the Lawrence that has never been known by the public, despite the efforts of the radio chap, Lowell Thomas. Another debunking biography is the anonymous account of Herr Hitler which also claims to make startling revelations.

That astounding gentleman, Walter B. Pitkin, whose common-sense comments on this business of living have quite submerged the once revered words of Albert Wiggam, Joseph Collins et al., offers the hurried, worried modern

## At Highest Bid

By ELIZABETH WOOD DAVIS

*In course of conversation with a friend  
There flashes on my inner eye a place  
I visited once in New Orleans—a sad  
Reminder of still sadder time—almost  
Forgotten by long passing of the years.*

*The shades of evening cast their fitful  
light*

*Upon a dusty hall deserted save  
For rats that vanish in their holes like  
ghosts*

*Affrighted by my coming. I behold a  
block*

*That's worn by tread of weary feet en-  
graved*

*In stone. Aloft run galleries gazing  
down*

*Upon the empty floor where once a  
throng*

*Of busy traders hawked their human  
wares.*

*I feel a sudden wind waft sadly through  
The hall. As if by touch of magic wand  
The empty shadows change to pageant  
strange*

*And famous mart for slaves doth live  
again:*

*The ashen faces of the blacks as one  
By one they leave their loathsome pen  
to mount*

*The block, the cruel lash, the droning  
song*

*Of auctioneer who sways the greedy  
hearts*

*And lustful passions of the milling mob.  
"Going-going-gone!" he cries as one*

*By one he knocks the trembling wretch-  
es down*

man more sage advice from his profes-  
sorial chair in *The Art of Relaxation*.  
Whether relaxation like life begins at  
forty, Pitkin does not say. Completely  
different in tone is Cornelius Vander-  
bilt, Jr. with *A Farewell to Fifth Av-  
enue*, in which the bad boy of the Man-  
hattan aristocrats, as it were, insists on  
the active life as opposed to the New-  
port-Cannes variety which has become  
traditional within his set.

And lest it be overlooked, this depart-  
ment has finally run across reliable of  
mention a novel by Elissa Landi. Un-  
willing for years to believe that the  
pouting star was either of the Austrian  
nobility or a novelist, its skepticism was  
blasted by the announcement of a piece  
entitled *The Ancestor*. Hollywood  
treads at last the high road to Art—or  
something.

### *Flash Back*

Dr. Charles A. Beard has recently  
brought out *The Idea of a National In-  
terest*, the first volume in a series in  
which he will attempt to propound a  
philosophy of government. Three of  
the chapters were delivered here last

*At highest bid. A hush falls on the  
crowd*

*And then an oath rings out—approval  
sure.*

*In expectation of the final sale—*

*A splendor octoroon stands on the block;  
She shrinks from hands that strive to  
test her worth—*

*Her youth. Foul jest, coarse laughter  
make her cringe*

*In dread and shame, while frightened  
eyes in vain*

*Rove o'er the hall in quest of some es-  
cape,*

*Like wounded deer amid the leafy wood  
That dying tries to flee from baying  
hounds.*

*Forgive this inattention, please, my  
thoughts*

*Did wander. You were telling me the  
news*

*Of Cary's pretty daughter. She's to  
wed*

*That dissipated boulder yonder? Why  
He's old enough to be her father,—  
yet—*

*His purse is full and Cary needs the  
cash.*

*I wonder if you've ever seen the old  
Slave mart at New Orleans. You smile  
as if*

*To ask me what I mean. I can't explain.  
But sometimes tears of mortal things do  
seem*

*To touch the heart. Once more, my  
friend, forgive.*

winter as lectures on the Weil Founda-  
tion. Critics have had considerable  
praise for Beard's determination to brush  
away outwork concepts and to admit  
the realities of contemporary diplomacy.

## The Valley of Night

By CARY ELLISON

*The night is kind. I cannot see be-  
yond the candle-flame of my own  
soul.*

*The intimate dark washes me with cool-  
ness; my body dissolves.*

*The great day ebbs and flows uncon-  
scious of me, but the night, tolerant  
and friendly as the infinite,—*

*What were better left unseen, she hides;  
she overspreads all with a pale glim-  
mer of magic, so that even truth  
seems beautiful, and even the beauti-  
ful seems true.*

*Before the ineffable hills of morning I  
abase myself, but of the valley of the  
night I am a part.*

*From her nostrils I breathe the perfume  
that carries me to the windless vales  
of sleep.*

## Color Moods

By BERNARD S. SOLOMAN

Mauve, a peppermint flavor, lilacs and  
lonely beaches at dawn. Lonely beach-  
es and the constant rhythm of the sea  
bathed in ethereal light. Sands rippled  
by the wind. Inhale deeply.

Deep blue of midnight and thoughts  
of abysmal beauty. Midnight, the  
witching hour, the clock strikes twelve,  
an ominous sound. A penetrating dark-  
ness even unto the soul. Deep night  
soothing away troubles and cares and  
hiding tearstained faces beaten by the  
garish sunlight.

Bottle-green of the ginger-ale kind.  
A soothing restful sort of color bring-  
ing to mind thoughts of freshly wooded  
hills, clean soapy smells, and turpentine,  
with its sharp odor.

Orange-red sunsets blazing the skies  
and contrasting only softly with a bril-  
liant bluish green. The twilight hour  
and dusk, and heavily scented perfume  
filled rooms with a window thrown open  
only ever so slightly to let in the cool  
breeze.

Burnt sienna, and deserts, thirst and  
pangs of hunger, poverty. Dusty, dirty,  
sun-baked streets of a small village in  
deep country. Burnt sienna misses the  
panorama and kaleidoscope that goes on  
around it.

Maroon, surging tides of passion rising  
and falling, heaving. Kept under cover  
lest it burst forth in scarlet glorious to  
behold. A sensation of knights in ar-  
mour shining, ladies on castle balconies.

Dull earth-red-brown, dust to dust.  
Earthy in smell, dull yet beautiful. Maj-  
estically dirty and yet fine.

White, imperialism with maroon.  
Purity of grey, yet it is purity. A  
flashing color, withstanding the filth and  
mockery of all others. Purity, and  
nuns in carefully shaded bowers, count-  
ing beads. White, reflecting lovely sun-  
sets, moonlight, deepest night.

Sky blue and thoughts of home and  
a fire-side. A hearth and oaken and  
pine logs sending spirals of sweet pure  
smoke unto a blackened chimney. A  
tiny blaze leaps up and that coupled  
with the incense of the wood, gives  
rest.

## NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN DEPT.

All over the world last week men,  
women & children were talking—*Time*.

Coming with his affliction upon him,  
homeless and penniless from the hospital,  
Miller did not wait for charity. He  
hurried still ailing, to reclaim his job—  
and to do his bit for himself and for  
President Roosevelt.—*Daily Tar Heel*.

—at 30c per hour.



# Life is Made Up of Moments . . . By Nelson Lansdale

## I.

The three-quarter's moon flowed down on the terrace in great streaks of white and yellow gold, and we lay relaxed, the three of us, reviewing a troubled year like a parade of curious fantasies out of the half-remembered silence of the past. In the shadows of the deck chairs, lurking in the recesses of the dark windows above us, implicit in the restraint of our voices was the melancholy of a little death—tomorrow's parting. It could be a parting perhaps for three months, perhaps forever, but a reunion would not find us the same three beings, sipping contentedly at highballs, talking reflectively over the hubbub of a fantastic life mirrored for all the world in the radio. A reunion would find us attempting to recapture the sentimental nostalgia of a lovely evening, and would find us hating ourselves for despising ourselves. Life in review and life to come was pleasant from the terrace—it all seemed in proportion to the golden, glinting moon, breasting the billows of heaven in a stately circle across a star-swept sky. Here, for a brief instant, was melancholy, contented peace.

"The finest parting song in any language," they call it. Reluctantly we rose to go, and arm in arm the three of us stepped off the terrace into darkness, singing, with affectionate sincerity, the strains of Auld Lang Syne.

## II.

All the petty precepts of the dormitory, ablaze with lights, moaning, howling, yelling, shrieking imprecations and defiance, asserting with cheap bravado its own importance in the cosmic scheme of things, were behind us. Pillowed on the soft grassy slope, we lay in the warm May evenings, and talked, and wondered about life and people and ourselves while the scent of mock-orange blossoms was heavy on the air. We smoked, and as we gazed up into the endless, matchless blue of the infinite, our lives seemed like two pillars of smoke winding their ways out of the grass and curling off into nothing. For a few warm evenings in May, escape brought rest to our tortured minds and trembling bodies.

## III.

Row after row of glittering pendants and glistening coiffures, of grey, distinguished heads erectly held, of the seductive, inviting carelessness of a fur caressing a whitely moulded shoulder, the well-bred curiosity of opera glasses trained on a flag-draped box, the careful, superior sound of a flawless English accent, the careless flutter as milady skims the pages of sophisticated advice

on her after-the-theatre parties, her gowns, her hair.

The frank and neighborly curiosity from seat to seat in the sweeping first balcony. The rumble of gossip about the star, about last week's, last month's, last year's production. The smell of slightly too pungent perfume, the occasional flash of a dinner-jacket, the bird-like scrutiny of the strip of program. Up here, the play's the thing. People who sit in the first balcony are not a show in themselves.

The backs of craned necks are ugly. The music, from just below the rim of white, flashing backs and gleaming evening clothes, is faint up here. The pathetic old German who cannot read the program in the dim, economical yellow light. The pinched, narrow-faced little school-teacher who motored down. The girl of eighteen, a flash of ambition in her eye, thinking, "someday they'll read my name in lights, climb the stairs and sit in the balcony and strain to get my every gesture, hear my every . . ."

Suddenly, the house, a vibrant, living thing, rustles and murmurs. Something expectant in the traps, the reeds, the strings, sets the audience afire with restlessness. The definitive settling of many bodies into many seats, the hurried rustle of silks and programs and coats and feet being settled—and the orchestra swells to a joyous outburst of harmony. Gradually, the ceiling, the figures over the proscenium, the striking face a few rows away, fade out. A brief pause, and an eager hush steals over the audience. The music plays softly as the lights go up on the curtain. Not the star, nor the playwright, not "Brock Pemberton Presents," nor the flowing eulogies of the critics, but this—the thrill of this brief, this tense, this all-receptive moment is what keeps us in the theatre!

## IV.

You didn't see any lights on the tree—a Norwegian spruce—because it was quietly aglow with what seemed to be multi-colored candles tucked away in the branches, little red and green and blue and yellow halos ensconced in the fresh and fragrant green of the pine. Little heaps of white-wrapped presents tumbled about on the sheet that had been swirled about the bottom of the tree. If you looked out the window—and you did every now and then just for the warm comfort you felt in your security—you could see the snow, downy, leisurely snow, covering the tops of the trees and the ground and the roof of the garage, settling down with an amiable ease between you and the yellow flare of the street-light. The

fire glowed, and spread its sleepy warmth over the room. When a log fell with a comfortable, crackling sound and the flame flared up for an instant, it brought a glow to the old brass of the frames and the chandelier and the andirons. Or it would catch the four absurd little goblets off their guard and make them sparkle.

The familiar monotone of his voice rose and fell above the crackling of the fire: . . . "Scrooge was better than his word . . . He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other city, town or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed and that was quite enough for him . . . and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one!"

Into the silence which fell on the room as he put the book on the table stole the faint sound of a few quiet voices. You knew who and what they were without stirring from your chair. You could see them, their snow-flaked collars turned up, the tips of their noses red, not with the cold, but glowing with an inner radiance, standing under the street-light, their faces turned up happily toward the candle in your window. The clear, quiet voices on the night air . . . "Silent Night, Holy Night, . . . struck a chord in you which vibrated long after the music faded into the night.

## V.

As far as you could see to the right and the left of you, the white sand threw back the warmth of the sun to that great golden ball in the sky. Around the edges of the long, racy yacht, dipped over on its side in the sand, you could follow the rippling streaks of light on the water 'til they curved down over the edges of the horizon. The impudent, insistent shrieks of the foghorns and the clamor of the yacht, hurled into the sands in the blindness of the same sickly greyness which kept you from seeing anything much of Provincetown, coming in, had kept you awake all night. Now, it was pleasant to lie lazily in the warm sand and watch indifferently as the impatient little coast-guard cutters fumed around waiting for the tide to come in, and the ineffective little land crew ploughed up a path of escape for the svelte little steamer.

If the sun dulled your senses and you felt your sharp joy in sheer existence slipping away, you picked your

way over the prone, bronzed beings and hit the sharp, undulating water with an "Ah" of surprise. You swam out around the smart little plaything of the not-very-wonderful persons who toddled up and down on its tilted promenade with a lavish display of hips and pyjamas. And when the long, sweeping strokes of your crawl tired you a little, you drifted back to the hot, eager kisses of the sand, and stretched out, congratulating God for his wisdom in taking you into partnership with Him in the matters of the sun and the breeze and the sky and the sea. When sensuous contentment settles down over you, you are on speaking terms with God.

## Sonnet on Keats

By WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

*Ah, read no more what other poets  
thought,  
I think of them, and grow too sad  
again.  
For their rich purple dyes a nobler  
strain  
Than mine will ever know. I stop  
at naught  
To grasp at beauty. She is never  
caught  
But by a kiss, a smile, one breath, and  
pain  
Is gone, and closest lies she, and has  
lain.  
Oh God, how could a mortal know such  
rhyme?  
Such gorgeous phantasy, such burning  
dreams,  
As set dead souls afire in pantomime?  
Why can I not dream with him? Ah,  
it seems  
Such is the deathless tragedy of time,  
Such is the sorrow with which living  
teems.*

## Ghosts

By CARY ELLISON

*I have known joy of late,  
Only to know hate.  
Trembling before new love,  
The old was born anew with pain.  
What can I do to still my ghosts,  
Who cannot win them back to life  
again?*

Football coaches in the North may be interested in the news from Duke University in South Carolina. The Blue Devils have been playing practice games between the first and second teams for the past two weeks, scrimmaging on good firm ground twice a week.—*New York Times*.

Well, anyway, the ground is firm.



# Beast or Fish? . . . North Carolina's Loch Ness Monster . . . By J. Fraser Allenby

(This is the second of a series of articles on little known facts of North Carolina's history, which Mr. Allenby has kindly consented to write for us during his brief stay in Chapel Hill. Mr. Allenby is the author of the forthcoming "Strange Tales of North Carolina Folk Lore"—Ed. Note).

When the editors of the Magazine asked me to write a series of articles on North Carolina life and incidents for your very excellent little paper, I was somewhat at a loss to know just what would interest the students. I was certain that all would be glad to know about the picturesque Bowen Jernegan whose native state has all but forgotten him and even at the University where he received his education, the members of the faculty knew little or nothing about him.

The recent reports of a large water animal at Loch Ness, Scotland recalls to my mind a similar occurrence which happened at Wilmington about fifty years ago. That city, then of some importance as a seaport, was set violently agog one hot August afternoon by reports that a huge animal of some unknown variety had been seen swimming off the coast. Hundreds of frightened bathers hastily deserted the surf and numerous small boats put out at once to see if a glimpse of the curious creature might be had. It was the first real excitement since the Yankees had taken Fort Fisher.

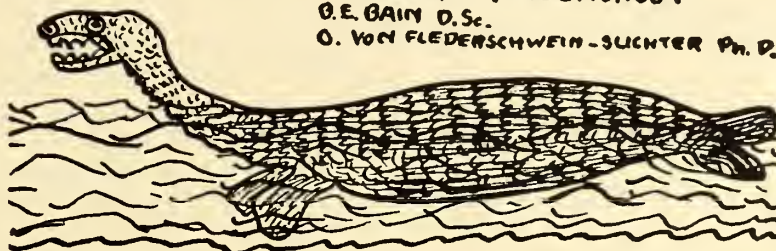
The men who first reported having seen the beast, Clinton Tarbox and Vergil Turbeville, had something of a reputation for heavy drinking and when a diligent search of the coast failed to reveal the slightest trace of the thing, its existence was attributed to the variety of corn liquor which Turbeville and Tarbox were wont to use. The two men became obstacles of public ridicule and were chided by the Wilmingtonians for the failure of their monster to put in an appearance. "Tarbox's Folly" the wits called the imaginary creature.

The incident was all but forgotten when about a year later the Reverend Ambrose Hardee who had been fishing off the coast one Sunday afternoon put into port wild with excitement and hardly able to speak. When he had collected himself sufficiently he told a tale which bore out that of Tarbox and Turbeville. Early that afternoon the Reverend had been barely out of sight of land and the afternoon being warm, he had allowed himself to stretch out in his little boat and had drifted pleasantly with the gentle tide. As he gazed leisurely out over the little waves he

noticed that in one spot the blue waters were undergoing some very unusual agitation. A school of porpoises, thought Hardee, or a shark. The disturbance of the otherwise calm sea grew greater and as he looked Hardee was horrified to see a huge animal rear its ugly toothed

upon the issue, "Honest John" Moore saw it as he was sailing up from Southport with a shipload of fertilizer. That cinched it. As his name would suggest, "Honest John" could be relied on. It is true that he once had boasted of taking important parts in two battles that

MARINE MONSTER SIGHTED OFF  
NEW BERN, N.C. AUG. 13, 1884  
O.E. BAIN D.Sc.  
O. VON FLEDERSCHWEIN-SLICHTER Ph.D.



head out of the sea and start towards the little boat.

Badly frightened though he was, Hardee did not lose his courage and taking a handful of lead weights or sinkers from the bottom of the boat he hurled them in the direction of the approaching animal. His aim must have been good for the huge creature turned, dove, and was no more seen. Badly shaken Hardee sunk to the bottom of the boat but it was not long before his scientific curiosity got the better of his fright and taking an envelope from his pocket he drew a rough sketch of the animal he had seen. Then he headed for shore to warn the Wilmingtonians of the presence of the animal.

The creature described by Hardee bore a close resemblance to the one reported by Turbeville and Tarbox and those men celebrated their vindication by getting properly drunk and reporting several new species of monsters. The sea beast had, according to both reports, a large head with prominent pointed teeth and large eyes. The distance of the head from the body suggested a neck of ten feet or more in length while the creature's huge body was thirty feet or more from shoulder to its paddle-like tail. The body according to Hardee was covered with silver scales like some huge fish.

The word of so reliable a citizen as Hardee's could not be poopooed lightly away or attributed to stimulants and the fact that his report coincided with that of the first two men proved beyond a cavil of a doubt that some great animal out of the past was frequenting the shores of North Carolina. To be sure old Colonel Titus Throstletwaite said "he allowed it was one of them Yankee gunboats again" but the Colonel was queer anyway and never could be brought to the realization that the war was over. Then to place the final proof

had been fought on the same day, one in Arkansas and one in Virginia but for the most part he was thoroughly honest and everyone was expected to lie about their exploits in the war anyhow. The animal thereafter existed even in the minds of the most skeptical natives of the village.

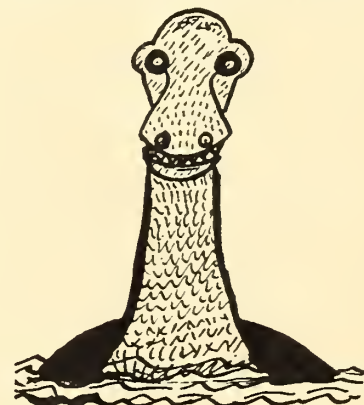
The phenomenon was reported to Dr. Clyde Best and Professor Malcolm Honeycutt of Trinity College who hastened to the sea to lay scientific claim to the animal for old Trinity. The thing must have had an aversion to Trinity men, however, for though they combed the beaches and the inlets for several weeks they caught no glimpse of the unsociable beast, and dejected, they returned to their institution. Professor Baker E. Bain who arrived soon afterwards from the University met with luck. He had been delayed in coming for several days pending a decision of the Philanthropic Assembly as to whether or not the creature existed. Finally the Assembly decided by a vote of 45 to 39 that it did exist and Professor Bain was dispatched post-haste to find it and claim it for the University.

At Wilmington Bain was joined by Doctor Otto Von Flederschwein-Slichter of Johns Hopkins and armed with cameras and rifles the two boarded the "Victory" manned by a good crew and equipped for two weeks at sea. A curious crowd gathered at the wharf to see them sail and amidst waving handkerchiefs and the strains of a brass band they put to sea. It is to the credit of Wilmington that great interest was taken in the scientific work and all possible cooperation was given the men. They sailed up and down the coast for sixteen days and as their provisions were about gone, they reluctantly ordered the captain of the "Victory" to head for shore. The crew which considered the expedition "so much plumb foolishness"

as one salt put it, obeyed with alacrity.

There was a full moon that night, the sea calm. A foreboding lull hung like a heavy unseen pall about the good ship. A diaphanous mist hovered over the glistening surf. The two men, their eyes weary from constant watching paced the deck silently. Then Bain remarked of the beauty of the waves, black and oily in the moonlight. They decided to go below and get some sleep so as to be fresh when the ship landed and they would have to report their failure to the expectant folks of Wilmington.

They turned away from the rail and were about to stride to the cabin door when Von Flederschwein-Slichter grasped Bain violently by the arm and whispered gutturally in German, "das Fischlein." Bain turned and there not two hundred yards from the ship was what the German had humorously referred to as the "little fish." It was the animal, over forty feet in length, its silver scales sparkling in the moon's rays as the Leviathan disported its ponderous shape in the murky current. For a moment they stood fascinated, then the German dashed madly below for his camera.



Sketch from the diary of the Reverend Ambrose Hardee, D.D., lent through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. Wayne Kirk-Patrick.

Bain made a rapid drawing. When Von Flederschwein-Slichter returned the thing was gone.

Excitedly they discussed the beast from scientific angles and Bain showed the German his sketch. The latter agreed as to the accuracy of all but a few details and the two men after waiting a little while longer lest it return, retired for the night telling the crew nothing. When they awoke next morning the boat was at dock and the crew had gone ashore reporting what they considered the failure of the cruise. The two men got in touch with the editor of the paper and the next morning the journal carried a full discussion of their findings.

(Continued on page eight)



## Jail House

By RALPH LIVERIGHT

The coppers clubbed Joe almost into insensibility before they threw him into the jail house and slammed the rusty old iron door behind him. Joe was only a kid, but he found out that it took a man to mess with the coppers, even on a bellyfull of lemon extract and melted sterno.

At first he could see nothing. The once clean white washed walls of the jail house rose to a lofty eminence and supported a creaky roof punctured with cob web strewn sky lights, mere slits, like so many faint stars, on the ceiling. When his eyes had become accustomed to the half-light he staggered into a corner and lay down. The cold floor of the jail house soothed the red welts on his back where the coppers had applied their clubs. All at once everything seemed peaceful and restful. His back no longer ached. It was numb.

There were two sections to the jail, separated by a partition of screen mesh and iron bars. On one side were the women, white and black. One of them was nursing a baby. There were six men on the other side. One of the women flung a coarse epithet at Joe and the men looked up. Their faces lighted. "Jim, get Jim," one of them croaked hoarsely.

Outside the jail door Joe heard one of the coppers bawl, "Let that damn kid alone." One of the men spat at the door.

"Come on in here Regan, you brass-buttoned bastard," he shouted derisively. The copper moved away from the door, muttering. The men lying on the floor showed some signs of interest. One of them moved over to Joe. It was Jim, a big evil faced nigger.

"What you doin' in here, white boy"? he questioned cautiously. The prisoners were always afraid the coppers would sneak someone inside to spy on them. Joe made no answer. Jim seized him by the belt and hustled him over to the group of men.

"We's got us a new man. Let's try him." Jim strutted about, throwing out his chest. He was the judge of the kangaroo court.

"Book him as breakin' and enterin' a jail house," he instructed one of the whites. The fellow was white-faced, a snow bird. He made as if to write an entry upon an imaginary blotter, and then seized Joe roughly by the arm. Joe struck him in the face, then dogged as the fellow produced a knife from some hidden recess of his filthy clothing. The buck nigger kicked the little white-faced fellow across the jail house, and he lay in a heap, stuttering convulsively. "When dey's any knifin' aroun' here you

all let Big Jim do it," he thundered to the little group.

A woman in the other cell block shrieked, "See if he got any money on him."

Big Jim grinned at his own negligence and emptied Joe's pockets. "Ain't got nuffin' but a damn piece of string an' a old cahtridge." He dragged Joe to his feet. The prisoners clustered around.

"Dis here court is now in session," Big Jim began. "Is you or is you not guilty of breakin' and enterin' a jail house in de fust degree?"

Joe laughed and tried to enter into the spirit of the court, until he saw the stern faces of his persecutors. With the prisoners a kangaroo court was no joke. His face fell. "Guilty," he said.

"Den dis here court declares that unless we is furnished with cigarets and chocolate you is to git ten floggings with mah belt every day as long as you is in." The trial was closed. Big Jim took off his belt and struck Joe a slashing blow across his back. Joe ducked and the raw end of the belt gashed the back of his head. Two of the men pinioned his hands behind his back while Jim gave him the rest of the ten lashes.

All the while the women screeched for blood. The jail house was in an uproar. Clancey and Regan flung the door open and walked into the cell block  
(Continued on page eight)

## Recital

By ROBERT LEEPER

*Some one sent roses to the curtained stage.*

*Rain-wet they were, and pink. I took them back*

*To where she stood, all radiant. Her age*

*Was little more than mine; her hair was black.*

*As rain-soaked tree trunks seen against the sky.*

*She smiled, "Thank you"; and then stepped out to play*

*The "Spring Song" for the waiting people. I,*

*Who deeply heard, touched joy that April day.*

*Not long; the music ended, and the place*

*Was tensely still, except for rain that beat*

*Upon the roof. I left, knowing her face*

*Would be too glad a thing for me to meet.*

*The roses said what one could never speak,—*

*Rain-kissed they were, pink as a girl's cheek.*

## The Diary of an Ex-Politician

Edited by THOMAS WALKER

I

"And, gentlemen, we have much better candidates than our opponents—we're going to sweep these elections as no party has done before."

Pushing out his jaw like a bulldog, the speaker took his seat; members of the Frat-Non-Frat party, assembled in Memorial Hall, shouted and stamped. And we, the group of pledges sent by the politically-minded brothers of the lodge, joined in the demonstration. How could we doubt the words of the speaker? Wasn't he an Outstanding Man? And the candidates on the stage behind him—weren't they the Most Representative Men on the campus? The brothers had told us so, and we couldn't doubt them.

And later, when one of the bosses of the party came over and spoke to me, my chest nearly exploded. I was talking to an Outstanding Man—a leader in campus activities.

"Nice-looking bunch of candidates we have, don't you think?"

"Yes sir, they certainly are," I gulped.

The Great Man sighed. "I wish I was like you, just starting in. I'm finishing this year." Another nostalgic wheeze. "Campus politics is a great thing for developing a fellow."

Again I assented. After all, I was only a freshman.

II

Glory of Glories! Next year the brothers started breaking me in as political manager for the lodge. Everywhere I went, Campus Leaders spoke to me, and in the winter quarter, I had a swell time talking to freshmen about the elections coming in the spring.

The best time, of course, came when we began selecting candidates. We—all the fraternity political managers—used to gather and discuss this and that man for this and that office.

And some of those managers had the goofiest ideas about whom we should run. Once we were looking into the matter of the editorship of a publication. Some man wanted to give the nomination to a boy who he thought deserved because of several years' work on the publication. Why, that boy couldn't have gotten a single co-ed vote: he'd never been to the Shack, and it was too late for him to start. Besides, the Kappa Beta Phis were due to get the office that year.

So we got a Kappa Beta Phi who roomed in a dormitory, giving us a majority of the fraternities, and giving him a good start on rooming-places; he was at the Shack nearly every night—not dating the same girl either; and he

ate at Swain Hall. It didn't matter that he hadn't worked hard on the publication; practically everybody knew he was connected with the staff.

We had another funny case that year; a boy wanted to run for the presidency of the student body, and we were all for him until we found that he wanted to present a platform to the campus. Of course, you have to have something like one, but this boy had some ideas for changing several features of student government.

"Look here," we protested, "do you think you can get votes with that platform? It's too radical. You gotta use this one—we won the office with it last year."

For a while he wanted to argue, but we made him take the paper and memorize the planks just in case anybody got curious about his plans. We were lucky, though; only about a dozen were interested in a platform, and although we probably lost their votes, we won the position.

III

After my training during the previous spring's campaign, I was all ready for work in the fall of my junior year. We started early, because it was rumored that our old frame-up was going to split, and that five fraternities were going over to the other side.

This gave us a bad few weeks, but after we had promised those five lodges one class vice-presidency, two treasurerships, an editorship, and a Y.M.C.A. office, they came back and gave us our majority.

Also, the non-fraternity men became a little horsey, and we had to give them one more office than we had planned on. Doing that squashed the Double Deltas, but they had been slipping for quite a while; in addition, they had pledged only three men in the fall—they didn't deserve an office. After figuring up, we found that even without the Deltas we'd have a fraternity majority, and we needed those non-fraternity votes.

Just the same, we had a terrible scare in the spring. Somehow or other (I think it was due to the other party's work), the campus at first demanded platforms from candidates; and we found that those we'd been using for the past five years wouldn't hold up any more. Some of the men on the other party's ticket had some good ideas about what they wanted to do in case they got the offices they were running for. For two weeks we worked night and day talking down those men, and with the aid of a couple of basketfuls of dirt, and

(Continued on page eight)



# The Political Front . . . The Zero Hour Approaches . . . By Tabbi III

In a few short weeks all good citizens of Carolina will troop to the polls in white, immaculate Graham Memorial, register their votes in the annual campus plebescite, and just as quickly quit those halls, leaving behind naught but hot air and two tons of assorted campaign posters. For the political season, hand maiden of the vernal equinox, is finally upon us. Now, indubitably, is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

The tight-mouthed University party, with almost a clean sweep in sight, has its ticket practically complete. It could muster some 900 votes at a moment's notice, its exponents are wont to plug, and if that manifold number is any criterion, the forthcoming ballot-scratching should be little more than a farce. For the carefully organized and regimented University party controls the largest parcel of votes available within recent years. At first blush, it appears that a landslide is imminent, one similar to the quake of '32, which sent all but four men into office without contest. It is rapidly becoming an obvious truism to aver that every other year is a single united party year.

Opposed to this Gargantuan amassing of vote power is the Campus Democrats, a group whose sincere purpose it is to install candidates of merit who were excluded in the caucus of the big party. For the first time in the history of campus politics this group met and actually conducted a nomination of its candidates within the party. Unfortunately, there were too many offices and not enough candidates.

The election date has been tentatively set for about the third week in April. However, this will depend largely upon the success of the present student government administration in educating the campus to approve its intelligently formulated plan to give the student government back to the student body. Halted in its first move to obtain the approval of the nondescript student activities council, the protagonists of the plan have let the grass grow under their feet again. Yet it is safe to say that the campus will hear of and subsequently approve the new government code before elections come off.

There are several reasons for this action: At the insistence of the ever-active and ever-misguided freshman executive committee, whose numbers are legion, it has been proposed to elect at campus wide election, one member each from the Liberal Arts and Commerce colleges who will serve on the student entertainment committee. Other changes in the present format of government

include the extension of committees to seat a member of the student council, and a coordinating clause which will place the final authority for any action taken by such units as the P. U. Board and the Debate Council within the jurisdiction of the Student Council, with veto power in the hands of the student body. Consequently, when the final code is drawn up and passed, several new campus offices will embellish an already swollen ballot.

Phi Gam.....	43
KA.....	41 X
Phi Kap Sig.....	34
DEX.....	38
ATO.....	35
Sigma Nu.....	48 X
SAE.....	57
Zeta Psi.....	50 X
Pi Kap Phi.....	37
Theta Chi.....	27
Kap Sig.....	29
Total	439
	68
	61
	49
	517

Th H Nu.....	20
Phi S K.....	28
SPE.....	28
Pi KA.....	36
Delta Psi.....	27
Chi Psi.....	29
Sig Delta.....	20
DTD.....	19
Phi D Th.....	49
Chi Phi.....	25
Sig Chi.....	49
Bat Th Pi.....	49
Total	379
	98
	477

*In this manner does the master mind of a political party weigh the voting potency of the rival forces. This document, from the archives of one of last year's parties, shows how carefully the votes are estimated, both fraternity and non-fraternity. It appears that three prominent members of the party have contracted to deliver a large block of non-fraternity votes, and these, tallied with the fraternity votes, give the strategist a fairly accurate picture of what will happen at the polls. The fraternities at the right are those held as "doubtful" at the time this record was made.*

Though it has refused to come out into the open, rumors as to the personnel of the University party ticket have been wafted to the collective ears of this publication. Some of the "nominations" are as follows:

President of the Student Body, Vergil Weathers (Non-Frat.)

Vice-President of the Student Body, Frank Abernathy (Beta Theta Pi.)

President of the Athletic Association, George Barclay (Phi Gamma Delta.)

Vice-President of the Athletic Association, Babe Daniels (A.T.O.)

President of the Senior Class, Jack Pool (Pi Kappa Phi.)

President of the Junior Class, Ernie Eusler (Non-Frat.)

President of the Sophomore Class, undecided (sic.)

Cheer leader, Lester Ostrow (T.E.P.)  
Debate Council, Phillips Russell

(Non-Frat.) and Winthrop Durfee (S.P.E.)

Editor Daily Tar Heel, A. T. Dill (D.K.E.)

Editor Carolina Magazine, Joe Sugarman (T.E.P.)

Editor Buccaneer, Pat Gaskins (Sigma Delta.)

Editor Yackety-Yack, Bob Drane (Zeta Psi.)

Senior Student Council, Frank Kenan (S.A.E.)

## Total Men in Each Fraternity

Zeta Bt.....	19
Phi Alpha.....	17
TEP.....	58

Chi O.....	29
Pi Phi.....	32

S Phi S.....	18
Lam Ch Alp.....	31

*Non-Frat Support gotten by J. D. Winslow, Hapen Bann, & Emmet Willie — 450 votes.*

171
49
61
68
359

Junior Student Council, undecided (sic.)

Sophomore Student Council, undecided (sic.)

Senior P. U. Board, not selected (The Editors respectfully suggest Jim Morrison, hard working, conscientious, unrewarded Daily Tar Heel sports writer.)

Junior P. U. Board, Claude Rankin (A.T.O.)

Sophomore P. U. Board, Jim Daniels (Phi Kappa Sigma.)

President Y.M.C.A. (Now gloriously given back to the student body)—(sic), (sic)—J. D. Winslow, a good choice.

Other senior class officers will include Francis Farley.

Jim McCachren (Non-Frat.) will be a candidate for a Junior class officer with Newton DeBordeleben (S.A.E.) as vice-president.

It is understood that three non-fraternity men will get offices in the soph-

omore class, with Reed Sarratt Non-Frat.) as chairman of the executive committee.

This summary is only a skeleton of the final ticket. To this must be added the remainder of the class offices, the senior P.U. Board office, and several minor positions.

Wary of their fruitless experiment of last year when they ran a co-ed for a major office, the University party men turn thumbs down on the prospect of permitting a representative of the fair sex a position on their 1934 ticket. Besides, there is no united opposition, no reason for soliciting all the co-ed voting power on the strength of one candidate. Too, the Pi Phi's and the Chi Omega's have never been able to reconcile their several political views, thus inevitably splitting the campus female vote.

The Brain Trust of the University party is mainly centered in T.E.P.'s Novins, Phi Gam's Herb Taylor, D.K.E.'s Shepherd, Sigma Nu's Skinner, A.T.O.'s Joe Gant, and Sigma Delta's Bill Eddleman. Chief non fraternity strength is seen in Lee Greer, present vice-president of the student body, J. D. Winslow, candidate for the presidency of the Y.M.C.A., and Dave McCachren.

Since the party and Editor Carr parted company over the deal concerning the presidency of the student body, their candidate Dill for the editorship of the Tar Heel is over-shadowed in the favor of the present Tar Heel regime by Thompson, independent editorial candidate. Lee still remains a strong contender for the Magazine editorship, and it is understood that the Buccaneer will see a three way fight with Gaskins, the University party man, Bob Ruark, of Phi Kappa Sigma, and George Moore, non-fraternity, contending for the position. Thus, unless other independents enter the field via Proctor's Party or a line up of personal backing, the University outfit will have the ball on its own side of the field through most of the game, if we may be permitted a brief rhetorical lapse.

As yet no candidate or candidates stand upon any platform. When constructed such platforms will be hopelessly anemic or intolerably meaningless. But, perhaps unfortunately, such a consideration is only slightly requisite in vote getting. Or will 1934 be a different story?

PRACTICALLY CLAIRVOYANT DEPT.

The oldest piece in the collection is Egyptian, was coined under the reign of the Ptolomys, and is dated 250 B.C. —Durham Herald-Sun.



## BEAST OR FISH?

(Continued from page five)

Speculation was rife, just as it is now at Loch Ness. All sorts of strange theories were advanced but no one could doubt the existence of some great marine animal off the coast. Some said it was a lone descendant of the age of dinosaurs. Some believed it was the sea serpent. Some called it a whale, some a huge seal, some a school of porpoises. The Trinity men said that the rival scientists must have been deluded by seeing the submerged hulk of a derelict covered by shiny seaweed.

Bain and Von Flederschwein-Slichter, however, were not to be dissuaded from the conviction of their own eyesight and while they did not advance any theories both agreed that it was a form that was hitherto unknown and unclassified in the realm of zoology. In honor of the men who had discovered the creature it was tentively termed a *Sauriodactylopod Bainflederschweinslichterensium*. Perhaps being called that frightened the thing away, for though search continued for some time no sight of it was caught by reliable witnesses since that time. From time to time vague rumors drifted in off the banks that a large animal had been sighted in the ocean but the reports were not authenticated and scientists believe that the *Sauriodactylopod* has either died or left these parts.

It is not impossible that it still survives. Animals of that species live for hundreds of years but of course there is no way of telling if the Loch Ness animal is the same or not. All the men who saw the North Carolina specimen have since passed to their reward. From descriptions there seems to exist a real similarity between the two and it is likely that the two are of some kindred species. Copies of Bain's and Hardee's sketches have been sent to scientists in Great Britain and shown to the observers of the Loch Ness creature. They report that those who saw it are convinced that it is one of the same species. Perhaps it is the same animal itself. If so it is North Carolina and the men who first saw the animal here fifty years ago who deserve the credit and it is to be hoped that a just and impartial world of science will award the credit where it belongs and perpetuate the names of Bain and Von Flederschwein-Slichter when the animal is finally classified.

## OUR OWN ANTI-CLIMAX DEPT.

Airy, beauteous, blithe, blissful, buoyant, convivial, cozy, ecstatic, festive, frisky, frplicsome, gay, genial, gleeful, halcyon, happy, jovial, jubilant, merry, mirthful, rapt, rollicking, sparkling, vivacious, that is the Soph Hop.

—Penn State Froth

## Little Helen's Uncle Bud

By DON SHOEMAKER

Of all Little Helen's relations (and mine for that matter) I most admire Uncle Bud, Aunt Sue's eldest brother. Whatever qualities Little Helen lacks to fill one complete volume of a study in social trends, Uncle Bud makes up in a remarkable manner. Therefore, when I say that I *admire* Uncle Bud, I only mean that he is attractive from the point of literary material.

Uncle Bud didn't go to war: perhaps that's what's the matter with him. When he got out of college at seventeen (like his niece he was a child prodigy) Uncle Bud departed for the nearest recruiting office and attempted to enlist. A burly Irish recruiting sergeant told him to go home to his mother and his meccano set. That's all there was to it. Uncle Bud never got over it.

His chagrin took a queer twist in his young mind and from then on Uncle Bud always had the impression that he was being "shot at." Back-firing trucks, riveting machines, and hail stones on a tin roof bothered him most. He would jump up from the dinner table, red-eyed, and shouting "The Boches are flanking us," would go tearing upstairs and hide in Miranda's closet. (Miranda was our Scotch cook, a comely creature; but I found out later that Uncle Bud's retreat to her closet was no affectation to cover inappropriate designs).

In the early 20's Uncle Bud managed to shake off this impression that people were always shooting at him, and the only time it returned was during the naval amunition dump explosion over in Jersey several years ago. Then we had to send him to the mountains for a month to recover.

There was some sort of sanitorium up there where they gradually wean a person of shell-shock, starting off the first day with blasting in the quarry and working down to pop guns and two-inch firecrackers. They finally sent Uncle Bud back to us completely cured. We still had trouble keeping him out of Miranda's closet, where he used to spend an hour or so a day. Just "force of habit" the doctors told us.

Uncle Bud is, today, rapidly rising to success in his chosen field, which happens to be dramatic criticism. His unimpeachable honesty, his stoic refusal to accept the panderings of second-rate actors, and his rather quaint custom of sitting through the entirety of any production have all contributed to his chosen success.

Of all his peculiar virtues I like best his honesty. Uncle Bud steadfastly refuses to accept telephone messages. He says he might repeat the message incorrectly. That would be telling a lie. He also has a queer fixation about postage

stamps. He always glues them on his letters and then shellacs them. He says that the stamp might come off in transit, thus cheating the government out of three cents. Consequently the cancelling of the air mail contracts has been quite a blow to him, for he insists on taking all the blame. He thinks that he sent too few air mail letters. We have never been able to see the connection.

Another strange fixation of Uncle Bud lost him the job he had before he became a dramatic critic. An employer of his ordered him to post date some business letters. Uncle Bud refused. "That would be a lie," he said. Uncle Bud will never be much of a success in the business world.

Little Helen, when in a scientific mood, treats her Uncle Bud with gentle scorn. His psychosis, she says, "is a true schizoid, tiresomely veracious, but withal, an interesting type."

## THE DIARY OF AN EX-POLITICIAN

(Continued from page six)

a few manipulations along the line of promises, we had most of our opponents so busy defending their characters that they didn't have time to wave their platforms in the faces of the voters.

We came through that election in great style; we did lose one office, but that was only the "Y" presidency.

## IV

But the next fall I began to have some doubts about the "developing" power of campus politics, and when a campus politician has any doubts about that matter, he's shot. And I was washed up; I saw those men we had put into office the spring before running absolutely wild. Lots of them hardly knew what their duties were supposed to be; of course, they had never been expected to carry out any duties, but previously we had always made it a strict rule that candidates should know the purposes of the office they were after.

The old frame-up was holding pretty well; only a few lodges left us that year. We made it up by sewing up the co-ed vote and handing out a couple of more offices to the non-fraternity men.

At least we thought we had made it up.

But those men we had defeated the year before were too wise to pull the same stunt twice. Instead of putting up men with constructive platforms, they hashed together a bucketful of tripe and ran a pack of good politicians—the kind who can do a swell job of button-holding a voter and bulling the vote out of him; and their bosses promised more

positions that there were on the whole campus.

They licked us that year; they got over half the offices. One of ours was the "Y" presidency.

This year I'm not playing with politics; several of the men with whom I used to work are here though, taking Law. Great thing, the Law School—good excuse for one to hang around and dabble in matters political.

I almost wish I had never had those doubts campus politics; in the first place, I was just sentimental over a few men who had lost out in an election; just imagine getting sentimental over men who do the things they did the following spring.

As I was saying, I wish I had never had those doubts, because it looks like a beautiful set-up this year: the politicking is going smoothly, and some of the dumb candidates are trying to put up good platforms. Gosh, for an old hand like me, it would be a push-over.

## JAIL HOUSE

(Continued from page six)

brandishing night sticks. "Listen, you goddam stir rats, leave that boy alone before I bash you heads in," Regan shouted. Big Jim hung his head.

Joe crept over into a corner and lay there the rest of the day. Every time the men came over toward him he screamed for Regan, the only soft-hearted copper copper in the station house. At night fall the Chief came in with an interne from the city hospital. They carried Joe out and put him in an ambulance. "Damn if I see how this kid lived so long with his back in that shape," said the interne kindly.

"Yeah," said the Chief, "lookit all the welts on his back where those rats in there kicked him around."

## Two Poems

By FRED HOWARD

## I.

## BEAT YOUR DRUMS

"Beat your drums, my children, beat your drums.

Line your wooden men along the wall.  
Kill them well and you may skip your sums."

Accurately children fling the ball,  
Seeing only wooden men that fall.

## II.

## KILLDEE

Young corn-green stripes the black soil.  
Behind his mule a farmer stalks along.  
His eye follows the furrow  
Where loose soil tumbles from the plow.

Overhead, like reeds in the wind, a bird cries.

The farmer throws back his head.  
His thick lips sprinkle out,  
"Killdee-ee! Killdee-ee!"



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

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## Bloody Tobacco

By ROBERT LEEPER

Dr. Edd Smith called me to help him with an operation that afternoon. It was a husky negro, way back of the Hunting Ridge section, who had got his hand mixed up with a slab and a rip saw.

In those days, there was no chance of taking the fellow to the hospital. It was too far away, for one thing, and the roads were so bad that the horses would have made slow going of it, at best. So Dr. Edd started to work on the negro right away, and sent some neighbor to get word to me. I was new in the community at the time, and occasionally I helped Dr. Edd with some of his cases.

We arrived after so long a time, my negro, Rush, driving for me. Dr. Edd was a bloody mess when he came out on the porch to hurry me in to the patient. His hands were red all over and his face had splotches of blood on it, along with the perspiration that always seemed to be there, no matter when you saw him. He was a big, heavy man, and nothing except the heat ever bothered him.

"Come on in, Doc," he said. "I've got a stuck pig for you to work on."

I turned to Rush. "Do you think you'd get sick if I let you help keep this fellow chloroformed?"

Rush had helped me with chloroform before.

"No suh, Doc, I feels all right, suh."

We went in, and it was a pretty bad job to face. Dr. Edd had kept the fellow asleep, and he did not seem to be suffering a great deal. I got Rush busy with the chloroform, watching him carefully to make sure that he was not losing his nerve.

We worked on the arm about three hours, tying up the arteries and stopping the blood flow, then sewing up the skin over the stumps. We managed to save the stumps of the first and second fingers, the stump of the thumb and a half of the hand, cut diagonally across it.

Rush was a soldier at his job of keeping the chloroform dripping, but I noticed that every once in a while he would roll his eyes over in our direction.

Dr. Edd, fat and perspiring, and  
(Continued on page three)



By Brad White.

## Hepzibah, Behave!

By BRADFORD WHITE

"In society, ordinarily termed good, it is not customary to sit upon more than one chair at a time, nor is the mantelpiece regarded as the proper place for the feet, however well turned the boot or delicately made the shoe."

That sentence, a veritable flank attack on sprawling Americans, first struck the rude world when Harpers & Brothers in 1870 published their *Bazar Book of Decorum*. Written by a man in the best and heaviest Victorian manner, the book in its preface confessed to being "an attempt to raise the subject of which it treats to its proper connection with health, morals, and good taste." To show further that he was not a timid man, the author states in subtitle that he will deal with the care of the person, including the range of manners, etiquette, and ceremonials.

A writer who would present a menu like that one to the liquor-drinking, high-swearing, un-washed America of the '70's would be forced to excuse his performance in the first chapter. There indeed our author does unhorse his opponents. In a class-less society, says he,

Americans live so close together that it is a positive necessity for everyone to bathe. The alternative to a quick clean-up is that all our nice people will go to England.

Send this little text to a country girl in Alabama and you have the elements of comedy especially if the girl's grandson finds the book some sixty years later. We can see Hepzibah taking her book and going to the back fence for privacy. For her, the muddy ruts of Coosa's streets changed to the boulevards of New York. She must have seen herself floating down the sidewalk and being recognized by that crowd of gracious and fastidious people who could go to Europe if America proved too foul. Blessed Book! Hepzibah could learn to be a lady.

Turning the pages she would have come soon to that chapter dedicated to "the discreet use of the eye." She would have learned to her great benefit that bold starers don't make good mothers. She would feel the darts of the author's scorching wit if she had been

(Continued on page two)

## Ben Adams--At Home

By JOE SUGARMAN

I didn't like the neighborhood worth a cent. Grimy little Italian bakeries poured forth rancid odors from their sweaty interiors, ragamuffin black urchins sat on breadboxes and threw stones indiscriminately at the passers-by, and the filth of months choked the street. My friend reassured me, "Of course, he lives in this section because he hasn't much money, but don't worry about the surroundings. When you meet him, you'll forget all about this." And he dodged the missile tossed with alarming accuracy by one of the smaller negro nuisances.

Fortunately for our safety we stopped soon in front of a dilapidated two-family house that possibly sixty years before had been the dwelling of reasonably prosperous folk. At the present time, with its broken windows, bricks torn loose from the outer walls, and inn- ing scores of street baseball games chalked up all over it, it was scarcely impressive. Miraculously the cracked push-button called forth a clear tone. We waited for someone to open the battered door.

Suddenly, as out of nowhere, a deep voice boomed, "Come in, you fools, the door's open. Can't you tell for yourselves." My companion grabbed my arm firmly, opened the door, and pushed me over the threshold into a greyness that suggested the interior of a mausoleum. I coughed a little as I inhaled the dust which our steps on the floor sent rising into the air.

A thunderous crash stopped our progress on the second flight of stairs. I looked at my friend timorously. "It's nothing," he replied, "I guess the old boy is messing around in the kitchen getting tea ready for us. Come on, now, I've got you this far, you can't back out now. You've been saying for months that you wanted to meet him. Let's go."

I had just begun to protest that I wasn't backing out when the awful voice roared forth again, "Doesn't want to meet Ben Adams, eh? Well, send the silly home. Get rid of him. I don't want to meet him myself. G'wan, get him out of here. I'm not home today."

Out on the stairs we exchanged de-  
(Continued on page two)



## HEPZIBAH, BEHAVE!

(Continued from page one)

wearing glasses for no good reason; for said the author, "it is quite clear that the whole world of fashion has not all of a sudden become so afflicted with short-sightedness as to render the use of artificial means for its relief universally necessary. Nine tenths of the people, male and female, who are constantly eyeing each other through glass, require no other medium than the one provided by Nature. Nothing can be more ill bred, and we assert it in the face of assenting Fashion, than ogling a stranger in the streets through an eyeglass."

If Hepzibah escaped this attack, she might have read calmly on to page forty-six. Here with the sharpest invective the author gives his idea on the indecent exposure of the ear; and if Hepzibah is at all like the other girls of her time she has both ears naked to the breeze. "We can not but protest," writes Mr. Harper's Bazarist, "against the prevailing style of dressing the hair, which, violently drawn away from the ears, leaves them exposed in all their ugly nakedness. In the ancient Greek statue of female beauty the ear is always partially hidden by the hair. If, in its ideal grace, it modestly half retires from the sight, it certainly, in its modern matter-of-fact ugliness should conceal itself altogether. We might possibly be persuaded to make an exception in favor of a beautiful ear, but we can not be prevailed upon to accept the exposure of the auricular monstrosities to be beheld every where." Blushing literally from ear to ear, Hepzibah no doubt loosed her curls.

Knowledge comes with a shock sometimes. It is to be hoped that Hepzibah was well balanced on that fence as she read the instruction for the care of the feet. Poor girl, if her shoes were too small, she might as well consider herself doomed for a case of ingrowth of the toenail. The author's description of its cure is horrific. "The surgeon, grasping the toe, thrusts the sharp-pointed blade of a pair of scissors under the nail as far as it will go, and then, cutting it in two, tears out each half with a pair of pincers from the quivering flesh in which it has long been embedded."

To think that the brute who penned those words would write a book of etiquette. Maybe Hepzibah skipped this.

Whatever humorous might be said of the author's lack of humor, the grandson must confess that Hepzibah could have learned a great deal of good sense from the *Book of Decorum*. In a day when women were squeezing their stomachs to the vanishing point, the author pleaded for a little more girth and health. In a day when a lady to

be a lady had to be frail and a healthy female was known simply as a "woman," the author throws his heaviest satire at the nibblers of little bisquits and hopes for the coming of women who will eat steak in public. Hepzibah, if she did not have to leave her book and go milk, would, all things considered, have spent a profitable afternoon's reading, though she could never have used her graces in Coosa, Alabama.

## BEN ADAMS—AT HOME

(Continued from page one)

spairing glances. "It's all right," called my friend. "He's just a little unused to this sort of thing, B. G."

"Soft, eh? No time for anyone that has no guts. Haven't got enough for three of us to eat anyway. Get rid of him, I tell you."

"Come on, let's risk it. The worst he'll do is ignore you completely."

"No I won't," yelled Adams from wherever he was. "I'll teach him a lesson, that's what I will. Bring him, if you want to, but I warned you about dragging weak sisters up here. I can't stomach 'em, and I'll show you what to do with 'em."

Before I knew it we were on the second floor entering Adams' rooms. Evidently he was in the back of the flat, for as we opened the door of the large front chamber, he bawled, "Stay in there 'till I come in and don't smash any of that stuff."

I dropped into an ancient horsehair chair and looked around the ill-lighted room. At first glance it resembled a third-rate junk shop more than anything else. Light from the windows was completely shut off by wrecked furniture piled up from the sill to the ceiling. In the very center of the room was a huge Chinese vase with a scrap of carpet thrown over the top. A small glass case containing pistols and revolvers stood close by. The walls were hung with Navajo blankets on which were placed swords and daggers of every conceivable type. In one corner were the remains of a large harp, while the other three were absolutely bare.

Against the wall opposite me stretched an extremely low couch vaguely resplendent in a brightly-colored Turkish covering. On either side of it were huge bookshelves on which were placed tiny carved-ivory elephants, tigers, and lions. Directly in front of the bookshelves a whole mass of books lay scattered about; some had been kicked out into the center of the room, and others had been shoved under the sofa. Just to the right of the door leading to the back rooms was a huge tin washtub filled to overflowing with dirty plates and odd pieces of cutlery.

The devil popped through that doorway just then. At least I was quite sure

it was the devil. I scarcely heard my friend's mumbling in his direction as I shrank back in my chair. I looked up and trembled as I saw the forbidding figure directly in front of me. His lips drawn tightly over his teeth, he was staring down at me and pounding my knee with an enormous hand.

"You look as though you thought I were going to do something terrible to you. How about some tea?"

Immensely relieved, I nodded and gave him as much of a smile as I could muster. He bustled out of the room and returned quickly with three cups of strong Russian tea and a small piece of cake which he sliced with a penknife on top of the glass case containing the firearms.

"I know I look like old Satan himself," he chattered as he passed the cups around, "but don't let that worry you. I've got him beat a mile. Do you know, that if I really wanted to set about demolishing this stupid world of yours, I could do a much better job than he. I'd leave one man, a Milton, I suppose, who could write an epic about my work that would make *Paradise Lost* look like a weak sister."

He stopped abruptly and jerked a thumb at my friend. "Been getting around lately," he leered, "How about that little girl across the street. Anything turn up?"

Turning to me, he rambled on, "He wants to write, you know," indicating my friend, "but he never will. He's afraid of women. Claims he's superior to them. But I know better. He's scared to death of indecent women and doesn't know any that are decent. Well, why don't you say something. Are you dumb?"

He didn't wait for an answer. "You youngsters are all alike. Go around with big fat books under your arms and think you'll become writers. Take me now, I didn't read a thing that everyone else reads until I was about thirty-five. By then I'd written enough good stuff so that I didn't care what the books had in them. I knew I couldn't be hurt by them anymore. I wish I'd put that fact into *Who's Who*. Say, do you know where I can get about \$10? If I had that much I could get back in there this next year. But first I want to read you some of my stories."

My friend moved slightly, but Adams pounced on him, "Now, look here, you little speck, I know you've brought some of that rotten poetry of yours for me to read. Well, I don't want to." He looked over at me, "And I don't want to see any of his either. You'll just sit there and listen to what I've got for you."

As he shoved his hand into an enormous box of manuscripts, he raised his head and cackled, "Of course, I don't know what you'll get out of this, but

there's nothing else to do with you anyway, so you might as well listen."

He read furiously at us. Stories about prehistoric monsters, stranded artists in Greenwich village, mutinies at sea, ghosts in the Gobi Desert, negroes in his own neighborhood, the upper middle class in England, all of it poured forth from him like so much lava until he himself was completely submerged by it. All the stories had been rejected by reputable magazines, and he spent considerable time analyzing the letters of rejection after each reading. The editors, he fumed, were fools. But he would soon show them. He was negotiating with a new publisher to bring out the stories in a volume to be entitled, *Yesterday, To-day, and Tomorrow*.

Without waiting for us to comment on the stories he threw them back into the box and began to stride around the room. His hands clasped at the back of his head, he talked wildly and menacingly about the tenants in the apartment below. That they gave the drunken parties didn't disturb him, but they never once invited him to them outraged him beyond coherent expression. "Where I come from, Maryland," he explained, "we don't do things that way; that is, everybody's pretty free and chummy, except my sister and my three wives."

He forgot about the troublesome neighbors and launched into a vehement denunciation of his former wives. "Sadie was a terror. She almost cut me to pieces when she found me with another woman. If she hadn't died, I guess I would have had to do away with her. But she was really mild compared to Mame who smashed every piece of furniture and bric-a-brac in the house one night because I let a steak burn. And, you boys, if you ever want decent food, don't forget you've got to go to Paris to get it. That's the last stronghold of good cookery left. Once in a while I try to fool myself into believing that I've gotten up something that's as good as what I ate over there, but I know it isn't."

(Continued on page seven)

## Zero

By MAGOG

*Nestle snugly in my welcome arms;  
Speed my pulse with magnetic charms.  
Trust in me with no alarm:  
From me you need expect no harm.*

*Let me gaze with breath abate  
Into your silent, solemn eyes.  
By what happy quirk of fate  
Fan you my cheeks with tender sighs?*

*In passion's nets our hearts are caught  
This happiness was never sought  
Each other is our only thought.  
'Tis shameful that we loved for naught!*



## BLOODY TOBACCO

(Continued from page one)

bloodier than ever, finally stood back, stretched himself, and started feeling about in his pockets, bloody hands and all, for his tobacco. Finally he found it, pulled it out and gnawed off a big chew of it.

I happened to look over toward Rush, and I saw he was getting a bit white around the gills.

"Doc, could I go outside a minnit, please?" he choked out.

I told him to go right ahead, that he needed some fresh air anyway, after being so near the chloroform for such a long time.

He stood up then, kind of uncertainly.

"Doc, whah is dat do' we come in?"

I led him to the door and told him to sit down on the edge of the porch, with his head held low, and he would soon feel all right.

I admit I felt very much like Rush did at the time, but I never took it quite so seriously as he did. He never could bear to be about Dr. Edd after that. Every time I would mention Dr. Edd, Rush would dry right up and look kind of sick.

Rush could give chloroform to a man all day, but he never got so he could stomach a man who could calmly take out a plug of tobacco with his bloody hands and calmly chew off a mouthful of it.

---

TSK! TSK! DEPT.

## MULES FOR SALE

We have a nice assortment of fresh young mules at our stables; also some used models cheap—John F. McNair, Inc., Laurinburg, N. C.—*Rockingham Post-Dispatch*.

## The

## Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
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## Book Marks

## Here Today and Gone Tomorrow

Louis Bromfield is one of the "white hopes" of American literature. Almost a decade ago he promised so much in *Early Autumn*, his study of a decadent New England family, that the Pulitzer prize people had the remarkable discretion and insight to recognize it as the best novel of that year. And Mr. Bromfield, thus encouraged, has gone right on promising, never, however, attaining the excellence of the blue-ribbon work or of the earlier *The Green Bay Tree*. In recent years he has risen to such heights as *The Farm* and descended to such utter claptrap as *A Modern Hero*.

The four short novels collected in this volume show him still in the painful stage of experiment and indecision. There are few better story-tellers than Bromfield. He has the gift of sweeping diverse characters into vigorous and compelling action with a few broad strokes and carrying them through to an exciting climax. Likewise, there are few of the first-rate writers of the day who are so thoroughly guilty of offering shadowy interpretations of contemporary life. No matter how excellent the character, how true the action, Bromfield's underlying idea is almost invariably obscure or muddled. One can remember Lily Shane well enough, but recalling the author's position on the surrounding social conditions is frankly difficult.

He constructs a vivid modern setting, dresses his folk appropriately, presents them with the proper words, and then fails to dig sufficiently deep into them to make them appear anything more than figures painted on a screen. As moderns his people fall flat because they fail to represent the idea of modernity although they possess all the outward appearances.

When Bromfield dedicates this book to an individual "who knows well the crazy twenties" he indicates that he is acutely aware of the necessity of producing work which relates itself directly to the contemporary scene. With this in mind, one would be justified in expecting material peculiar to the late decade. As straight narratives, the stories are fascinating. As reflections of the mad twenties they are weak, rather trivial. "No 55," for example, creates a magnificent character in Bepo the ex-prizefighter who, through a series of love affairs and a dynamic personality, worked himself up to the ownership of a speakeasy where he was to find culture, love, and tragedy. But in the exciting tale of Bepo's affairs there is lacking a seriousness of treatment which would lift the character

out of the action into the realm of ideas.

Perhaps the answer to the problem rests in the fact that Bromfield is simply too concerned with telling his story, too eager to perfect every detail of the action, too good a scenarist. A little less chiseling of the plot and a little more consideration of the spirit which gives it birth might result in one of those works which Mr. Bromfield has been promising these many years.

—JOE SUGARMAN.

*The Long Whip*, by Eugene Campbell.  
Scribners, New York City, 1934.  
(\$2.00).

It is an interesting paradox that Northern gentlemen of fortune frequently seek for their temples of sport the estates of erstwhile wealthy Southern planters, many of them debilitated by the descendants of the new tenants some seventy years ago. A Virginia mansion with its track and stables and its unlimited hunting fields is the scene of Mr. Campbell's novel, an exciting saga of the Fortescue family. Frederick Fortescue, ignorant, aspiring immigrant blacksmith, founded the family in America in the 1830's, and by diligent toil amassed a great fortune which was to make genuine American aristocrats of his descendants. Blair Fortescue, and his beautiful Virginia wife, Octavia, find themselves the last of the tribe in 1930 without heir, their sole raison d'être the breeding and raising of race horses to compete in the Fortescue stakes and other famed American track classics. Blair, wrapped up in his horses and his fortune, is only slightly interested in his wife, sportswoman and much-sought after beauty. The menace of the long whip wielded by the pseudo-aristocratic founder of the house hangs constantly over their heads, and the climax, with a shift to the English scene, is swift and compelling. *The Long Whip*, the first novel of a competent newspaperman and sportsman, has more than mere promise. Doubtless its author will be heard from again in the very near future.—O.H.

*Cinnamon Seed*. By Hamilton Basso.  
379pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

More than enough books have been written on the Ante-bellum South, and there are the makings of a small flood of literature about the modern South. Unfortunately these latter seem to be written chiefly by New Yorkers, and portray mill workers at their worst. They seem to try to unsentimentalize the South to an appalling extent. Mr. Basso steers clear of both extremes. His story of the life of Dekker Blackheath,

orphaned by his father's suicide, gives a vivid and accurate portrayal of contemporary life in Louisiana. Dekker is taken to live with his uncle's family, most of whom he comes to cordially despise. He is happiest when spending his summers on the family's sugar plantation up the river from New Orleans. The entire family lives in the shadow of the Confederate flag, particularly Langely Blackheath, the grandfather, whose italicized musings give the background of the family. Dekker goes to the public high school in New Orleans at his own request, and is sent to college, but returns home to take charge of the plantation. Carter Blackheath, who, with Dekker's father, made up the law firm of Blackheath & Blackheath, following his partner's death, decides to take Harry Brand into the firm. Brand, the grandson of Langely Blackheath's overseer, may be easily recognized as that governor of Louisiana who received a French Admiral in his pajamas. Carter does not have courage enough to tell Langely of his move, and Langely discovers it from a friend. The thought that the names of Blackheath and Brand would be associated proves too much for Langely's weakened heart and he dies. Dekker is never content, and is frequently in trouble. He is restless, and often disappears from the plantation for weeks at a time, to return as unannounced as he left. During one of these wanderings he visits Beaufort, North Carolina, and spends some weeks in a South Carolina milling town. Always he feels called back to the plantation, and while not altogether satisfied there, he is less dissatisfied there than elsewhere. He returns, finally to stay, and it is implied that he will marry a girl from Beaufort.

The book as a whole is excellently done. The characters are all good, particularly the negroes. Mr. Basso shows a deep sympathy, not only with the likable full blooded negro, but also with his less happy half-brother, the mulatto. The character of Sam, a well educated "yella nigger" is treated with particular sympathy and understanding. Horace, the old coachman, is also well drawn.

It is pleasant to have a Southerner writing about the South, and writing well. Mr. Basso was born in Louisiana, graduated from Tulane University, and as a result has captured the atmosphere perfectly. If the book has any glaring weakness, it is a slight lack of humor. But humor is not entirely lacking. It is provided frequently in the speech of the negroes, and more subtly in Dekker's arguments with his Aunt Olivia. The title, incidently, comes from a line of Dixie, "Cinnamon Seed and sandy bottom, etc."

—RICHARD WAYMIRE



## Amen, Brother!

. . .

## «Kick the Gong Around»

. . .

## By Wilbur Dorsett

Crash! She broke the dish in her hurry to get away.

"What in the devil are you trying to do, Goldie?" I asked coming in from the hall. She was scrapping the pitiful fragments into the dustpan.

"It's most 'leven o'clock! I gotta go! Church's stahting in a little while and I gotta go!" Her large white teeth gleamed as she smiled that healthy Negro smile. She jerked off the apron from her black Sunday-go-to-meeting dress. The short sleeves showed her full meaty arms, the color of rich molasses. Her name was molasses, too, for Goldie was short for Golden Brown, if you'll believe me. The Brown family of Five Row had a taste for color in their numerous and frequent naming ceremonies.

She could toss a man through the window with those arms, they were that strong. Her body had the fullness and strength of a tigress.

She didn't work for us but six days of the week; it was against her code to miss the services of Zion World War Soldiers Memorial Church, M.E. South. But we had relatives visiting this Sunday.

Teasingly I reprimanded, "If you'd get up a little earlier you would be able to finish in time to—"

"Lawd! Get up early? Heh! Heh! I ain't even gone to bed yet!"

She answered my unasked question in full with "This is Sunday mawning, ain't it? Well, last night was Sat'dy, wasn't it? And the Odd Fellows Ball —"

\* \* \*

And the Odd Fellows Ball was never to be missed either, according to her code.

The cops don't go down to Five Row on Saturday night. It would be like attempting to break up an Indian war dance.

Thursday evenings the Odd Fellows used their hall over Morooney's Blue Moon Cafe for the club rites, and on Saturday night, well—

Joe stands at the foot of the stairs collecting the quarters in a cigar box. It's a script dance. And this is their way of financing the funerals of departed Odd brothers. Pearly Hoover had been buried with the money taken in at the dance at which he was accidentally knifed.

"They sho' do put on the dog, don't they, Joe?"

"Uh huh, but why don't you remove yo'self 'bout a yard so's these ladies and gen'men can get by?"

The quarters pile up in the cigar box, and the ladies and gen'men climb the stairs. The ladies are dressed in

evening gowns hung precariously low by glittering, thin shoulder straps. The gen'men are in their Ruskins' Five Down and Five a Week exaggerations. Wide shoulders, tight waists, huge triangular lapels dangerously pointed, double breasted coats, trousers pleated and high enough to serve as both vest and trousers. And shoes that reflect lusterly the glory of the yellow lights.

Upstairs you can cut the smoke with a knife—or a razor!—yes, and shovel it out the window.

"Minnie the MOOchers WEDding Da-a-a-ay!"

The extemporaneous band at one end of the hall blares it out. Their only rehearsals are their performances; the scores, their ear trained sponaneity. The saxophone player stands up to take his breaks, eyes gleaming fire, cheeks swelled as those of Aeolus, his body swaying and his feet patting as the thunder tones bellow forth. The guitar player takes his breaks by running all over the neck of the instrument, ripping off the melody with hands whirling so fast as to look like a disk saw.

"Old Smoky Joe's so happy he can hardly wait!"

The big mouthed, short yellow at the piano never takes even so much as a fleeting glance at his keyboard. *Ump da-da, ump da-da*, his bouncing hands fly sprightly as he beats out the chords. Just chords. Back and forth. Back and forth. He pats his feet and smiles at the dancers, smiles at the drummer, smiles at the ceiling. But sometimes they let him loose and then he prances all over the ivories, sparkling a shower of high, short notes, thumbing a glissando, moaning in the bass. "Jes' listen! Oh, dem blues!"

"He has spent a million dollars on a wedding cake!"

But the drummer is the orchestra. The others serve only as auxiliaries. He drowns out their comparatively weak efforts with his *bum bum, swish swish, rat-tat-tat, bong bong*.

"And watch them kick the GONG aroun-n-nd!"

The closely packed bodies find room to cut their dance figures. Glides, hops, shuffles, wiggles, crawls. And each lady is in perfect line with her gen'man as he whisks her through the flying steps of a combination toddle tap, or slides her through a sinuous waltz.

"Come on, Goldie, give us the mess-around!" And with little persuasion Goldie takes the center of the floor amid the circle of faces shining in the yellow lights of the hall. As the orchestra does a slow drag she revolves her hips around as if they were made en-

tirely of rubber. No bones at all. The red dress fits her to her knees like a glove, from there down it falls in loosely flared lines to a circle a yard in diameter. Her feet remain fixed, but her shoulders, torso, hips—

"He told Minnie she'd better slow down."

She is applauded clamorously.

More couples troop down to the rear of the Blue Moon Cafe for "refreshments." They must serve the stuff there in dippers from buckets.

The corn smell permeates the smoke filled hall.

Someone's lady friend is broken on by the wrong gen'man. Or someone's foot is mashed accidentally. Then a knife blade flashes in the yellow light. But it is soon snapped shut by the quick interference of the crowd.

Sometimes the crowd catches it too late, and the knife is snapped shut with a red stain on it. Then the cops come early next morning.

\* \* \*

"So you haven't been to sleep all night?" I asked Goldie. "What time was the dance over?"

"Oh, it was over 'bout four, but then I had to take a little ride." She reached for her hat. "But I can't be late for church. I'm in the choir, y'know. Front row, too!"

\* \* \*

The Zion World War Soldiers' Memorial Church, M. E. South (Zion Memorial for short) would be "taking up" in a little while.

I could see it.

The Reverend Brother Jenkins is exhorting his congregation to "Meet Me on the Other Side" and his people roll back in answer "We'll Meet on the Other Side." You won't find these songs in a hymn book. They are half composed on the spot. They repeat two or three lines over and over until the words mean little. It is the feeling they intone. And the melody means little. It drops into a slightly varying chant. "We'll Meet on the Other Side."

The choir is carrying the weight of the hymn. The choir, on its raised enclosure behind Brother Jenkins, is a fourth of the congregation. And there is Goldie Brown on the front row. Her's isn't the only familiar face. There is Margie, Dessie, Otila—a dozen or two of last night's dancers. And their partners are either up there with them or patiently waiting out in the audience.

While the others hum and sing and pat, on and on, each member walks up one at the time and places his personal contribution on the altar table.

The Reverend Brother Jenkins is

preaching on the armor of the righteous man. "And I'll put on my helmet of repentance to fight the world of sin!"

"Amen, brother!" from Uncle Mort by the window.

"And I'll put on my breast-plate of prayer to fight the world of sin."

"Amen, brother!" from Julius Austin standing at the back.

"And I'll put on my shield of faith —"

"Amen, brother!"

"And I'll take up my sword of preaching the way—"

"Amen, Brother Jenkins! Preach the Word, preach the Word!" And Aunt Lou Johnson "gets happy." Her face beams and her arms swing as she walks the aisle and shouts, in one breath praising her Maker, and in the next, berating the sinners.

And there are no sinners left when the service is over. At the conclusion of the sermon when the call is made to the Mourner's Bench all the guilty or near-guilty issue forth. They are sung over and prayed over until they feel free for another week. Many of those at the Odd Fellows Ball go through this weekly mourning.

"But if you are such a devout church-goer don't you think it's wrong to dance?" I quizzed Goldie before she got out the door.

"They danced in the Bible, didn't they? And don't the Bible say there's a time and a place for everything?" Her tone was that of wiping out all doubts.

With that she was gone; her laughing at my ignorance was cut off by the slam of the back door.

A time and a place for everything.

And with the outlet of these two week-end emotional regenerations—both meaning ultimately the same to her in that respect—she would be ready in the morning for another week's work. And she would be anxious to work. She was saving up money for another "evening gown" and another hat for the choir, front row.

## Supplication

By I. N. WILLET

O maiden with the 'cello voice,  
My first, my last, my only choice;

O maiden with the raven hair,  
My lovely, dearest, fairest fair;

O maiden with the burning eyes,  
My life, my comfort, and my prize;

In all details but one you please;  
So why, I ask you on my knees—

Tell me, and I will cease, I vow—  
Why must you chew gum like a cow?



# A Pillar of the New South . . . The Story of the University Press . . . By Vergil Lee

It is only too apparent to people who pause to consider, that the problems facing the southern states today are of great depth and complexity. Tenantry, pauperism, lynchings, social stratification, economic unbalance, religious bigotry and political graft are interwoven with the very structure of the South.

Southerners who are broadminded enough to see these problems and are courageous enough to try to do something about them should be interested in the work being done by the University of North Carolina Press. Above all, the philosophy of the directors of the Press should furnish hope to those persons who have come to believe that there is a mediocre, Babbitt-ridden class arising in this land of a predominantly "plantation" background.

In isolated places throughout the South there are individuals working on the particular problems of their section or of the South in general who are exhibiting an intensity of interest seldom seen in other parts of the country. In many cases positive progress in the elimination of such things as agricultural waste and educational inefficiency is being made. However, the publication of these findings is often well nigh impossible because of the demand on the part of most publishing houses that the work be of a profit-making character. It is here that the University Press exhibits its social usefulness and the singularly important part it plays in the advancement of learning and research in the South.

The University of North Carolina Press is not interested in the degree of popular appeal a certain book may have or the uniqueness of its theme. The Press is primarily interested in the usefulness of the book in relation to the social or economic advancement of the South.

\* \* \*

Looking back over the history of mankind, one may perceive that the story of a civilization or a culture is a record of social movements, economic struggles, of political and religious forms, of problems dealt with and problems unsolved. Here and there—often in widely separated places—men come upon difficulties and endeavor to cope with them. Problems of social adjustment and economic betterment draw the attention of thinking people. And along with this self-analysis there comes a higher civilization or a higher culture.

In ancient and medieval times the great majority of ideas traveled by way of mouth. The priest, the philosopher and the troubador wove the patterns of thought of peoples everywhere. But



—From "The Tree Named John" (Courtesy U. N. C. Press.)

with the invention of the printing press the ultimate decay of bigoted sectionalism and superstitious gullibility grew apparent. Ideas could at last take wing.

Thus, it is with a good deal of shame that we look upon our modern American scene and see so little actual good coming out of the vast possibilities of the printing press. Light can be had—but at a cost . . . and so often it is umbra and penumbra . . .

\* \* \*

The University of North Carolina has been engaged in regular publishing—in addition to its catalogues and records—since 1884. From this year dates the first issue of the Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society. Since that time the James Sprunt Historical Publications, Studies in Philology, the High School Journal, the North Carolina Law Review, the University News Letter and the Journal of Social Forces (now Social Forces) have been instituted.

The University of North Carolina Press, as formerly organized in 1922, consists of a board of Governors composed of ten faculty members which

is self-perpetuating. Up to the present time, the Press has published about a hundred and seventy books, and is publishing new books at the rate of about thirty each year.

It is interesting to see the wide diversity of subjects which have appeared under the auspices of the Press. Ranging from "Congaree Sketches," which deals with Negro folk-lore, to the "The Citizen's Reference Book" (a textbook for adult illiterates) to "Lectures On Egyptian Art," the books have reflected the fact that the Press is not disposed to limit its publications to any one kind of literature.

To be sure, there have as yet been no works of fiction published, but this is due to the extremely wide market for good fiction rather than any restricted policy on the part of the board of governors. Such writings as "Congaree Sketches," however, closely approach the fictional form. Two books of verse have been issued and further publications of poetry are being contemplated. In the words of Mr. W. T. Couch, the director of the Press: "An active university press in the South, while it must

concentrate on present-day social problems, may also give attention to any disciplines in which sound intellectual work can be exemplified. Accordingly, the Press does not limit itself to any definite subjects but insofar as possible with its limited resources will publish any deserving books which contribute to the arts and sciences, and the development of literature."

\* \* \*

Of great significance to the sociology of the South are two books recently published by the Press. They are Virginius Dabney's "Liberalism In the South" and Rupert B. Vance's "Human Geography of the South." Here we find two books which delve to the very roots of the more complex social problems of this section. These works, important as they are, should be but precursors of a great self-examination on the part of the southern states. They indicate vividly the directions we must take in order to solve the stubborn obstacles to scholarly research.

The intellectual problem of the South is complicated by a number of peculiar difficulties. The lack of interest in literature and learning and the consequent scanty of remuneration to those few individuals who inhabit that field has been a very important reason why so many scholars and teachers of great ability and talent move to more appreciative and more financially profitable sections. Coupled with this weakness is the lack of facilities for the intellectually curious.

The library is the very foundation stone of education and the god-mother of personality. Without books man is stifled in the restrictions of his own ego; without books learning would again be struggling in the stygian abyss of the twelfth century.

Although the South is dotted with numerous small colleges the intellectual contributions from most of them are exceedingly few and the individual graduate is oftentimes immune to the appreciation of literature and the problems of social existence.

Within its limited powers the University Press is doing invaluable work in pushing back the horizons of learning in the South and constitutes a challenge to similar ventures in the realm of education.

## May Night

By WILTON MASON

*Willow feathers bend to brush  
The tender grass plumes,  
And high enthroned on purple pillows,  
The moon is drunk with her own golden beauty.*



## A Coat of Tan

By WILLIAM A. BARWICK

"Wake up dere chilluns. We is gwine ta town."

It was Mummy's voice speaking. The same melodious voice that had put them to sleep the night before.

Honeybunch stirred in his small wooden crib, his long wrinkled brown eyes slowly peeking open and his round face curving into a sweet smile as Mummy lifted him out of the crib and kissed him. Sonny, who had graduated from the name of Honeybunch when the new baby arrived, quickly jumped out of bed and slipped into the clean blue suit which Mummy had laid out for him. Then he followed Mummy and Honeybunch out of the room and into the kitchen where the breakfast was sizzling, pulling on Mummy's dress all the while to show his glee.

Pappy, who had been out working on the old Ford, getting it into shape, approached the cottage with greasy hands and face. He hesitated as he passed the pump but decided to go on in and eat as he was. But Mummy quickly changed his mind as soon as she spied him.

"Say, what youall mean comin' in lak dat?" she enquired. "You acts lak when we goes ta see Aunt Sue. But dis here's home an' I ain't gwine have nobody messin' up my nice clean kitchen."

So Pappy went out and didn't return until he had washed himself thoroughly clean and put on his "Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes." He came back looking like an entirely different man, but Mummy had to fiddle around with his tie and collar until it suited her taste and then to give him a great big kiss to brighten up his face.

The road to Raleigh was fifteen miles from Pappy's little delapidated cottage. This had once been a long way for Pappy to travel until he bought himself a nice second-hand model T Ford. Now, if the car didn't get a flat tire, they could make the trip in about forty minutes.

Pappy was still mighty proud of this car which he had traded for Nancy, his old horse. Times were surely getting good when you could trade a horse for an automobile, but then a car cost money to keep up after you got it, and this one surely wasn't as dependable as old Nancy had been. But Pappy didn't mind about the cost, because, if he hadn't bought the car, he wouldn't have been able to get to Raleigh on time each morning for that new job he'd got there, working three days a week.

Today was the first time he had taken the family to town in this newly-bought car. He couldn't help but show off when they got on the main high-

## Grandmother Eunice

By ROBERT LEEPER

I.

*She told us how the snow would sometimes drift*

*In through the cracks and partly cover her;*

*How she would wake with early light and lift*

*Her quilt aside, not long before the stir*

*Of breakfast-getting clashed up from below;*

*Then, clothes in hand, how she would clamber down*

*The ladder to the new-laid fire's first glow*

*And hold to it her small hands, thin and brown.*

*When, breakfast over, through the woods she went*

*To school, how day in all its strength would break*

*Across the clearing sky, with streamers sent*

*The glorious sparklings of the snow to wake.*

*Then all of beauty at her heart would beat,*

*And joy would walk with her on humble feet.*

way leading to the big city. He went down the hills wide-open and yanked the steering wheel this way and that, as though it were a hard job controlling this new speed wagon. Sonny screamed with joy, but Mummy would get nervous and clutch little Honeybunch closer to her, shouting out loud to Pappy not to go so fast. They really weren't going so very fast—all the other cars on the road passed them—but the noise of the motor and the rattle and shaking of the frame made it feel like the car would leave the road any minute.

They did leave the road—behind, for they soon came upon the smooth pavement of the city streets. The large buildings rose above and about them, as they approached the business section with its red and green stop lights. It made Pappy feel good to stop with a line of other cars behind the glaring red light of the stop sign and then move on with them when it changed to green, like he was just as important as any of them. It made Mummy feel good too—proud of her big strong man—and she cast furtive admiring glances toward Pappy with her big brown eyes, of which the latter was not unaware.

They moved on across the big business section to one of the less important side streets where they parked. Then they got out and walked to the main street and its cheap department stores.

Mummy turned Honeybunch over to

II.

*Before her house lay two shell-bordered rows,*

*Where daffodils in March first showed their blooms;*

*She took the nodding blossoms that she chose*

*And placed their springtime life in all the rooms.*

*The wind moved long among the doorway flowers*

*On sunny days when swift white clouds were high;*

*And often there she filled the quiet hours*

*With joy in all the waking earth and sky.*

*The birds had made the meadow trees their home;*

*From far away she heard their whistling calls*

*Come echoing across the fresh-turned loam*

*Like buglenotes from fairy castle walls.*

*She knew, with golden flowers and gingham dress,*

*A monarch's court, without its emptiness.*

Pappy to carry and look after, while she wandered about the big store, looking at the flashy displays. Sonny was fascinated at the large crowd of people who filled the huge room. But he was equally as frightened by them and clung like a leach to Pappy's leg for protection. Little Honeybunch slept peacefully in Pappy's arm.

Pappy stopped beside the small cloth-covered photography booth and gazed at the tinted photographs being displayed on the counter and wall.

"How'd you lak ta have yo' pitcher tuk, lak dem on de wall, Sonny. Only thing is, you couldn't ver' well have it painted up lak dem. Dat's only fer white folks."

Sonny clutched Pappy's leg more tightly to show his approval of the idea.

Mummy soon returned from her shopping tour with an armfull of kitchen utensils and other odds and ends which only colored folks can make use of. Pappy exposed to her his brilliant idea, which met with her approval.

So pictures were taken of each of the two brown boys and a few minutes later Pappy and Mummy stood side by side in front of the counter and gazed admiringly at the finished product. One photograph pictured a little wrinkled fellow with sleepy eyes. Mummy tried to show it to its owner, but the little Honeybunch lay fast asleep in her arms and refused to be disturbed. The other—well that was Pappy's little man.

Pappy looked at the picture with pride, then picked the boy up in his arms and showed it to him.

"Sonny," he said, "does you know who dat big han'some man is?"

He did, and clasped his father round the neck in one big long hug. At this moment the sales girl interrupted.

"I'll be glad to tint those up for you," she said, probably from force of habit. "Only ten cents extra."

"No thanky," replied Pappy. "I hears dey turn brown anyway, but ev'n if dey don't, I c'n fix 'em up wid a little brown mud when I gets home so's dey'll look lak de real thing."

With that Pappy and Mummy departed with their two loved ones, leaving the sales lady much too amused to feel foolish over the mistake she'd made.

## To Nature in no Uncertain Terms

By BRAD WHITE

*Young lady, be methodical.  
Your ledger's full of fantasies.  
That beauty is so prodigal  
Violates economies.*

*How to explain a scarlet flower  
Where the snow is edging down?  
How to explain the late-spent hour  
Turning golden leaves to brown?*

*La, you are a manager  
To sow bright poppies with the grain,  
To keep the red-tipped tanager  
Staying after autumn rain.*

*Try to sing within the season.  
Winter brooks with glee retell  
Summer rhymes for no good reason,  
And the Canterbury bell*

*Tinkles in its cloister nook.  
If I protest that you be schooled,  
What do I get? a merry look,  
A laugh and then—"objection overruled."*

## Mountain Camp Fire

By RICHARD CHASE

*Youth is eternal in the Earth!  
I cannot ever lose this Earth;  
forever shall her sons be born  
and her breast nourish them.  
O silent Earth beneath me here,  
O teeming womb of birth and quiet death,  
I know that you shall bear them to the sun,  
that they shall seek, and find, what I have found  
that they shall know this Word.  
(O quiet my honing heart, mother, my aching arms!)*  
*Yea! They shall find these runes—  
thy name bring forth their souls!  
Thou in our breasts, a stillness,  
thou our power to believe our hearts—  
thy Brood, eternal here in thee, our mother.*



## Little Helen

By DON SHOEMAKER

Aunt Sue was glad to see me Spring Holidays. Her weary face beamed into a broad smile when we met on the steps of the little-place-in-the-country, where, for some strange reason, Aunt Sue had retired with her one and only daughter, my dear Little Cousin Helen.

As I walked across the broad verandah of the country house I heard the far off click of typewriter keys, punctuated with volleys of half-smothered, delicately chosen oaths. "She's—" I began.

"At it again; right," finished up Aunt Sue.

So this was the reason I had been lured into the country for a precious holiday! Little Cousin Helen was off again. "What is it this time?" I asked Aunt Sue.

My Aunt shrugged her shoulders. "We think she's taken up playwriting, but we can't be sure. She takes all her meals in the library and won't let anyone in but Paul, the cook. Her father tried to remonstrate with her the other day but she called him something nasty in Portuguese and slammed the door in his face."

"Well," I said. "We'd better make the best of it we can. I'm not ready to give up for awhile yet." Ever since Uncle Bud left me out of his will because he insisted to his lawyers that I was a Prussian spy, I have been pretty careful the way I treat Aunt Sue's side of the family. A penny inherited is a penny gained, I always say.

I was at Briarcliffe for two days before I got a peak at Little Helen. Now and then we could hear her clumping up and down in the library, shouting lines in a loud voice and kicking at the furniture. Monday afternoon I knocked on the library door. "Little Helen," I called sweetly, "here's your Cousin Frank."

Little Helen muttered something indistinguishable and the sound of a splintering flower pot against the other side of the library door shook the house. "Get thee away, vile traitor," shouted Little Helen viciously. Evidently there was going to be real trouble this time.

For the first time in more than a week Little Helen opened the door to her public Tuesday morning. "Bring Frank," she bawled to the frightened Paul.

I came double quick. The citadel was falling, surely!

"Come in here," Little Helen ordered sternly. She motioned me to a chair. The room was strewn with quantities of copy paper. Half-opened books covered every chair and table. I waded through a mass of pamphlets and shreds

of torn paper to find a seat opposite her typewriter. Little Helen had her machine fastened to the edge of Uncle Henry's precious mahogany desk. An array of broken lead pencils and a decanter of iced tomatoe juice were placed within easy reach. Little Helen flung her arm in the direction of the tomatoe juice. "Speeds up the reflexes," she dismissed it significantly.

I kept silent. Little Helen always had to be humored. "Frank," began Little Helen, "I am writing a play . . . a propaganda play." She paused to note the effect.

"Very interesting," I replied, non-committally.

"Yes," she said, "I believe the propaganda play has come to stay. Say!" she shouted, rising from her seat. "That's a great line. I can use it in my play, just after that part where the judge says, 'Politics may be fun, but it's not fun enough to take the place of one hundred per cent morality and three square decisions a day.'" Then he leaps from his bench and shouts to his astounded colleagues:

"'Propaganda has come to stay!'"

She rushed to her seat at the typewriter and worked earnestly for several minutes. Finally she looked up disgustedly. "Hell, this won't do. It's too pathological." She tore the sheet from the typewriter and flung it to the floor dejectedly.

"How is it coming," I ventured cautiously.

"Well, Frank, I think that I can write good dialogue, but I can't seem to work out the plot. I understand that Shaw used to have the same trouble."

"How far along are you?" I questioned quietly.

"I've got the first scene done, that is, part of it. But the rest won't come naturally. I may have to give it up," she added despairingly.

A ray of hope straggled to my face. "Helen," I began, "I think that perhaps you had better put aside your play for a few weeks. Then it will be fresher. In the meantime I suggest that you try your hand at poetry. Take Pindar, or Sappho, or anybody." It was a desperate stroke.

Helen slipped from her perch atop a pile of "Book of Knowledge" volumes and paused meditatively at the window. Her face lit up. She turned and intoned the immortal lines.

"My limbs with dewy chillness freeze.

On my whole frame pale tremblings seize.

And losing color, sense and breath—"

"Ah, Sappho, she breathed rapturously. Frank, that's what I should be doing, writing love sonnets!

I hear from Aunt Sue that Little Helen is attempting to woo Uncle Bud

out of his melancholy. The European scene is troubling him. "All hell will bust lose," he says mysteriously. "And then, bingo, the Revolution!" I hope Little Helen doesn't hear about it.

## The Ballad of what Became of the Radical Movement

By BRAD WHITE

*It was a radical school of fish  
Who scorned their old ancestral  
marches*

*And vowed they henceforth would proceed*

*To swim in futuristic arches.*

*One porpoise let his hair grow out;*

*It was the rebellious thing to do.*

*As high priest, he foresaw the cult*

*Must have a tendency or two.*

*"Invert your S's to the sharks,*

*Discard your commas when in motion;*

*To such whales as flap their tails*

*Let it be known you own the ocean."*

*The fish agreed their high priest's words*

*Expressed their inner-conscious urges,*

*And since the world was always wrong*

*They pledged to specialize in dirges,*

*And strangle all the optimists.*

*Oh surely, there would be reform—*

*But it would come in revolution.*

*They couldn't work by the normal norm.*

*For many tides they theorized*

*And squeezed their verbs for the over-tones.*

*Till the porpoise founded a magazine  
Where they could publish their grunts  
and groans.*

## BEN ADAMS—AT HOME

(Continued from page two)

He broke off and opened the glass case to remove from it a beautiful little pistol. He walked in my direction, leveling it at me. I grasped the arms of the chair from which I had not stirred during the whole visit and tried to look straight back at him. My friend was motionless; his eyes bulged. Adams was almost upon me when he let forth a mocking laugh.

"You see, I can scare you as no one can. Here, take this pistol. Keep it to remember me by, for you'll never come back here again. I won't let you in." Looking at my friend, he continued, "I only let you come because I can drink your grandfather under the table. But you won't be coming back either. Now get out, both of you."

As we reached the street, he flung open one of the windows, stuck his head through the legs of an old chair, and screamed at us, "If you get that \$10, send it to me. I can use it better than you."

## When You Gotta Go

By PAT GASKINS

"Death is not a pretty thing," said Mr. Spence as he knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"No indeed," affirmed his brother-in-law, who sat in the straight-backed chair across from him. He idly thumbbed the pages of his book. Obviously he wasn't reading it because he had it upside down. Anyone could see that he merely held the book to mask his feelings, and not because he thought that *Ivanhoe* offered any surcease from emotions, which a person with a two day's growth beard would need.

"Yep, it certainly isn't," offered Mr. Spencer apologetically furthering his statement, "It sort of gets one down inside sorta like when one looks off of a tall building and wants to jump but just can't make it. It's pretty bad."

"Yep, you're right about part of it, but I don't know. Shakespeare wrote a play one time where he said somethin' 'bout death bein' a kind of sleep. He must've felt sorta deeply about it himself. Mebbe he had a dear one to pass on.

"I reckon though that if you put your trust in God and try to live like a true Mason, then there ain't nothing much that can hurt you. I always try to get to Church as least once a Sunday unless there's some fishin' to be done somewhere. Guess that I ought to be pretty well off when I die."

Mr. Spence shifted his cigar. "Well, take Jim Coble fer instance. Maybe it ain't right right now to talk about him, but there won't a better man that walked the earth than Jim. He went to Church with his old lady every Sunday and prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sorta wish that I could be a guy like Jim. He was the making of the Masons too. Never missed a meeting and knew his ritual by heart. Yep, Jim was a damn fine guy. Won't none better."

"Guess you're right, Harry, but it sorta gives me the creeps talking about Jim. It won't fitting that he should go. Still, I reckon the Spirit called him. I think that mebbe he had a sort of premonition that he had to go. He was always saying to me, 'George, when you gotta go, you gotta go,' and I 'spect that he was right. A person don't know when his time's coming, and he just gotta be ready." He moved his feet across the rug and looked absent mindedly at the dark streak it left.

"It sure was nice of him to leave us Masons all that money to remodel the rooms. I sorta think we oughta dedicate the pool table to him. He liked

(Continued on page eight)



## Tales of Decatur Gillikin

By F. E. HOWARD, JR.

(As told at Beaufort—late 1700's and early 1800's).

With seventeen other men Decatur was pulling in the seine. The nine on his side were pulling easily, but the nine on the other side were straining their backs to pull in a few inches at the time. Decatur dropped the net and rowed around it. "Get out of the way!" He shoved the nine boats aside with a push of his own and took the net. With long heaves of his shoulders he pulled it across his boat. Grinning foolishly, his friends caught it up. They were getting used to young Decatur Gillikin's strength.

As Decatur's fame spread up and down the coast, other strong men began to hunt him up to fight with him. One day an English trader with a fighter in her crew sailed into port. The crew rowed ashore and inquired at the tavern for Gillikin. They stayed in the tavern to drink to their champion. He sat on a bench by the open door and with a boisterous voice bragged on himself. Quietly Decatur walked in. The sailor was too busy bragging to notice. Suddenly the ceiling seemed to drop down upon his head. It rose and dropped again and again. Decatur was bouncing him from one hand to the other against the top of the room.

Another fighter arrived while Decatur was fishing. When Decatur returned, he was waiting at the dock. Decatur started along the pier. His challenger yelled and started toward him. Decatur stamped his foot so hard that he tore a great hole in the planking. The sailor stopped in amazement, turned, and ran. He peeked around all corners he came to until he could row back to his ship.

Decatur and his brother often worked at logging in the swamps. Once they were hauling out a log for a schooner mast. The wagon stuck, and the oxen snapped a chain trying to pull it loose. The two brothers, with Decatur at the big end, lifted the log from the wagon trucks and walked out of the swamp with it. Although he wore an overall jacket several sizes too large for even him, Decatur's biceps and shoulder muscles ripped the strong homespun to shreds.

Late one afternoon Decatur was hauling alone. His road doubled around a picket fence for half a mile. He saw that he would be late at a party he wanted to attend. Exasperated by the slowness of his four oxen, he stopped them, unloaded the logs and pitched them over the fence, unhitched the oxen and

lifted them over. He did the same with the wagon trucks. He hitched up and loaded again and went on to his party.

When tax time came, Decatur refrained from paying his. One day when he had come in to town for provisions, the sheriff's posse hauled his sloop up on the shore to hold it for payment. Decatur came back from the store with a barrel of flour and a tow-sack full of other things on his shoulders. He dumped the barrel and sack in the boat, grabbed a rope that was tied to the stern, and pulled the boat out into the water with about fifteen of the posse hanging on to the bow in a vain attempt to hold it. He sailed away with an air of nonchalant competence.

Decatur was a great hand with the ladies. After one of his affairs the sheriff met him on the street and asked to speak to him privately. The sheriff told Decatur that it was his duty to tie Decatur's hands to the whipping post and flog his bare back. It was the law Decatur consented to be whipped, but only on the condition that no one should ever speak of his punishment. The whipping day came. Instead of the usual joking, noisy crowd, silent people circled the post. Decatur stepped out into the center and pulled off his shirt. The sheriff walked to him. Decatur placed his hands on the post. The tie ropes hung free. The sheriff pulled his whip down on Decatur's shoulders. The people looked on. Every time the whip struck, a red line wealed on Decatur's back. He did not move. When it was over, the people turned and left. Decatur put on his shirt and went to his boat. Until the day of his death his ultimatum was respected. The commonalty surrendered to him their most precious right, the freedom of speech, that he, the king of them, might be punished as a transgressor of their laws.

Years later, when he was an old man, a newspaper reporter came to interview him. Decatur was not at home and his daughter received the reporter. As a matter of course in that day, she asked if he would have a drink. He refused. She picked up a half filled wine barrel and put her mouth to the bung. The reporter amazedly stared while she took several long drafts. As she put the barrel down, he bolted out the door. Afterward someone heard him say, "If that's Decatur Gillikin's daughter, I'll be damned if I want to see Decatur."

### WHEN YOU GOTTA GO

(Continued from page seven)

to stand around and play with the fellows so much. Even if he won't much of a player, he sorta helped the game along. Sometimes it would look as if he might win, but he never did. I

hope that he has a pool table when he gets to heaven. He sure deserves it.

"The family's doing him up well too. They bought him a first class coffin with silver handles. They're sure taking care of their loved ones like the ads say. The boys sure come across too. A twenty-five dollar wreath with "Rest in Peace" on it. It's really wonderful what a well-made phrase will do. It sure means a lot."

"Yep, sure means a lot all right," Mr. Spence acquiesced. "Sure means a lot. All this talk is making me kind of creepy. That smell of mint and Jim's body lying there makes me think too much. I been thinking that it might of been me or you, and it runs cold shivers through me. I reckon that we're doing our bit sitting up with the body, but I reckon that we ain't got no cause to shirk it. Jim's done a lot for us, and it sure wouldn't look right if we didn't sit up. Why there's no telling what might happen to him if we or somebody didn't do it. Well, anyhow there ain't nothing gone amiss tonight. Reckon that we done a good job."

The body lay in the coffin. It was looking a little bloated. It made no difference to the body what they thought.

## Non Omnis Moriar

By John W. Kendrick

In a very fashionable suburb of one of our larger cities there lived, some years ago, an ambitious woman and her two daughters. Their family tree was considered a fine one, but as haps so oft, this particular tree had passed its period of finest productivity and now bore but stunted fruit. The mother and daughters were scheming and crafty, their ambition being to marry wealth. Aoi.

With the family lived the cousin, a fair young lass whom destitution had forced upon her relatives. When she first had come she had been as merry as a mocking-bird, but her new mother felt that she should share in the housework. Instead of a share, however, our little Cinderella did it all. Soon her song was not heard from dawn to dusk, for she was much too busy. And to preserve her utility, mamma kept her away from all young men. Aoi.

One night, however, her cousin Milly's beau saw her in the kitchen and was instantly charmed by her pretty face and slender figure. Her cousins soon realized that their fair young relation would fain make away with the gentleman who came visiting. The climax to this situation arrived when Bill, the young and wealthy fiancé of Mag, asked our Cinderella to a dance.

So the plotting began. The sisters

finally decided that Cinderella's slim figure, which was then the rage, was what was drawing the gentlemen away from slightly plumpish Mag and Milly. From that time on things took a decidedly different turn. Milly prepared all the food and Mag waxed the floors. Cinderella was told she could lie in bed as late as she pleased. She was indulged in her favorite candies and given as much of the richest food as could be forced upon her.

Ah, far worse to be a Cinderella of the slender figure period of femininity than a Cinderella of old. Gradually Milly and Mag acquired slender young figures while their cousin filled out amazingly. The young gentleman quickly stopped seeking her out and as Milly and Mag increased in popularity, poor Cinderella, who grew plumper every day, moaned and sighed in her loneliness.

The two sisters worked all day and danced all night. Their slenderness was a topic of conversation. Soon Milly was engaged to a son of the wealthiest man in the city and Mag had almost captured a foreign prince who was visiting in the city. But despite her wiles, he had never quite stuck his foot in the trap. He had never become reconciled to the "boneyess" of American women, as he termed it.

But one day he caught a glimpse of our plump little Cinderella whose tight sports dress demonstrated her buxomness to best advantage. He stared long and unbelievably when Mag condescended to introduce them. He muttered to himself, "Am I dreaming? Is there an American girl who would willingly not attempt to imitate a string bean? Ah, how becoming her curves, how lovely her full cheeks!"

Then began a period of intensive courting. They were seen everywhere. All the newspapers were full of pictures of the girl who was capturing the heart of the handsome foreign prince. And thus was started a new era of feminine pulchritude—the curvier the figure the better. Society belles, movie actresses, and working girls tried to imitate the fortunate Cinderella.

But Mag and Milly were so madened over Cinderella's luck that they fretted and fumed and got thinner every day. Their friends dropped away and soon they had none at all. Cinderella, however, was the most sought after figure in society, but her head was not turned and soon she and her prince were safely bound in wedlock. Aoi. *Nunc est bibendum.*

"There is a certain modicum of beauty attendant upon the primary manifestations of the vernal equinox in the Carolinas"—from the Introduction to *Spring Thoughts*, by J. Fraser Allenby.



# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

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## Little Playmakers, Whither Now?

By ELMER R. OETTINGER, JR.

The Carolina Playmakers is ostensibly an organization of the students, run for the students by three of the faculty. That means that it is the only campus project of student personnel and purpose which is controlled absolutely from above. Actually, therefore, all responsibility devolves upon three men; figuratively, upon a pipe and two smoke rings.

The reasons for the existence of this Divine Autocracy of the Omnipotent Triumvirate on a campus of liberal and democratic organizations seem two-fold: (1) the Playmakers were founded by the man whose name they have borne and under whose sway they have remained ever since, and (2) their student personnel, being somewhat altered from production to production, is consequently unable to function as a static, organized unit. As a natural result the plastic University youth of dramatic talents soon finds himself tossed insecurely about among other Playmaker aspirants and members as if aboard a phantom ship on an amorphous sea. Only the grinning skipper and his pair of well-trained first mates, in whose hands rest the well being of all, exist and even they are not real. . . . And the campus-at-large wonders why the eager young actor who so enthusiastically enters into his first Playmaker role emerges with only bitter and uncomplimentary words for the organization! It is difficult for any individual of gumption to play puppet, especially when he sees how arbitrarily the strings are twisted.

Let us examine the methods of play selection and casting. It is February and a group of experimental (student-authored) plays are being performed on the Playmaker stage. From the group the Masters have announced that they will select three for touring purposes. Late that night they ponder and on the following day they present their momentous decision to the Playwriting class. None of student plays are worthy of public or tour presentation! Hence, the Masters think it would be nice to offer a bill of three early PAUL GREEN one-acts. Wouldn't that be overdoing things a little? a student with

(Continued on page three)

## «It Was This Way . . .»

By DON SHOEMAKER

FOREWORD: To our knowledge the subject material of this sketch is purely fictional. It was written two days prior to the opening and first evidence of a famous government trial.—The Editors.

TIME: A hot September afternoon of 1933.

PLACE: An apartment in Alexandria, Virginia.

SCENE: In two parts.

### CHARACTERS

DR. QUINTIUS T. MERT	.....A Mid Western School Teacher
TUGSTON REXWELL	.....Concerned in the Government of the United States
ALAN BURLEY	.....Concerned in the Government of the United States
BRUTUS MICHAEL	.....Concerned in the Government of the United States
SING HI	.....A Japanese Valet

### SCENE I

[The Alexandria, Va., apartment of Tugston Rexwell. It is a typical bachelor's quarters, furnished in classic restraint. The mise en scene is the drawing room of Mr. Rexwell's establishment. In the center is a large oak table, strewn with issues of "The New Republic" and "The Nation." Several deep leather chairs are arranged around the table and a portable bar decorates one corner of the room. As the curtain rises Rexwell and Burley are seated in two of the chairs, sipping high balls, their feet resting comfortably on the table.]

REXWELL: [Wearily] Do you suppose he's going to come?

BURLEY: Yeah. He's a curious old buzzard. But for the life of me I can't figure out why he's in Washington.

REXWELL: [Swirling his glass around to shake up the contents.] Curiosity. That's what it is. That old boy has had his finger in more political pie back home in Indiana than you could shake a stick at . . . that is, if you feel like shaking a stick at anything. Personally, I think it's too hot.

BURLEY: [Yawning and glancing at his glass, which he has slowly emptied during the conversation.] It's too hot to do anything but drink around here in the afternoon. Think I'll take another. Might as well get good and tight. This Maryland rye is pretty hard stuff to sip. [He crosses to the small bar and is about to pour another drink when a knock comes at the door.]

REXWELL: Come in. [Michael and Dr. Mert enter the apartment. Michael is slightly under the weather, and Dr. Mert is sweating profusely from the afternoon sun. He is a diminutive man, with a small pinched face and owl-like eyes, rendered almost ineffectual by

a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.]

MICHAEL: [Nonchalantly.] Dr. Mert, this is Mr. Rexwell, one of my colleagues, and over there by the, ah, bar, is another, Mr. Burley.

MERT: [Gravely.] Good afternoon, gentlemen.

REXWELL: [Grasping his hand and shaking it energetically.] Awfully glad to have you here, Mr. Mert.

MICHAEL: [He has crossed from the bar and has grasped Mert's hand, laboriously shifting his drink to his left hand.] How do you do, sir? Ah, I believe I've heard of you somewhere. Education, or something, wasn't it?

MERT: [Rather embarrassed.] Well, ah yes. I, ah—

REXWELL: [Jumping into the breach.] Oh! Now I remember. You were in New York once. I believe I met you at a reception. Something there about the "Mert Plan" for the public school system, wasn't it?

MERT: [Swelling ever so slightly.] Why, ah, yes. I was endeavoring to interest the authorities in the plan I worked out back in Bary, Indiana. Er, unfortunately, or perhaps, [Laughing weakly] heh, heh, fortunately, my project received little attention.

BURLEY: [Feeling that this has gone too far.] Well, Dr. Mert, how about a little drinky? [Turning to Michael.] You'll have one, eh, Brute?

MERT: [Protestingly.] Oh no! I, I never touch the stuff!

BURLEY: [Consolingly.] Now, Dr. Mert. You must have one. It relieves that tired feeling. All of the boys around here drink on occasion. [Winking at his colleagues.]

MICHAEL: [He has gone over to the bar and is pouring two drinks.] Here, now, Dr. Mert, I insist.

(Continued on page two)

## Best House

By THOMAS H. WHITLEY

"He roomed at the Best House and liked it."

"That's a damned lie," stuttered "Cam" Cameron, because that had been said about him. Whether or not they like it, athletes scramble each year for a room out there. From the chatter, a passer-by must conclude that those boys inside are having a big time. Just like Phillips Hall, the Best House is alive all night, but, it is full of collegiate spirit instead of engineering.

Standing on the corner of Pittsboro and McCauley streets, but out of line with both, is Best House. From here it is only a three minute walk to the heart of the campus and classes. The library is only a hundred yards away, and one can stand on the back porch and read the time by the clock in our bell tower.

It was rather difficult to find out anything about the organization; in fact, there was scarcely any. Each fellow looked out for heating and cleaning his room—theoretically at least. The Building Department, bent with sympathy and wanting to improve home conditions, had scoured the floors a couple of weeks before school opened. The weather must have been damp, because the floors were still wet when students arrived. A blotch here and there on the wall showed how those scrubbing boys had brushed cobwebs with their brooms. Downstairs, water had left dirty stains on the walls where it trickled down. Most of the mattresses were filled in an unsealed part of the upstairs with all kinds of trash. Going into this windowless room was like entering the Echo River section of Mammoth Cave. No sun light, apparently, had ever crept in there; moreover, the air was damp, dingy, and gave out a mouldy odor. To the eyes, the sensation was greenish-black. This greenish sensation might have been created partly by the scent. No doors were locked; few rooms had all window glasses intact. Every room possessed something in common in the way of scars and defacements. Part of the stairway had been used to kindle fires.

On the outside, weeds had grown belt-high. Throughout these weeds could be seen crumpled, yellow newspaper and other trash. On one side

(Continued on page six)



## IT WAS THIS WAY . . .

(Continued from first page)

MERT: [Weakening.] Well, if you insist. I'll just take one.

MICHAEL: [Hands him his drink and whispers to Rexwell.] I put four fingers of rye in that one. Don't worry, it'll hit him.

MERT: [Sipping cautiously.] Mmm. This is rather good [He tosses off half of the drink.]

BURLEY: [Aside to Rexwell.] I thought the old buzzard could take it.

[As the curtain falls on the first scene each of the gentlemen has a glass in his hand. Mert is warming up to the men and the atmosphere is one of alcoholic congeniality.]

## SCENE II

[Half an hour has passed, during which time the assemblage has done away with much better than a quart of Maryland rye. As the curtain rises Rexwell bawls lustily.]

REXWELL: Sing!

MERT: [Puzzled.] Sing what?

REXWELL: [Exasperated.] Sing Hi.

MERT: [The other gentlemen are only half-heartedly concealing their mirth.] Sing how?

REXWELL: [Doggedly.] Sing Hi. My Japanese man. [The Japanese enters and stands by the door.] Here, Sing. Fetch us another quart of that rye. You'll find it in my clothes closet, behind that pile of dress shirts.

SING: [Scraping.] Yes, Mr. Rexwell.

MERT: [Protesting again.] Oh, really Mr. Rexwell, I couldn't think of another one.

BURLEY: [Slapping him on the back.] Come, now Dr. Mert, you can stand a couple more. Besides, we can drink and talk at the same time. [He slaps him good-naturedly on the back.]

MERT: [Affably, and reeling slightly.] O. K., ah Al.

MICHAEL: [Walking over and slapping him on the back resoundingly.] That's the stuff, Mert. Let's all be friends. Call each other by our first names. [Winking at Rexwell.] Or just call me comrade.

MERT: [Starting.] Comrade! Oh, but I say, that's red!

REXWELL: [Reassuringly.] Let it drop. Michael just likes to have his fun.

MICHAEL: [He refuses to let the matter drop.] Why, look here Doc, don't you know that's what we'll all be calling one another when the Revolution [He intones the word majestically with a wide sweep of his arm] comes along?

MERT: [Utterly flabbergasted.] Revolution! Why, gentlemen, that's treason! The people wouldn't stand for it. [He sways about and regains his composure.]

MICHAEL: [Enthusiastically.] That's

what we want. A revolution. [He walks over to Mert and puts one arm around him.] Listen, Doc. I'll let you in on a little secret. [Winking at Rexwell and Burley.] We're going to have a revolution. Burley, and Michael, and I. Yessir, what do you think we're in Washington for? A revolution, a revulushun. [A faint red haze of alcoholism has enveloped him.] Down with the status quo. Whoops!

BURLEY: [He has caught the idea at last. He swings tediously to his feet, and catching up a maroon scarf from the table sweeps about the room flourishing it over his head singing the "Internationale."] Tum de tum, da te dum, tum te ta ta dum (etc.)

REXWELL: [Concealing a grin.] Sure, Doc. We'll rip this country wide open. Down with the New Deal! Roosevelt will be our Kerensky. Capitalism, phooie! Down with the privileged classes, up with the tramp-uld masses. [He floats around the room behind Burley who is still singing lustily.] Down with the privileged classes, up with the tramp-uld masses!

MERT: [The stupor has suddenly left him.] Really, gentlemen, this is treason. Do you hear? Treason. [Burley and Michael pay him no heed.]

REXWELL: [Enthusiastically.] Smash the machines! Burn the farms! Lop off their heads! The Revolution shall reign! Government for the masses. Down with the Mellons, down with the Vanderbilts! Up with the proletariat. [Mert retreats to a corner of the room, stupefied, watching Burley and Michael parading drunkenly around the room shouting "Viva la Revolution" when the words of the "Internationale" fail them.]

BURLEY: [Seizing Mert by the collar.] C'mon, Doc, you old Weezil. We'll make a Stalin out of you. [They break into a chant to the tune of "Wintergreen for President."]

REXWELL, BURLEY, and MICHAEL: [Chanting.] Ole Doc Mert for Dictator, huarah, hoorah, hoooorah!

MERT: [Throwing up his hand in horror.] Heavens! And you young men running the government!

REXWELL: [Winking at Burley and Michael and leering as he turns to Mert.] Yes, we're just beginning. Wait until we get our hands on the government. Then, smash! Revolution. Hah!

MERT: [Dashes for his hat and retreats to the door.] Treason! Gentlemen, think what you're doing. Oh my God! [He backs quickly from the room throwing his hands before his face.]

BURLEY: [Running to the window and shouting at Mert who is scuttling away down the street.] Run, Doc, run for your life! The Reds'll get you!

[As the curtain falls Burley, Michael and Rexwell, their arms thrown

about one another, are swaying in the center of the floor, convulsed with laughter.] [CURTAIN]

## Book Marks

By JOE SUGARMAN

## The Postman Always Rings Twice—

Those critics and laymen who have been howling for a virile, hard-hitting novel about common folk unsullied with propaganda for any particular "ism" have been answered by James M. Cain in this extraordinary piece of fiction. The author doesn't care whether the capitalists are dirty wolves or not; he is interested in raw, powerful people and their personal destinies.

Cain, like so many novelists, was formerly a journalist, and the newspaper sticks out all over his writing. He has learned well the art of compression and has mastered perfectly the clipped idiom of the vulgate. Through all his prose there is the staccato beat of the typewriter of the newswriter pounding out his story at 1 a.m., oblivious to the finer chiseling, intent only upon the essential and the graphic. It is feverish, slangy prose that succeeds in whipping his simple ingredients into a tight exciting knot.

His story is not a pretty one. Chambers, bum, loafer, soldier of the road, goes to work for a revolting Greek proprietor of a roadside stand and gas station with the definite purpose of possessing his wife. She, "hell-cat," as he describes her, is an easy conquest. Thereafter the plot sweeps along through the murder of the innocent husband to a finale of shocking brutality.

For a first novelist there is admirably little "weltschmerz" in Cain. He does not fall bleeding on any thorns of a callow youth. Rather, he seizes modern life by the throat and compels it to give forth the lust and brutality that he sees within its body. Simple minds dominate the book, minds which are trained for scheming to accomplish ruthless deeds. Yet there is a kind of loyalty in the animal spirits created by Cain that saves them from mere bestiality. There is too a groping for a vague ideal of personal betterment which, unfortunately, is submerged in the hot lust of the story.

Reviewers have hailed "The Postman Always Rings Twice" with extravagant praise. Another Hemingway, they have seen fit to call Mr. Cain. Hardly. Hemingway as he is to-day is too bent upon refining his characters and polishing his prose to be a god-father to Cain. In many respects this first novelist is striking out for himself. With no axe to grind, other than that of presenting

vulgarity as it appears to him, he is definitely engaged in the refreshing mission of removing the common man from the rostrum of the radical and placing him back on the bookshelf.

Whether this picture of the hot-dog stand and filling station is ideal realism simply because the environs know how to hate, love, and kill more brutally than other people is a debatable question. Surely, however, one feels that in this fierce little outburst Cain has caught in unforgettable expression the harshness and meanness of contemporary life that the modern mind so conveniently permits itself to forget. Such a crack on the skull, such a picture of the day should scarcely hurt any intelligent individual. It is those who are blissfully certain of the certainty of their own civilization who will cry thumbs down to Mr. Cain.

## CLARITY BEGINS AT HOME DEPT.

An interesting typographical slip in Ohio mentions a Zanesville girl "who made good in the movies." You know the type.—Durham Sun.

## Earth's Marching Song

By CHARLES LLOYD

I am the earth! The jovial, friendly,  
brown,  
And ruddy earth! I'll parley with you  
when  
Your greedy self claims notice, and the  
town  
And land are full of folk, but bare of  
men!  
Plant-your-heels-down-hard-in-me!  
I am the earth! The laughing com-  
rade, glad  
To travel with all good companions who  
Delight in company. I turn you mad  
With joy of sharing joy. I laugh with  
you.  
Plant-your-heels-down-hard-in-me!  
I am the earth! The poet's wondrous  
earth!  
I give Antaeus strength—and all men  
are  
Antaeus. I have given Venus birth.  
And Blake stood on me when he touched  
the star.  
Plant-your-heels-down-hard-in-me!  
I am the earth! The lovers' golden  
earth!  
And on my meadows they have plighted  
troths,  
All lovely in their loving, sharing mirth  
And woe. I play the candle to their  
moths!  
Plant-your-heels-down-hard-in-me!  
I am the earth! The wise men's an-  
cient earth!  
They see me as I am—a shell around  
A soul as real as yours—a plan, a birth,  
A being—God's. A wisdom-hiding  
mound.  
Plant-your-heels-down-hard-in-me.



## Our Hard Times

By FRANKLIN POST

### Literchure

The high school literary contest with the oldest college publication in the western hemisphere (a sour contemporary tells us that we get increasingly older and rottener with each issue) conducted during the past month revealed some interesting side lights on the progress of the arts among our young school friends. The favorite topics for the short stories were love, aeronautics, poison, lovely ladies and grim castles, the sea, cookie jars, criminals, spring, and life, just life (we liked that one). We wanted to give the prize to a chap who wrote an aviation story called "When Love Goes Flying" or something, in which he referred to a mysterious gaseous zone in the "stratosphere" that trapped planes and held them suspended in a "gastric area." The committee couldn't see it.

### Revolution

If the setting in Chapel Hill has ever been ripe for a good old fashioned revolution with its appurtenant street fighting behind barricades by the faint illumination of flickering oil lamps, East Franklin street above Hillsboro is the locale. Piles of sand and gravel, stacks of lumber and building materials, all mingle under the glow of kerosene danger markers to give the staid old thoroughfare, now to be widened, the striking aspect of a Paris avenue of the Stavisky era. And to our horror, past that significant scene, came marching the other night a mob of excited youths waving aloft red flares and important looking banners. But it was only the University party, we later discovered, parading fruitlessly in search of the Pathe News cameramen.

### Incident

The debating squad from a state university was ensconced in a large bus, rapidly making its way toward a southern city. The driver, an innocent looking chap, was dividing his attention between the road and his charges, whom he frequently eyed with a countenance at once akin to awe and partially-qualified respect. Suddenly he turned and shouted at one of the gentlemen.

"You all educated? I mean, go to college and all that?"

"Why yes," responded the one to whom the question was addressed.

"Tell me something," the driver went on, "I ain't been farther than the fourth grade. No education or nothing, see?"

Puzzled, our orator only nodded.

"Now look here," went on the driver, neatly avoiding a large truck, "lemme ask you something. How do you spell 'Coca-Cola?'"

The questioned pondered a minute

and spelled, "C-o-c-o- C-o-l-a."

The driver's face was emotionless. He turned to another of the oratorical legion and dogedly demanded, "You spell 'Chevrolet'."

"Ah, 'C-h-e-v-e-r-l-e-t.' No, wait a minute. 'C-h-e-v-e-r-o-l-e-t.' Yeah. That's it." The second orator was wreathed in smiles

The driver stared stonily. He slumped in his seat, grasped the wheel firmly, and the bus slid on into the night. "Ugh," he muttered, quite plainly, and with a sigh of vast satisfaction.

## National Inventory

*The Economy of Abundance.* Stuart Chase. 300 p.p. New York, MacMillan, \$2.50.

With a deluge of up-to-the-minute, accurate, critical and startling statistics, Stuart Chase presents his recent "The Economy of Abundance." While the continuity of thought throughout the book is very weak, Chase takes national inventory of productive resources and of our needs. He finds, as is to be expected, that we are surrounded by an abundance of goods and wants, that the power age guarantees an abundance, and that with this manpowerless power age we must devise a new means of distribution for the cumulative profit formula of the old order is highly out of gear.

As has been stated, the continuity of the story is hardly discernable in a number of places. It is perhaps, from the point of view of a general reader, the poorest concoction that Chase has thrown together in his series of revised annuals.

The facts are there and there strongly enough to be a challenge for those who read it to build a new social order that can distribute the abundance that is produced. Chase fails to show any pragmatism to achieve the desired end. To this extent the book is merely whimsical day dreaming. As

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Oldest College Publication in the United States  
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

Editor-in-Chief.....DON SHOEMAKER  
Business Manager.....JOE WEBB

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a handbook of invaluable information on the present economic picture, the book has no equal to our knowledge.

The book is 300 pages, priced at \$2.50, printed by the MacMillan Company, and contains an excellent four page bibliography of current articles on the present economic scene.—B.C.P.

## LITTLE PLAYMAKERS, WHITHER NOW?

(Continued from first page)

quick recuperative powers suggests. After all the Playmakers had just finished producing PAUL GREEN'S "The House of Connelly, and besides, his early folk-plays might appear just a trifle stale and familiar, pardon the sacrilege. By the way, another student ventures, what's wrong with student X's play? Well, the capable Associate Director beams, X's play is slightly imitative. Yes, the obnoxious student observes, but didn't the Playmakers take a still more imitative and lesser work of this same X on their eminently successful tours of last year? And how about student Y's play? Well, the Associate no longer beams, Y's play was considered, but, although undoubtedly an excellent piece of work, it's pretty strong meat for a tour. And while student Z's comedy may have been extremely funny in experimentals, that's no sign it would go over on the road. Possibly, the student heckler persists, but such caution did not prevent the Playmakers from taking a much less funny play into the provinces last year. Well, the Assistant frowns, if the students must know, no well rounded program could be derived from these dozen or so new masterpieces. Why? Certainly not for lack of comedy or tragedy or drama or epic. Well, they . . . they don't have the *music* of two of last year's touring bill. What does anything else matter? They don't have *music*! And that is indisputable. . . . Still, if the students insist on being nasty, the Masters will be lenient and go into huddle again. (After all there are several *Tar Heel* editorialists in the class.)—After long hours appears the net result of their deep, collective cogitation in the form of a yellow poster stuck on the Playmaker bulletin board: "Tryouts at 4:00 and 7:00 for *The Witching Hour*." As it turns out, *The Witching Hour* is neither fruit nor mineral, student nor PAUL GREEN, but an obsolete melodramatic vegetable written by Augustus Thomas at the turn of the century. The production is inevitably a flop. The only excuse ever offered for its selection was that it was in the nature of a tribute to Mr. Thomas who once befriended the Playmakers on the occasion of his 75th birthday (77th he later wrote, I think).

In casting the ways of the Playmaker Masters is still more obscure. When, after some prodding, the organization's

little Napoleon was persuaded that it could in no way suffer from an appearance at the St. Louis folk festival this May under a \$1000 guarantee, invitational try-outs were called. Excluded even from invitation were the Playmaker leading lady of the year and the great majority of the active student performers. Of the sixteen people permitted to try-out for roles, nine were selected. They include the Assistant Director, the wardrobe mistress, a newly created Playmaker assistant who has never acted in a public Playmaker performance, a co-ed new to the University this quarter and who of course has never appeared on the Playmaker stage, two former Playmakers of some six or eight years ago, an ex-Playmaker since turned professional, one of the Director's young sons in a kid's part, and only *two* of the present-day student Playmakers. There is the troupe: Masters turned actors, old-time performers substituted for students of today. Even the plays chosen for the occasion belong to a past decade. It is not the University of North Carolina's student Playmakers who are going to St. Louis; it is rather a *mixed company*!

Now an organization, like an individual, requires self-respect. Either the Playmaker heads have no confidence in their present supply of student actors and playwrights or they are laboring under the hallucination that a resurrection of Playmaker antiquity in both respects is the best method by which the organization can perpetuate its hard-earned laurels. The first notion, if justifiable, would serve to obviate the possible benefits and services of an undergraduate Playmaker organization in that it assumes an incompetance which precludes worthwhile achievement while at the same time representing a subtle affront to the student personnel at large. The second line of thought, being ultra-reactionary and inevitably pernicious, would serve a similar end in that therein is implied that the Playmakers reached their peak in the halcyon Republican 20's and are now in the throes of a steady decline.

As a matter of fact, the place of a progressive Playmakers on the Carolina campus has never been more assured. The formation of new *Mummers* with the avowed intent of specializing in modern professional plays, a phase of drama becoming sadly neglected by the Playmakers, attests to a campus-wide interest in the Theater. The Playmakers themselves compose a student group as large, more active, and potentially greater than at any time during the last four years. But they cannot advance, either collectively or individually, under the discouraging handicap of myopic string-pulling from above. As an organization a great part of whose expressed obligation is to encourage stu-

(Continued on page five)



# And Departing, Leave Behind Us . . . (Isle Of Palms) . . . By Foster Fitz-Simons

## LOW TIDE

*There's a place along the sea's margin  
Smooth and beaten and white  
Left by the waters receding;  
It is early, and only the gulls  
And sandpipers searching and calling  
Have left a lacery of foot marks  
Printed on the great page  
As yet . . . . .*

## THAT SWEET YOUNG MRS. MacALLISTER

*I hate him lying here beside me in the sand now  
Like a dark stranger sleeping—I, who have been a part of him  
For one week. Seven days of knowing the wild flame  
Of his fingers upon me, drowning myself in the bone, the blood,  
The rich flesh of him; and yet feeling him here without looking  
I am sick with jealousy at these passive sands that may hold  
His body in a sweet completeness I can never know; at this sun  
That has leaned upon him daily until he is smooth and dark  
As burnished muscadines hanging heavy and slumberous  
In red September. And this sea-wind that struggles femalely—  
Intimately entangled in his hair—I would kill it if I could;  
But a part of me is trapped there too.*

*Oh, I knew all there was to know  
About him before I did this thing. The ready, facile tongues  
Of dear, dear friends paved his way to me with broken glass.  
He is no good . . . acrid monkey chatter in my ears . . . weak . . . no good . . .  
And when I looked on him something echoed bitterly their tuneless villanelle . . .  
But I took him . . . .  
This morning when I heard him laughing with that woman—  
That hennaed bitch upon the hotel porch! . . . I ached to destroy, to hurt him  
With something of the thudding agony that is grinding me into a place beyond  
shame—  
Now it seems to me always that he looks on others  
As I thought he looked only on me—  
. . . . this is our honeymoon.*

*This stranger who lies beside me on the sands, I,  
With Lilith and Eve and ten thousand years moving subtly in me  
Cannot touch him where he is apart from me, alone in himself—  
Cannot call one pulsing upthrust of his blood my own  
Ever . . . ever . . . I hate him—hate him!*

*Yet I know . . . how well I know . . .  
If I should bend and reach until five finger-tips of one hand  
Rested on his throat . . . his eyes swimming up to mine out of himself—  
I would be lost again—God!  
Lost as that white gull out there reeling drunkenly down the sun-drenched sky . . .*

## SMALL DAVID HAS GONE A-WALKING WITH THE WIND

*I have run away  
run away  
from greatauntMartha  
sitting in the cottage  
with company from town  
talking and talking  
like a cage of gray parrots  
eating the afternoon  
How could they know  
what the wind said to me—  
just to me . . .  
blowing with a smell  
of hot sun and water  
and a million queer things  
swimming and blooming  
on the bottom of the sea?*

*How could they know  
what things pulled my bare feet  
down the salty boards  
of the piazza steps—  
down the white path  
dangerous with cacti  
to the foam edge  
where water  
in a low booming swirl  
caught at my legs . . .*

*Now from where I stand  
there's a lovely thick trail  
of dazzling doubloons  
or they may be shells  
strewn up the beach  
to the far, far Point  
where the light house watches.  
And I gather them up  
in my two small hands  
and talk to the wind  
as I walk.  
Maybe I won't come back  
to the cottage  
and greatauntMartha—  
even when it's dark  
and the red buoy lights  
burn in the channel  
and the little sea-bells  
sing up the tide  
cry all lonely . . .  
For I have run away  
run with the wind  
to see what there is  
beyond the Point  
the far silver  
Point . . .*

## PHILOSOPHIES PUZZLE THE CLIPPED HEAD OF BLEDSOE HUME, U. S. S. COLORADO

*. . . . I was mad because they laughed at me  
For not wanting to do the same filthy things with them; so here I am  
Dressed in my good blue, my white cap just not slipping off my head,  
And leaning on the board-walk rail, resting in the good clean heat, feeling swell . . .  
And they laughed at me for not wanting to be like them this time!  
Now whatinhell could they see in staying in Charleston spilling their money  
In the cheap white faces of those dames—smiles cut hard on their mouths  
Ten years ago by the same keen knife that makes such smiles in Port-au-Prince,  
Or Seattle, or Panama City . . . as much alike as a swarm of tired, grinning rats  
Squealing on any wharf. And they—Binney and Gene and Schwartz—couldn't see  
What I saw . . . that those smiles weren't any where else on them—when you looked  
In their eyes—it was enough to turn your spine cold;—but they laughed—  
The bastards!—laughed at me for not wanting to spend my afternoon  
In a lot of rotten little rooms so full of squawly music and old smoke  
That you didn't know whether you were crazy or not.*

*I ought to feel sorry . . .  
For those poor dumb blokes after all . . . they're just ordinaries measuring their  
lives out  
In pay and rot-gut and port-leave . . . I've got something more in me that marks me  
Different. Take, for instance, all that tumbling, familiar water out there—  
That is my life. I'm not afraid to think It beautiful; It's been my friend as  
no man nor woman  
Ever has, because I'm part of It. And I'm alone on my two legs . . . a little lonely,  
too, I think.  
It's lonely out there . . . that's what makes it fine when I hear It whispering along  
the iron sides*



*Under my head aboard . . . sure we got secrets, we two, and because I'm young still  
And because we understand each other, I'm not afraid of all the years that are  
coming upon me:*

*When it's finished it'll be finished, and that's all . . . and those dirty pigs laughed  
at me*

*Just because I'm different and have more than they have . . . I've got a little poetry  
in me!*

*Hello . . . that's not half bad; she's lookin' me over too. The uniform always  
gets 'em.*

*Sister, you can't spend the day at the beach just walkin' up and down by yourself—  
It's hard on those silk stockings. Look here, baby, you can't fool me*

*Bein' indignant. We know each other pretty damn well, I think—*

*Been knowin' each other in every port since there was a sea with sailors . . .*

*That's good! . . . Say, I'm extra special . . . I'm not like all the rest.*

*I'm different—I've got poetry in me . . .*

#### MRS. DEKKER ON THE PORCH OF OCEAN INN

*I have sat upon this porch  
For nine hundred and ninety-nine years  
Rocking and rocking . . .  
And I shall sit hating this ocean,  
This ugly sand, this boundless sky  
All bareness and loneliness  
With the tides and waves  
Rocking and rocking  
Mocking my strange wide imprisonment  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine years more.*

*I am a hill woman  
Out of the womb of the Alleghenies  
Where they march smokily  
North and East and South and West  
Beyond the eyes . . .  
(They are marching smokily  
And always more distant-dimly  
With each passing year  
In my memory;  
And one day I shall wake  
And they'll be gone  
Forever . . .)*

*Have you ever smelled  
The cool musk smell of laurel leaves  
And rhododendron  
Bending over the roar  
Of small, mysterious waters  
Crystalling down a place of boulders  
And valley-shadows . . . ?  
Well, I have—before I was born;  
And I'm heart-weary for the feel  
Of hill shoulders nudging  
Gigantically under my feet:—  
For something in the air  
Of spruce and pine and hoof-crushed pennyroyal,  
And little cow sounds moving  
Comfortably in distant rocky pastures.  
Those things were blood and breath to me  
And now I've this—  
A place where any stranger  
May walk in peace across my threshold  
Because a sign is over  
The door.*

*Soon I must get up  
And go into the kitchen heat  
To preside over the cooking  
Of great heaps of scarlet prawns,  
Oysters, clams, and smoking whiting  
Planned for alien bellies  
That will sit at my tables tonight.  
Now I sit gazing at and hating  
That sand and water there*

*For nine hundred and ninety-nine years  
Rocking . . . rocking . . .*

#### SEA PIECE BY JOHN TIMBRELL IN A RENTED BATHING SUIT

*This afternoon is mine with all its bright mirages and sunny mysteries:  
I am brother to a star fish and a cloud and a thousand fantasies,  
Because I took my life and this golden day upon a ferry-boat,  
And for one quarter of a dollar have bought these hours.  
Who would think to see me standing here in an ill-fitting bathing suit  
Pale and thin, all shanks and bone, that I was wild within?—  
Wild and filled with visions that keep me living from day to day  
With all the opiates of another place, another time.*

*Old Jacob would be surprised to know that he had a faun  
Bending over his books, and slaving over his accounts—  
A naked, golden faun sleepy-eyed and eternally laughing.  
It would jolt him to know that I was drunk all the day  
With a wine brewed in Arcadia a thousand years ago,  
And if he looked closely, he'd see its stain upon my mouth.*

*But he is blind like all others, and can see nothing but the chains  
That make my life a pattern of books and red lines,  
Pencils, inks, dry and evilly sterile as bitter dust.  
Why should I not let this water have me; it is green  
And anxious, and holds me sensuously as I swim within its arms—  
Swim to that horizon . . . I should at least be a drowned faun . . .  
Not a thing of polished pennies and guarded figures.  
Why not!—that's an end . . . No—no! . . . I can't; I'm frightened and weak  
Those rosy clouded distances are not worth it after all.*

*The solid sand's the thing, and scanty bread and sun:  
Pens and ledgers are for weaklings; Lotus Land is only for the brave.*

#### HIGH TIDE

*The moon came up suddenly tonight,  
And there was a sound of great waters  
Rushing up the sands  
To smooth the scars and foot prints—  
The flotsam and memories  
Of the afternoon  
And over the place on the dim water-floor  
A crab moves  
With the goit of milleniums:  
It is late . . .*

#### LITTLE PLAYMAKERS

(Continued from page three)

dent self-expression, the Playmakers are a joke; for this is the one campus organization in which any student self-expression is likely to go unheeded.

As things stand now, it is the student Playmaker who pays. He pays literally for the charm which he has earned through participation and for the Playmaker organization pages, if any, in the Yackety Yack. He pays figuratively for his performance by being rutted in a narrow type-part if he is good or being politely excluded from future public production casts (unless he is a meek aide or stand-in)—if he isn't. His reward is at best sporadic crumbs in the form of typed roles and, if he's a real nice and innocuous boy, perhaps a public production of one of his plays. . . . Adverse criticism? What of it? asks the little Dictator. "Good publicity."—And he can afford to smile smugly as he puffs his little pipe in perfect contentment. For isn't his word law in the Playmakers?

#### Saturn's Wench

By WALTER TERRY

"O Saturn, star of stars, your encircled self shines upon me, far brighter than Jupiter, Caesar of the heavens."

As she walked slowly down the street her voice grew fainter. I laughed as I lay in my bed. "Just another Greenwich Village drunk," I said to my Father. "She seems to be a cultured lady if her subject and the tone of her voice prove anything."

Soon a distant murmur announced the star-poetess' return. She stopped almost under our window. Her clear voice continued as before: "Why, O Saturn, do you not take my soul, my poor, weak self to thee, and bathe me in the mellowness of your light."

A man's voice called from a neighboring apartment: "Please be quiet! People are trying to sleep."

The golden voice changed its theme for a moment. "Shut up, ya dirty bastard. O glorious Saturn, call for me, your child . . ."



## Little Helen

Ever since Little Helen discovered that my Uncle Bud has a "split personality" the household has been in violent uproar. It all began, according to Aunt Sue, when Uncle Bud read in the Tribune that war with Japan was a certainty. Now Uncle Bud has his own ideas about warfare. It is his theory that the infantry should be trained to play dead ("Possum fighting" he calls it) in order to lead the enemy troops into a trap. Unfortunately the theory hasn't been developed much from that point, but Uncle Bud feels that he really has something. At any rate he has been pestering the War Department about it.

Though a theorist, and a rather amazing one at that, Uncle Bud nevertheless believes in putting to practice what he advocates. One night when we were having dinner at the Johnson's he suddenly slumped under the table and lay quite still. Aunt Sue felt his heart and promptly fainted. It had stopped dead. Uncle Henry, who can never be depended upon in a crisis promptly began to wail "Oh My God, Bud is dead." Just then Uncle Bud got up and dusted himself off.

"Heh, heh. Fooled you. Just practicing," he said. He went on with his salad as if nothing had happened. He later told me that he could make his heart stop beating "any dam' day in the week" if he wanted to.

The same thing happened later in the week in front of the theatre. Uncle Bud suddenly moaned "Give me air!" and fell at our feet. A crowd gathered and pressed in upon him, but he rose, dusted himself, and walked off down the street whistling. "I just wanted to try it on a crowd," he explained.

It took Little Helen to straighten out the matter. She has been working on Uncle Bud's case history for some time now, and claims that he is "undoubtedly a schizoid."

Unfortunately Little Helen's poetry did little to stir Uncle Bud from his melancholy several weeks back. He said her sonnets were "dripping with boshy sentimentalism only vaguely concealing an unpatriotic bend toward pacifism." Helen then tried her verses on the magazines, without any return but a curt admonition or two from editors either to forget Gertrude Stein or learn to type. One of them threatened to sue Uncle Henry when he received a note from Helen consigning him to Hell in seven languages and thirteen dialects. That finished up Helen's poesy career.

In solving Uncle Bud's strange case Helen compiled miles of statistics and dozens of miscellaneous charts, all of

them meaningless to me. Uncle Henry insisted that his brother be placed under the care of a doctor until his war hallucinations could be cured. Helen was obdurate. She insisted that he should be entrusted to her. In the end she won out. When Little Helen *doesn't* win out in the end it will be news.

Refusing to confide her plan of attack Helen asked only free rein for several weeks. For days she wandered about the house, smiling mysteriously to herself. Often she would disappear for several hours, only to return home beaming confidently. And during those few weeks Uncle Bud never once showed up at the house. I phoned his apartment several times a day, but his man always reported that "Mister 'enry is hout." I later discovered that he had been missing for as often as two days at a time.

Now Uncle Henry has a strick aversion to the use of intoxicants in any form. He often accuses Aunt Sue of using brandy or cognac for flavoring, and once swore violently at a dinner party that there was sloe gin in the spinach.

The other day it came upon me suddenly that Uncle Bud's mysterious disappearances might have some connection with Little Helen's actions, which had been mighty queer of late. Knowing that he was supposed to be in her charge I inquired after him only to be threatened with a dose of potassium cyanide in my coffee the next time I introduced the subject.

Last Saturday I resolved to follow Little Helen when she made one of her excursions, in the hope that I might determine Uncle Bud's whereabouts. After dodging through back alleys and narrow city lanes for something over three miles in pursuit of Helen (she won a merit badge at Camp Minnetonka in trail blazing . . . and was later ejected on the counts of "lack of discipline, cursing, calling a counselor an 'idiot savant,' and various acts of violence unbecoming a little lady") I came upon an open square where I found a mob of excited people. In the middle of the mob was Uncle Bud, sprawled on the cobble stones like a dying gladiator. When I caught hold of Little Helen I heard her telling a policeman that Uncle Bud was her father, "a drunken ogre who beats me for recreation."

I managed to get Uncle Bud into a cab and cart him home. The policeman told me that he had been in jail five times on a charge of sprawling on the street. "The little girl," said the policeman, pointing to Helen, "always said he was drunk; so we locked him up."

"Serves him right," claimed Little

Helen." The only way I could cure him was to shame him."

"Officer," I protested, "why didn't you smell the man's breath?"

He smiled foolishly and blew a heavy gust of whiskey-laden breath in my face. "How could I? It's a free country, ain't it?" Uncle Bud is cured.

## BEST HOUSE

(Continued from first page)

of the house ashes had been piled to tremendous heights. On the weatherboarding and front porch had accumulated the dust of the ages. Of course, some of these conditions were bettered somewhat, but others got worse.

Evidently my room had housed some rough "roomies" the year before. Their initials had been burned in "box-car" letters beneath the fire-board. Over the mantel was burned deeply the picture of cross-bones and a skull under which appeared the two words: "Danger" and "Poison." In one corner stood a big metal trash-can jerked from the city streets when the night policeman was asleep. It was used for coal. Over the window on my side of the room was nailed a dull-red colored Pullman blanket for a shade; it was split up through the center. Over the front two windows one green and one yellow shade kept people from peeping in. These shades frequently fell, due to joltings downstairs. But this was not as bad as the room next to mine; it had neither window glasses nor shades. Cecil Adair, "Cam" Cameron, and I set to work to create a cozy atmosphere out of this chaos.

In our room we had a little heater. Childers, Leary, and McLaurin, who roomed next to us, simply built themselves a stove with parts they found in trash piles. It was a fire trap, but it got hot when properly stimulated. Many times they got that stove so red hot that it simply lighted the room. Special arrangements were made to provide fuel—our coal was hauled out under cover of darkness from the University coal pile. To take a shower after winter came was real punishment, but it was done. Most of us had lockers and used showers in Emerson stadium, but some dared to stand beneath the icy flow of Best House showers.

Freshman and varsity material for every sport at the University could be found at Best House. There was a mixture of scrubs and stars in everything from ping pong to football. Joe Cordle predicted he would be our best long distance man, but he even failed to place in the Cake Race. June Underwood was popular among All-Southern selections for center. Athletes must stay in shape; so when certain sports were out of season, the fellows took part in intramural athletics. Best

House was a dangerous contender in all the intramural sports.

Thoughts at Best House are kept in the world of sports. In the fall, football chatter keeps everybody on edge. Later in the year, our winter program begins; and it is impossible to keep up with basketball, wrestling, and boxing. The crowds gather in different rooms to talk about the sport they like best. When the snow melts, sap rises again, and birds are heard singing, thoughts turn to the great old American game of baseball. Best House rings with the crack of bats and the dull thud of baseballs coming to rest in gloves and mitts. Track stars glide through the conversation occasionally, but they fail to halt the talk about that game which everybody loves. Lew Cordle thought track was the best sport, but he developed an inferiority complex when big "Narcissus" Dixon began telling how he intended to "chuck that rock." Paul Dunlap added his comments.

Someone has laughingly said that nobody was eligible for a room at Best House until he had flunked two courses. "Big Bill" Miller was a Phi Beta Kappa man. He had certainly never failed any courses. In contrast to him, however, there were two or three freshmen out there who had never passed a course. Between these extremes ranged all the rest of us. The biggest hindrance to good grades was the fact that the boys were not interested. One freshman, when told that the courses he was taking carried no credits, remarked: "Hell! What do I care about credits as long as I'm eligible for football?" Our roomers were athletic-minded, and they thought the technique of gridirons, baseball diamonds, and basketball courts would make up for missed classwork. Classrooms had neither any glitter, glare, nor glamor for the fellow who enjoyed stepping off tackle for eighty or ninety yards. Out on the field, where they come in contact with touchdown heroes or "kings of the swat," they find the thrill of coming to college.

Looming in about the same proportion as disinterestedness among factors making for poor scholarship at Best House was the environment. When the pleasant days of October yielded to the chilly nights of November, the student wanted to bask in the warmth of a well heated room while he prepared his assignments. Best House boys would have probably studied some more if they had been furnished with heating facilities. The star roomers, attempting valiantly to put in heating facilities, dragged in parts of stoves until nearly every room was supplied with some kind of fire trap.

The North wind penetrated the walls of Best House as water leaks trough a

(Continued on page eight)



# Murder at the Old Well . . . An Almost Perfect Crime of the Last Century

BY J. FRASER ALLENBY

The disappearance of Yancey Prevost from the University of North Carolina in 1857 and the discovery of his remains some twenty years later whipped the Old North State into a perfect furor of excitement which subsided with the war and revived again when the gruesome discovery was made. Prevost, the son of a wealthy Alabama planter, came to this campus in the autumn of 1856 from his father's plantation in Shelby County, Alabama. In the early months of the next year he vanished and remained a problem for twenty years until his tragic fate came to light accidentally.

Prevost's father, Legare Prevost, took pride in providing his son with the best of everything and shortly after arriving at Chapel Hill, the youth joined a very prominent though now extinct fraternity known as the Rainbow. He was duly initiated into its mysteries and equipped with the mystic handshake, the secret greeting, the esoteric word, and the gold badge by which his bones were identified when workmen dug them up in 1876 while laying new pipe lines into Old East and Old West dormitories.

After a few weeks at the University, Yancey joined the Dialectic Senate which at that time was of some importance. In fact he became one of the leading debaters on the Hill. This was at a time when every student was a promising debater and a professor's question in the classroom would bring a twenty minute burst of oratory with gestures in reply. Things got so bad that members of the two "literary societies" were barred from class discussion so as the professor could make some progress in the presentation of his subject.

One black night in February "undisturbed" as Prevost might have put it, "by the faintest emanation of Cynthia's beam" five students were walking across the campus to their rooms in Old West. The night was chill, ice clung to the bare branches of the Davie Poplar and in the faint light of the lantern which one of them carried, their breath might be seen as faint mists melting into the cold, black night. They had just left a stormy session of the Senate where for five hours the young hope and fair renown of this ancient state had engaged in a battle of lung power over the proposition that the telegraph was a blasphemous alteration of the will of the Divine Providence. We do not know which side of this vital issue was upheld by the silver tongued Alabaman but he had been most active and when he left the forensic

lists his throat was dry and parched. As the five reached the Old Well, Yancey stopped for a minute to slake his thirst in the icy current. The others went to their rooms in the dormitory. Prevost was never seen alive again.

At that time the Old Well was really a well and while the water came almost to the surface of the ground, the well

rickety tower of old South building and tugging at the frayed rope caused the bell to peal forth the gladsome tidings that the University of North Carolina was once more.

Gradually students and teachers returned, and once more in control of its faculties, if I may permit myself a pleasantry, things began to hum. Part

was an easy and welcome victim to his pleasure. The pranks of the older man soon began to become unbearable to the proud and sensitive nature of Yancey and the two were often seen in bitter dispute.

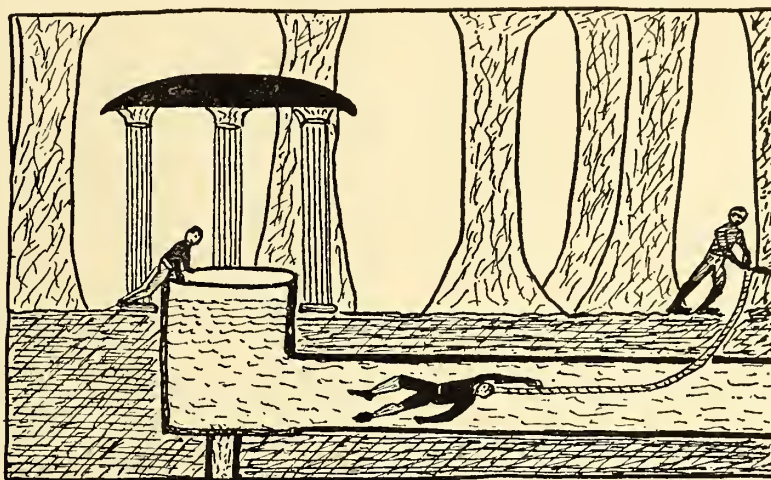
On the floor of the Senate they often became most abusive and a duel seemed more than likely.

As time passed the enmity grew worse. Pringle publicly dared Yancey to throw a rock through a certain professor's window. The latter wisely refused, whereupon Pringle frequently twitted the youth on his lack of manly courage. They came to words and Yancey passed a remark to the effect that Pringle's fiancée, whose name we will leave out of this, had negro blood in her veins. A duel was narrowly averted but Pringle is said to have sworn that he would never forgive or forget the Alabaman's slight. His letter to a friend at Davidson College reads in part, "Prevost, a churlish fellow from Alabama of whom I have written you before, insulted Gwendolyn today. The administration prevented me from settling the score with the d—n swine as a gentleman should but you may depend upon it, I shall not rest until I have revenged myself."

Pringle achieved his fell purpose, in all probability with the aid of several accomplices, certainly of one. The details were worked out by able criminologists from Hillsboro after the body and the suggestive letters of the murderer came to light. With Prevost's insult rankling in his bosom, Pringle began to scheme as to how he would dispose of his foe who was also a rival candidate for an important office in the Dialectic Senate. He studied his victim's habits for several weeks before deciding upon the cunning plan which he finally adopted.

He observed that after every session of the Senate that Prevost stopped to drink at the Old Well and like a tiger lurking at the water hole for the unwary antelope Pringle used the historic spring for his cruel scheme. He knew that a large conduit led into the well which was amply large to hold a human body. Under the cover of night he dug a small pit into the conduit at a point twenty yards away from the well. Taping a hole in the terra cotta pipe he drew a rope through it and pushed it well in until the end reached the walls of the well. Then he covered the opening with leaves and fished the other end from the water, draping it carelessly over the edge where it

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—From "Intimate Note Books of J. Fraser Allenby."

was deep. The edifice which covered it tended more to the Corinthian than does its present day successor. Both served their purpose in keeping the leaves from the Davie Poplar from blowing into the well. When the disappearance of the thirsty orator was discovered it was recalled that the last to see him had been the four who left him in the shadow of the classic well structure.

The whole town was searched, alarums were sent to neighboring farmers, but no clue or sign revealed itself and the authorities had no word for the anxious parents. As time went on and nothing was found the authorities, as is generally the case, relaxed their efforts and the whole matter became merely a topic for speculation. The facts were merely that Prevost had stopped one night for a drink of water and was never seen again. He was a Rainbow and a member of the Dialectic Senate. He was of a wealthy family and had presumably no cause for suicide. His grades were good.

In the language of the cinema; came the war. Flushed with hope the grey armies exhausted themselves in victory after victory, but as food and money ran short the Yankees invaded Dixie and after the defeat of the peerless Lee, set up their nefarious Reconstruction governments. The University slumbered with its memories. For many years Chapel Hill was indeed the deserted village. Then one day bell-ringing Mrs. Cornelia Spencer climbed the

of the humming consisted in laying water pipes into the dormitories and one September day when this was transpiring a laborer's pick unearthed something white and hard. It was a greatly developed human jaw bone. A few minutes more of digging revealed an entire skeleton covered with shreds of rotten cloth. Nearby was a small gold badge, the insignia of a dead man and a dead order. The identification was rapid and all minds once more resumed the contemplation of the problem.

In the meantime certain facts had come to light which fitted rather neatly with the murder of Prevost and although the administration took pains to keep the matter from the attention of the journals, it was more than evident that a brutal and carefully planned crime had been committed. Among the letters of a fellow student of Prevost's, one Bruton Pringle, had been found a letter which clearly demonstrated that the former had enemies. Pringle and the man or men who had aided him in the dastardly crime had fallen upon the fields of the war and had long since been beyond the reach of the law. For long in order to protect their families this story had been suppressed, but the true facts can no longer hurt anyone.

Prevost, while a likable fellow, was not without his faults one of which was a quick and terrible temper. Pringle had been a year his senior and a sophomore when Prevost matriculated. Pringle was something of a bully and delighted in tormenting the new men, Prevost



## MURDER AT THE OLD WELL

(Continued from page seven)

would excite little notice.

As Prevost left the debate that fatal night Pringle followed him. A friend of the latter's went to the pile of leaves where the coiled rope was hidden. Pringle hurried to the well and made a noose in the other end, then he hid in the darkness and waited. Prevost came as usual to the well and perhaps noticed the rope but attached no import to it. Unsuspectingly he knelt over the edge to drink and as he did Pringle slipped up silently behind him and slipped the noose around his neck. Almost simultaneously he picked up the youth's legs and threw him into the water.

A low whistle to the waiting accomplice and the other end of the rope was drawn up pulling the struggling body into the conduit and out of sight. The other end of the rope was thrown in the conduit and the hole quickly covered. No trace of any kind remained. After a week or so a peculiar taste was noticed in the water but that is rather common in this little community and there was no thought of connecting the disappearance with the putrescence of the water.

A few shreds of rope were found still around the skeleton's neck and an examination of the conduit revealed that it had been tapped at a nearby point. The conclusion was obvious, it was a perfect crime. The guilt was not established beyond a doubt but after the revelation of the facts a soldier told how Pringle dying in a Federal prison had whispered his confession and died. He had died a hero and the Pringle family, prominent in and about Siler City did their best to hush the matter up and succeeded. However, time has weeded out those who would suffer from the truth and it can do no harm to tell the interesting story. It must be of interest, I am sure, to every Carolina student to know that while the Old Well symbolizes the highest ideal of this State's glorious past, it also served to perpetrate one of the most sinister and cunning crimes in the history of this fair state.

## BEST HOUSE

(Continued from page six)

sack. Would you expect to look in through a paneless window on a cold November night and see somebody getting his lessons? Even Abraham Lincoln had a warm fire by which to study. One just could not study at Best House after cold weather came. It was attempted, but it failed. Not many of us care to sit by a winter night's fire and have the wind come through cracks

in the wall to turn the pages of our book. A big husky tackle can take knocks on the gridiron; a star forward may be fouled in painful fashion and keep going; the fast wrestling captain may get an arm broken and still win by a fall; but it takes a superhuman to sit still studying while a heat wave flashes from a fireplace in front of him and a cold wind rustles all down his back. Stoves at Best House did not even allay the chill, much less heat the rooms. Even a Phi Beta Kappa would have forgotten his aim as he pulled his wraps tighter around his body.

As to moral and religious attitudes, boys at Best House were just as divergent as they were anything else. Some would flunk a course before they would write down any whispered information on a quiz. On the other hand, one or two, as it were, simply signed their names to the book. To a part of them, the Sunday morning church bells called to worship; to another element, they were only encouragement to lie snugly in bed.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights were period set aside for bull sessions of the more intensive nature. On week-ends, seldom even were cards and gambling indulged in; instead, highly stimulated and enthusiastic athletes strolled in within the wee hours of the night to finish their various celebrations. Sometimes they came from dances; sometimes such occasions followed athletic encounters; but oftentimes it was only another week-end.

They had capped up a crate of "home brew" somewhat earlier than is best for it. Tsumas and Reagan, the more energetic of the three, were on class or studying somewhere else, but Barham lay sleeping during the early hours of a frosty morning. About nine o'clock the sun was shining directly on the crate of brew. Without the least warning, it came, as it were, a bolt of lightning from a clear sky—a dull "boom" followed by a fizzing and squashing sound, preceded the tinkle of falling glass. Barham, aroused by the unfamiliar "boom" and the quite familiar fizzing, gave a deep sigh as he realized what the ghastly sight meant. Turning his face to the wall, he wept, bitterly, for the first time since his arrival at Carolina. Tsumas was half-way down the front steps of the library when told the sad news. So sudden and so intense was the shock that his knees gave way. He sat down on the cold steps and remained there in thoughtful contemplation during the next class period. Windows were raised to let the room air out, and Best House smelled like a brewery. But the period of gloom was only temporary. That very night Barham called in a friend from Greensboro, and they fixed nineteen more bottles.

Sometimes there were quiet little ses-

sions. One Sunday night, when the little stove in our room fairly danced with rapid heating and the cold rain was freezing on the window glasses outside, Lindsay Hunt came from Swain Hall with a full pot of hot chocolate. It seemed that the best boys in the house came to our room that night. Mark Jones made a special trip back to Swain Hall about nine o'clock and got two more pots of chocolate—Lindsay told him how to get it. As we drank we told jokes, discussed love, God, eternity, and everything. To be alive was great, but to be young was simply heavenly.

Out on Pittsboro street Best House still stands, but its glory is in reviewing the past. The tendency now is toward respect and civilized actions. Virgil Weathers is our manager. Every man has a key issued to him by the Building Department, and old Daniel Booth comes every day to clean up. The occupants are athletes, and it is their nature to be rough and boistrous; however, in a relative sense it is now a haven of peace and quiet. The turbulent waters of a stormy sea have raged all night; at dawn the waves are still again. It is this dawn that Best House is beginning to see just now. We have no Dixon, McKinney, or Childers to create disturbances; neither do we have any Adair, McLaurin, or Shields to show us how quiet and good natured a good athlete can be if he desires. Dr. A. M. Jordan comes by now to wonder at the improvement. He was almost ashamed once to say he lived out this way. Now the place is so clean and nice that Miss Edna Bryant, on her way home, looks in and says: "I almost wish I were a boy and stayed here. I'll bet they have a good time." The Freshmen out here now listen to old timers talk of how it used to be and feel inferior because it is not so now. They say: "Damn! Why can't we raise a little hell, too?" But they just do not do it.

Only the memory of old Best House glory remains. When two former Best House men meet they always pause to live again, imaginarily, in those famous haunts. Those boys had an experience together, and to their graves they will carry a common understanding.

Best House now is merely an ordinary cheap rooming house, where self-help athletes are given preference.

## From the Sanscrit

By I. N. WILLET

*Love comes, you say, in triangles?*

*Ah, no. Love's figures all are polygons.*

*A proof? How this: A friend of mine Loves madly one who loves a Jew.*

*The Jew loves one who loves another man.*

*This man loves one who loves the first.*

*Ay, so it goes. One might say that*

*The polygons almost resembled circles.*

## Jack and Jill

By F. E. HOWARD

"Yes," said Mrs. Esmond to her daughter Jill. "You absolutely must go to the Lanes' party. You've accepted the invitation, and you're going."

Jill was very submissive. "Yes, mother."

"Of course, if Jack wishes to stay, that is his affair." Jill turned and walked out the door to the porch of the cabin. Jack Redding smiled at her from the steps and shrugged his shoulders. "We might as well dress," he said. "See you in an hour and a half." He stood up and walked over the beach sand to a cabin nearby.

Jill turned back into her own cabin. She looked at her watch. It was five thirty. She unclasped the overnight bag which was lying on her cot. "I wish Hilda had forgot to send the thing," she said under her breath and pulled out by the shoulder straps a white dress that unfolded as smoothly as a snake. Then the bag was empty.

At seven when Jack came to the porch and called, Jill was dressed. Her mother had not finished. She was not accustomed to dressing without a maid. Jill ran out on the porch. She saw Jack's white shirt front. "Let's get the car," he suggested.

They walked on a firm path through the sand to the garage at the edge of the woods. Jack unlocked the door. "I'd better check the water," he said, going around to the radiator. He unscrewed the cap. "It's low. I'll have to go to the spring." He picked up a bucket from the corner. "I'll go with you," Jill said.

They climbed the short path to the spring, and Jack dipped the bucket. As he stood up, Jill was close to him. He put his arm around her. She swayed against him. For an instant they were off balance. He put his foot back to prop himself. It landed in the bucket and twisted. He fell, pulling Jill with him. His head struck a rock. He grunted. Jill had fallen to her knees with the bucket between them. Jack stood up and felt his head. His fingers touched a knot. He picked up Jill and asked if she was hurt. "No," she said shakily, "But my dress is torn."

They filled the water bucket again, and Jack carried it down and poured it into the car radiator. When they drove to the cabin and got out, Mrs. Esmond looked at her daughter's dress and at Jack's suit. "We fell in the dark," Jill admitted.

"I should think so!" Mrs. Esmond was very icy. She drove off by herself.

Editors are planning publication of B. C. Proctor's "Memoirs" in next issue.



# The Carolina Magazine

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME LXIII

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## TWO PRIZE-WINNING SHORT STORIES IN OUR LITERARY CONTEST

### Saturday's Fog

By ESTELLE HAYES

(Greensboro Senior High School)

It was one of those miserable, rainy Saturday afternoons which tends to make one morbid. It was not actually raining, but the streets steamed and smoked. Everything seemed tired and weary.

David Page had a headache as he emerged from a typical musty office building. His head was pounding, and a headache always made him nervous. He was a shabby-looking person with his baggy clothes and a hat that had long since lost its shape. He took his hat off and passed his hand across his forehead, shaking his head as if to shake out the hammers that were beating on his brain. He took short, timid steps. In the crook of his arm he carried a folder of papers. He always carried a folder of papers, but nobody ever knew what they were.

On the corner the paper boy approached him, "Howdy, Mr. Page" he said, handing him a paper.

"Good evening" he replied flatly, without looking up even when he handed him a coin.

He looked up the street to see if the street car were coming. "Well," he mumbled, "it will be along in a minute." He opened up the paper and scanned the front page. Foreign negotiations, government approval of a new civic park, impersonal things seemed to be all there was.

The street car arrived, and he stepped on, inconspicuously handing the conductor his fare and slipping into the first vacant seat. He reopened the paper, "Wife Confesses Table Murder." He read further, "Wife admits she poisoned creamed onions to murder her husband." The letters blurred before his aching eyes. What if Edith should murder him? It would be simple enough to put sodium cyanide in his food and he would be dead in less than an hour. He covered his eyes with his hands, trying to shut out the horrible picture, but it remained, clear and dreadful. Gravy, that would be the very thing. A gravy bowl would look so innocent. Innocent, what a vile word to apply to a bowl of polluted gravy! He shuddered. What had Edith been hinting at the other day when she so

### Confederate Bandmaster

By ROBERT LEEPER

I.

*He played a cornet through the battle years,  
The leader of a regimental band,  
That strengthened the resolves of volunteers  
And spread the germ of glory through the land.*

*They led the gay parades through dusty towns  
Where folk had heard their men were losing strength,  
Had worried through the days with brooding frowns,  
And come to fear the wartime's growing length.*

*And when they played, the war was pulsing song,  
A fire along the veins, a battle cry;  
No teasing question then of right or wrong  
But only knife-edged airs flung toward the sky.*

*The soldiers followed him with quickened breath,  
Content with battle-life or battle-death.*

vehemently reminded him to pay up his life insurance? Did she mean to kill him? For the past three years he had just been somebody to pay the bills. They owned their little home. Doris was almost through school and talked all the time of extensive travelling which he knew he could never afford. If he were dead, his insurance would easily pay for all this and leave a large surplus. There were many reasons why Edith might want to be rid of him.

He got off the street car with a dazed feeling of fear. He was probably going home to his last meal. Why must he go home? He didn't want to die, to be murdered by his own wife.

He shuddered as he walked through the quickly gathering fog. The fog outside passed through his dim eyes into his pounding brain making his head hurt much worse. Hesitatingly he fitted his key into the front door and stepped in. Warm, yellow lights greeted him, and a delicious odor of roast

II.

*We saw him one time when a storm had broken,  
Come marching down the street through wind and rain,  
His head held high, his thin beard like a token  
Of battles won through hells of shock and pain.*

*His old sack clothes blew loosely on his limbs  
With every gust of wind that filled the street;  
His distant eyes cared nothing for the whims  
Of new-born leaves that swirled about his feet.*

*But marching, marching down the street he came,  
A soldier still, though ninety years he knew;  
About him all the timelessness of fame  
No rain can dampen and no wind undo.*

*A dauntless, deathless splendor in his form,  
We saw him marching, marching through the storm.*

beef reached his nostrils, but instantly that same odor made him sick. He was afraid.

Edith came from the kitchen with a ruffled apron tied around her large waist. As she greeted him he searched her face and eyes for some disclosure of her thoughts. He thought he found a malicious gloat in the curve of her mouth. He thought he noticed her nostrils strained with heavy breathing as of one in suspense. This was awful. His hands shook as he laid down the paper and hung up his hat and coat. He picked up his folder and took it back to the desk.

"Hello, Dad." Doris called gaily from her big armchair as he passed by. Was her voice strained or was it just his imagination?

As he glanced in the hall mirror on his way to the dining room, his hair seemed grayer than usual and his face more lined with wrinkles. His eyes

(Continued on page three)

### Sequel

By PEARL PRESTON PARIS

(Greensboro Senior High School)

Mike Hauser and his son, Ted, entered the Grand Central Station and pushed through the crowd. "Hey—own th' place?" from Mike; and from Ted, "Beg your pardon." People did not seem to expect anything further from behind Mike's long cigar and dipped hat. If it was possible for anyone in New York to walk as if he owned His Honor Mayor Walker's city Mike would have done it, but as he could not, he elbowed his way to his son's train gate quite conscious of Michael Hauser's share of New York.

At the gate father and son faced each other. "Been a great vacation, Dad. Got a rather difficult year before me. Last year, you know. That student council job demands quite a bit of my time but a great bunch of boys on it." Ted's eyes had continued to study the passing people.

"Don't work too hard—boy. No need of it," answered his father.

Ted suddenly looked directly at Mike. Mike shifted his cigar and pulled his hat farther down under his son's gaze.

"Dad, you wouldn't—you wouldn't think of giving up—of retiring in the spring, would you? Then maybe—Europe—a little travel—," Ted's voice faltered.

"Just fifty-four, boy," answered his father.

"But—well, there's my train—good luck, Dad. Be—be careful."

Shaking hands hastily, he gathered both bags and sprang into the train. He watched his Dad disappear in New York's population.

Ted respected his Dad; respected his fatherhood; respected him for his rough strength; almost for his bold defiance of man and God. He realized that he was the only thing Mike cared for, and he realized the extent of that love, if there was any. He knew his Dad did not love him merely because he was Mike's flesh and blood. Mike was the man to bow to a strength greater than his when it was sufficiently proved. In Ted he had realized that strength greater than his, a strength he had never had to deal with directly before—right.

(Continued on page eight)



## A Local Goblin

By BRADFORD WHITE

A car plunged into the ruts of a poorly constructed railroad crossing. The back wheels stuck in the mud and it seemed that the train, due in a few minutes, would certainly tear off the front fenders. By the time the car-owner became desperate, a bearded young man walked by. He took out pen and pencil. In a moment he told the owner not to worry. The train would miss the fenders by three-sixteenths of an inch. "And," he added, "I value my time at four dollars." If the owner of the car were a citizen of Social Circle, Georgia, he was not surprised at this request or at the figure who made it; for he would have already recognized Roger McDonald, the town's efficiency expert.

In Social Circle, women who had recently moved into new houses were often surprised by strange telephone calls, telling them that their old curtain rods took fifteen minutes longer to put up than the curtain rods now on display at Woolworths. The call ended with a request for fifty cents as the fee for this valuable information. "And," the phone echoed in monotone, "Roger McDonald is speaking."

Roger inherited his family's town house. The lines of the classic colonial, treated with the elegance of the nineties, made a residence worthy of Social Circle's quality street. A front door of plate glass, substantial columns whose capitals broke into profuse flowering, a porch which ran spaciouly on three sides, hardwood floors, paneled walls, all were the characteristics of a house which plainly said, "This is where the wealth of the McDonalds has been poured, and not in vain." In less than a month after Roger had come into his own, the house began to bloom with strange protuberances. A fourteen-windowed sleeping-porch crowned the portico. In this wasted roofspace a pie-shaped room appeared. In that space walls arose and formed what was commonly thought to be a trapezium but of whose real name no one was certain. When the construction was finished the house had become a life size demonstration of a problem in geometry. Into this maze, Randolph, as landlord, crowded a strange mixture of humanity: prostitutes, hardworked mill-hands, and second-rate plumbers.

"I don't use electric light in my house because I have found kerosene lamps to be more efficient," Roger explained in court.

"You will please answer the question put to you," repeated the magistrate. "Do you deny that there have been innumerable brawls among your tenants?"

"No," said Roger, "but I put the

plumbing in myself. Ask any reputable plumber if my work isn't—"

The magistrate cut him off again. "Can you testify to the good character of your tenant, Josephine Smith?"

Roger is said to have wrinkled his brows a moment. "Miss Smith is an unusual girl," he replied; "I haven't had time to psychoanalyze her yet."

In Roger, the principles of the adding machine found human form. One week his mind was a shelf of hardware manuals, the next, it bristled with a month's stock reports, memorized overnight. In 1917 the War Department called for experts to untangle the railroad jam, caused by the heavy traffic. Roger never forgot that he had answered this call and had made the schedules workable again. From this moment he was the missionary of mathematics sent to redeem the inefficient. For him nothing existed that could not be charted, or finally expressed in figures. Curtain rods, railway trains, and human personality were to him subjects for statistical reports. Yet his mind in making its high flights left his body to become a goblin of the earth.

Roger did not walk down the street—he flapped. His seer-sucker suit, fairly clean in April, very foul by November, bulged at the pockets with papers and notebooks. Because of their weight, the coat was tight around his neck, but the tails jerked from side to side and the bouncing pockets struck his thighs with a loud "whop-whop." With his shoulders bobbing up, his Panama dipping down, and his legs thrust forward, Roger seemed to move in sections. When he carried the brief case that made his walk more disjointed, he was a figure to be noticed at a great distance.

Most women took pains to see him only at a distance; for Roger's eyes gloomed above a bearded, expressionless face. Thoughtlessly, or perhaps deliberately, he met all passers with a direct stare; and to look into the empty wells of his eyes was an experience one did not repeat willingly.

"Patti," once said an irate lady to Miss Gilliard who ran the town's most respectable boarding house, "Roger is dirty. And—yes—I'll say it—he smells bad. I don't see how you can allow him to come into your dining room. Always nursing that brief-case and scribbling on paper! Some think it very queer, too, that he eats at your table."

Miss Patti smiled tolerantly. "Don't you think Roger is improving? He has brushed his hair and has kept his face and hands clean pretty consistently. Oh, I think it's worth while to trust his promises to me. Roger McDonald—from a family of aristocrats! Roger with his brilliant mind."

(Continued on page eight)

## Testament of an Editor

In Which Franklin Post Confesses And Apologizes  
For A Number of Things.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To pass the Mag along."

Your day is gone, you've had your fun—  
Go sing another song."

WITH GOOD INTENTIONS

With this issue of the *Carolina Magazine* the editorial post is relinquished to Mr. Joseph Sugarman, who, if he were called upon to compete in a joust of editorial pens, would certainly be seeded Number One in the lists. Mr. Sugarman, we are sure, will find a great deal of pleasure in editing the *Carolina Magazine*. It's good fun.

Yet after his first month of office he will discover several startling, if not altogether unpleasant contingencies of the position, perhaps unbargained for. He will soon realize that all his contributors are duds, imbeciles, chaps whom our Little Cousin Helen might allude to in a generous moment as "idiot savants sans the savants." These contributors of ours have never been known to turn in "clean" copy. Their spelling is atrocious, worse perhaps than the editor's. Their copy is rarely less than a day late, never present at the regular time, and the opportunity for re-writing is lost as we dash to make the press dead line.

Among the other idiosyncrasies of the editorial kin is the egotism of the writer. His story or article or poem in his opinion bears the stamp of genius in the first draft. If it is not published he is disappointed, and refuses to notice the humble editor on the campus the next day. If it is published its location in the *Magazine* is never satisfactory. His attitude then becomes one of disdain, and suddenly hearing the call of God and Editor Sedgwick, he proceeds to mail little masterpieces to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which probably wishes that all collegiate writers could be strangled at birth.

The editorship of a campus magazine is thus at once the most disillusioning and exasperating experience in the life of a college senior. There is, however, some solace in paraphrasing Johnson (Samuel, not General "Crack-Down-On-'Em" Hugh)—"The Carolina Magazine is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It's not done very well, but you're surprised that it is done at all."

... ALWAYS OUTS

We look back over a very pleasant four years, journalistically speaking. Someday an intrepid campus journalist could compose an amusing and revealing article perhaps to be entitled "Carolina Only Yesterday," in which he might include all those incidents of

major importance which were banned from the columns of the *Daily Tar Heel*. Through the four years he might remember the sad, sad incident revolving about the presidency of the Inter-Fraternity Council . . . the real low down on the Fukusato case . . . the pressure brought to bear upon an editor from a professor of philosophy, culminating in the abandonment of a crusade to Raleigh by the student body in an effort to stay the legislative knife from the neck of the University appropriations . . . the exorbitant profiteering in connection with dance decorations. Some feminine journalist might arise against the Pi Phi hierarchy in Spencer Hall . . . But the task might prove as arduous as it is distasteful.

FOOTPRINTS . . .

We sit here in the side yard and see an interesting cross-section of the professorial life parade past our retreat. Professor Raymond Adams marches gingerly down the street there, holding the leash of a small daschund disdainfully between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. Herr Daschund looks ever so faintly bored . . . Dr. Richmond P. Bond, whose English courses somehow cling to you after four years, rides by in a new coupe, eyes glued to the road, concentrating, no doubt, on that golf game this afternoon. He still thinks we were responsible for a scathing remark aimed at one of his courses in the Tar Heel several years ago . . . With a firm, earnest tread, looking ever so much as if he were walking rail-road ties, Dr. George C. Taylor strides past us, a book clutched to his chest in the manner of a half back sprinting through a broken field with the elusive pig skin safely nestled in his arms . . . Everyone in Chapel Hill seems to have a dog . . . A classics instructor whose classes are often a thorough liberal education in themselves, darts across the pavement, led by an earnest white canine intent upon making the most of a brief airing . . . A large collie sports about by the side of a tall gentleman who must write history books . . . An inquisitive bulldog pokes his head around a tree and questions us with a friendly sniff. "What is that odd chap doing out there in the sun with that clicking machine?" . . . The odd chap with the clicking machine sometimes wonders . . .

HAND TO MOUTH  
AND NO TOMORROW

Chapel Hill is a pleasant village. We shall hate to leave it. Unfortunately too many of its collegiate inhabitants



believe that the mark must be achieved through studied skepticism, carping criticism of the calibre that disdains to notice merit, and frequent waves of acute megalomania. Our work here is almost done. We are still more than mildly interested in our plan for forming an organization to be known as the Enemies of the Library, just for the sake of contrast. We should also like to participate in an Under-Dogwood Festival, for which Director Mayne Albright has promised to hook us a rug, and J. Fraser Allenby to write a monograph upon "Fifty-Two Ways To Wear a Phi Beta Kappa Key" . . . But in re of a statement several lines ago we should like to see at least one day in every month set aside in Chapel Hill for the specific purpose of saluting the nice qualities in everybody . . .

And now we'll complete those negotiations for a lonely strip of sand somewhere on some lonely ocean shore where, upon graduating, we can romantically starve to death.

## SATURDAY'S FOG

(Continued from first page)

seemed to have sunk into his head, leaving only shadows.

Scanning the supper table he saw to his horror, gravity. It was thick, brown, awful. As was usual, Edith served the meat and passed the vegetables. David was not hungry, but he really shouldn't make Edith angry by refusing anything. It gave her indigestion to argue at the table. She passed him the gravy. He thought her hand shook a little as she handed him the bowl.

"Gravy, dear?" she asked.

He did not answer, but shook it and spread the horrible liquid over his potatoes. He offered it to Edith. She refused. He offered it to Doris. She refused. He set it down quickly before he should drop it. He sat looking at his plate. If he ate it, it would probably kill him. If he didn't eat it, Edith would probably use some more violent method. He could not merely taste it, for the slightest taste would be as bad as the whole amount. Carefully he weighed a portion on his fork. Half-way to his mouth his hand stopped. He could bring it no nearer his mouth. His hand shook. He felt as if Edith and Doris were watching his every move intently. He seemed to shake violently all over.

Out of the silence Edith's voice sounded like thunder, "Is anything wrong?"

His fork dropped with a loud clatter. He looked up, staring at the two astonished women. He pushed his chair back and staggered across the room. With a short gasp he collapsed. He awoke quickly and found his wife and daughter leaning over him. He raised himself up and staggered out the front door into the fog. He would kill him-

self before he would let them murder him. There was a drug store just two blocks down where he could get something. They could have his home and insurance, but they would never kill him.

An hour later he opened the door to his home and walked in. There with Edith and Doris was Dr. Heath. Edith was sitting on the sofa sobbing. Doris looked a little dazed. Dr. Heath's worried look changed when he saw David standing in the doorway. He ran forward and caught him by the shoulders just as his knees gave away and he slumped to the floor, dead.

The editors are sorry to announce that Mr. Proctor's article "Memoirs of a Campus Politician" or "If At First You Don't Succeed," was banned from these illiberal columns by our censor.

## Whenever Something Lovely

By ELIZABETH WOOD DAVIS

*Whenever something lovely almost makes*

*Me catch my breath in sudden wonderment,*

*I think of you. If yellow crocus breaks its way from winter loam, or blue-bird's sent*

*Through snow as messenger of early spring,*

*Or lilac blooms by door—these things I view—*

*If strains of some old waltz remembered bring*

*Familiar scenes to mind, or echoes through*

*The night waft laughter sweet—these things I hear—*

*Always I think of you. Perhaps I turn the page and come upon a verse so near*

*To Attic purity that heart must yearn in pain—then find you are beside me there,*

*For lovely things with you I ever share.*

## The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States  
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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## The Academic Mind

By HELEN IRENE ROBINSON

One of the popular pastimes of the present is to affix "tags" to every type of phenomena. This facilitates our thinking and relieves the strain on our minds, for instead of using the few brains with which humans may be endowed we fall back on our "tags." With a good set of such paraphernalia even the fairly slow-minded may make a fine impression of being gifted intellectually; they may even write books and articles which more of the same ox-minded breed not only buy and read but also review in long praise-laden sentences. The tendency to use "tags" extensively in conversation and in printed matter is one of the marks of the academic mind. ("Academic mind" is a "tag" conveniently used to specify this one type of mind.) Needless to point out to those whose minds do not belong in this category, the chief burden of thought in the conversation and writings of the above-mentioned minds is befuddlement and nothingness. However, they are most weighty, and may even deceive the unwary.

In dignified academic circles, the expression "tags" is quite taboo, that is, it would be taboo if those composing such circles were aware of it. Instead the term "concept" is used, and no self-respecting scientist, be he or she physical, natural, or social, would be without a headful of them stowed away in such a fashion as to be literally dripping off the tongue. To lack such equipment is to have called down on his head the pronouncement that he is unlearned in the fundamentals of his subject. Such is the variety of tags that have accumulated in the course of much academic mental activity that specialization is necessary. None but a superbrain could master and retain the mass of them which at present infests higher learning all the way from freshman lectures to the textbooks and research materials that issue in an abundant stream from all colleges and universities. The specialists, being masters of their own tags and almost wholly ignorant of those belonging to other specialists, disdain not only other specialty tags but also the other specialties and along with them their specialists.

Two amusing academic pastimes have their origins in this fortunate state of affairs. One is an outcome of the other or *vice versa*, and herein is an excellent example of the "concept" of the "mutual interdependability of factors" and of the "concept" of "relativity;" yes, even that. The more practiced, perhaps, of these pastimes is deep jealousy and fear on the part of one specialist that another specialist may receive more attention and public plaudits

for his performance in his specialty than he himself may receive for his own efforts in his chosen field of endeavor. From such a simple and human emotional reaction comes heroic consequences. For instance, the physical sciences are *the* SCIENCES, and all others are but poor imitators. If the physical scientists could stoop to such lowbrow talk (they wouldn't, for then their terminology or tags would be unused), they would call all other scientists \*\*\* \*\*\* horse thieves. The natural scientists study and tag fundamental life forces. *They* furnish the light by which the search for knowledge is forwarded. But ah! what is this newcomer who pushes in where the very angels would tread warily? What, indeed, but the SOCIAL SCIENTIST! He is the be-all and end-all of intellectual endeavor. He and his specialty are the final products of centuries of mental agonizing on the part of the intellectuals. *His* phenomena is the significant phenomena; his field is the study of MAN. He is smug in his emphasis, for did not the great philosopher say that "Know thyself" was the first consideration, and did not a great poet say "The proper study of mankind is man?" Did they not? *Did* they not? Ah, but poets and philosophers are not scientific! (That biting and devastating remark comes from a physical scientist.) Ah, ah, but you have too narrow a view of the definition of the term "scientific," for nearly everything that has been written or spoken has value and if it has value then it must be scientific.

Round I of the academic pastime of brilliant critical comment has been described most sketchily. Round II is a repetition of the above except the principals are not the great scientific divisions of knowledge and their protagonists, but are the great "disciplines" within these divisions. Historians, political scientists, sociologists, economists, biologists, botanists, zoologists, chemists, physicists, astronomers, mathematicians, bio-chemists, bacteriologists, and human geographers wage a mighty and a wordy battle for their respective causes. Round III is a repetition of Rounds I and II except that a new line-up is on the field. This war is to gain honor and laurels for the individual specialist and incidentally for his department and for his university and college whether it be the scene of his intellectual awakening (by the collegiate hoi-polloi called "my Alma Mater") or the institution of Higher Learning of his choice. Here the battle wages unceasingly and bitterly. Much

(Continued on page eight)



# The Indifferent «Differents» . . . A Study of Twisted Personalities . . . By Joe Sugarman

With that gorgeous ego-centricity that so frequently characterizes its temper, Carolina often prides itself on the rare number of freaks within its confines. Students have repeatedly boasted that their dormitory or fraternity house was "the most god-awful collection of human beings ever gathered under one roof." Probably they were right. But then it takes a relatively short while for anyone to conclude that most of the people living close by are abnormal. The most satisfactory solution is to select those most like one's self, associate almost exclusively with them, and cheerfully call the rest of the world mad.

Carolina has, however, produced or harbored individuals sufficiently different so that they were unable to attract a lone kindred spirit. In certain areas, at certain times, it would appear that Chapel Hill had cornered the state, the southern market of the hopelessly queer. Generally it is to be recognized that there are no more square pegs in round holes on this campus than on others throughout the country.

It must be remembered too that a certain fairly constant percentage of this formless group is genuinely abnormal. Every year the state and nation deposit here a few isolated individuals who properly belong in institutions. They slink or scamper about the University, usually absorbed in some single fantastic interest, learn to avoid jeers and inquiries, and wind up by bolting or flunking out of school. Amusing or pathetic while they are here, they bear little significance to the general pattern of the University.

A much more serious and subtle problem is the consciously "different" person. It is he who by his very pose of aloofness is in a position to effect considerable damage to those who come into contact with him. And make no mistake, these "different" folk ever seek an audience for their acting. They grow strong within themselves on the weaknesses of those about them who mimic or worship them. Although they neither permit or induce intimacy, these individuals are canny enough to arrange their affairs so that they constantly maintain a circle of disciples. Not a few of them have evolved clearly-defined cults which, if permitted to flourish, might in the end have succeeded in warping more than one normal student.

To be different, it will be conceded, is at best a rather difficult achievement. Formerly when the general temper was one of ingenuous optimism and complete faith in the wisdom of elders, all that a youth needed to do was to play

the cynic or skeptic. To-day society is characterized by a gentle skepticism, most evident of course in the dominance of the wisecrack as a means of conversation. The student who would stand out or away from the mob can hardly pull a reverse play by feigning confidence and hope. Of necessity he is obliged either to accentuate the popular doubt and flippancy or indulge in the weird and fantastic.

The easiest path to distinction is that which entails thorough contempt for the few standards remaining to the modern collegian. A student no longer on the campus gained considerable vogue a few years ago by flatly asserting that the reputation of the University as a seat of learning was a myth. Clever fellow that he was, he was able to offer glittering arguments to support his view. To youngsters reared in the belief that the University was one of the cornerstones of the state this heresy had a strange fascination. They exchanged dumb glances and decided that here was a man who had the courage to disagree. Presto! His end had been accomplished. He was "different." The truth of his arguments was never questioned, and he continued for some time to exert a real influence over a number of students. Three he definitely removed from extra-curricular work because he taught them that such endeavor was high-schoolish and could lead only to a cheapening of the spirit. This his little disciples swallowed despite the fact that their work was unmistakably serving to broaden them and help rid them of rather violent inferiority complexes.

To many freshmen the most attractive species of the "different" genus is he who has majored in either philosophy or psychology. An excellent student in the latter subject used to make it a habit to pick up with youngsters whom he could confound with chatter about psychoses, complexes, repressions, etc. To this talk he added the interesting bait to the effect that each student was a special confidante, in fact his only true friend, that the rest of the student body was unquestionably and irremediably stupid. The method worked perfectly. At the end of one school year he had converted over a dozen freshmen to his unhealthy view and had definitely started them on a course which could in the end bring them nothing but the same type of unhappiness which he was concealing.

Another type is the artistic "different." Here uncut locks, unshod feet, soiled linen, and a gross irregularity in habits predominate. The creed is quite simple. Nothing written, painted, or

composed by anyone connected with the University can possibly have the slightest value, except of course the work of the "differents" themselves. There is a goodish amount of the conventional yearning for Greenwich Village, the Latin Quarter and other spots lately tourist-gold mines.

"Differents" are seldom stupid. In fact, it is the more lamentable that they are often brainy. Accompanying their intellectual acumen is almost always an unsteadiness and a glorious sense of self-satisfaction. They are social mis-fits by choice, and, to their credit, they never prattle nonsense of the cruelty of society and the like. Inflated with their own importance as figures powerful enough to scorn conformity, they pass through the University determined to capitalize on ill-spent energy.

It is one thing to rise above the crowd and direct it to a worthy end. The man who accomplishes this can not be but different. It is quite another matter to jump the traces and exist solely for the purpose of ridiculing the swirling, frequently helpless mass within the social circle. The "different" is most often an individual who might have performed a really constructive service to his community, but under the impact of his egotism has chosen to do it damage. His insincerity vitiates completely even the passing good effects of a certain amount of iconoclasm that is the intelligent man's due. To be different for difference's sake is to destroy initiative.

The "different" sooner or later is required to petty indicators of his distinction from the general run. Thus there develop creatures who earn a second glance by the omission of a conspicuous article of wearing apparel, an outlandish pipe or affected cigarette-holder, a loathsome beard, or a carefully dishevelled attire. With this stage the "different" is unmistakably in eclipse. Words failing, he pitifully seeks attention much in the manner of a clown splotching his nose with red paint to earn a few laughs.

Unlike the clown, however, the "different" is seldom able to remove the artificialities he has imposed upon himself. What began in a determined effort to distinguish himself terminates inevitably in obscurity. "Differents" achieve a deadly monotony of theme which in the end strips of them of even the most faithful hanger-on. If after words and tricks have failed, the "different" can light a cigarette and blow smoke into the world's eyes he has been sincere. Unfortunately few, if any, of them can. Their dearly-beloved in-

difference has dropped away, leaving only a horribly twisted personality. When they feel the sting of indifference on their own hides they speedily cower and chase about seeking a passage back into the general circle. Even if they do wriggle their way out of their isolation they seldom attain anything resembling contentment. As one of the more successful of their number ruefully phrased it, "The best thing you can do when you wise up to yourself is to go off somewhere and lay bricks. You're not good for much else."

## A Mother

By PERCY BROWN, JR.

She turned her head on the pillow and saw him for the first time. His tiny head was covered with fuzz, his nose was screwed into a wrinkly bump on his face, the pinkness of him was astounding. As she looked, love which had been growing in her heart for nine long months swelled fullgrown for this tiny piece of humanity. He was the fulfillment of dreams and hopes. He was her son.

Their first year was full of new thrills for each of them. He discovered the pain of colic, the horrors of safety pins, and each day his lungs became more useful. He found that hands were for holding, that toes, if wriggled right, could be very interesting, and that squalls properly timed would bring instant help. She delighted in running her fingers through his silky hair, in pinching his curling toes, and it was her greatest joy to hear his squeals of laughter as she kissed him from head to foot. All the while she grew to love him more, and her thoughts were always of him.

At seven he entered a carefully selected grammar school. Already his body had developed into an awkward bundle of skin and bones. His mind grew quickly and he plied her with thousands of questions which she strove to answer for his benefit.

Sixteen found him the star athlete in one of the great Eastern preparatory schools. She wrote him long and patiently written letters each containing vital bits of advice. In return he poured out his soul to her, sent her thoughtful little presents, told her of his love affairs, confided his secret dreams and wants to her. His vacations were riots of joy for both of them.

He graduated from the preparatory school with the highest of honors, and entered the maelstrom of college in the Fall of his nineteenth year. As a Christmas present his Freshman year,



she gave him a long, low powerfully-built motor car. Together the two of them enjoyed hours of riding through valleys and climbing tortuous roads up mountains. He was her very life. She lived for his short times at home that they might be together. His progress into manhood was her reward.

The morning mail always brought a letter from him. She read:

"Mother Lovely,

The letter I got from you yesterday was one of the finest I have ever gotten. It made me feel a bit homesick and it is at times like this that the miles between here and home stretch into endless space. Easter is near though and I will see you then.

"Spring comes early here and certainly makes life worth living. The mountains are flecked with dogwood and redbud. Outside my window tiny shoots are coming out of the ground. The nights are heavenly and I long for . . ."

The telephone rang without a pause. She lifted the receiver and the metallic voice of the operator sang:

"Long distance from Belle Haven." A strange voice cut the operator off "Is this Mrs.—? There has been an accident. He has been injured—hurry!" Blood pounded her temples, she felt faint, but hastened to throw some things into a traveling bag. The train took four hours to reach Belle Haven, hours of fear, little hopes, hours of horrible torture.

When the taxi passed beneath the portal of the hospital something gripped her heart and slowly seemed to squeeze the very life from it. Cool headed attendants showed her to his room. He lay upon a white bed in a white room. Bloodsoaked bandages wrapped his head. His young handsome face bore lines of terrible agony. When he saw her he smiled. "Mother," he whispered, "don't worry, dear, I'm all right. He'll take care of me." His body stiffened and then relaxed. She clutched him to her, a tear ran down her cheek, fell on his face, and coursed its way along his

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## Coastal Farmer

By PAUL SELBY

Why do you look? There's nothing here

But scrub oak and white sand.

Why do you sigh? There's no other ear  
But conch-shells, a deaf strand.

Oh,—a house there? Somehow inside  
Lives someone who plants corn?  
Outside, a pine, whispering tide,  
A scarecrow, whose hat's gone.

Why do you look? Why do you sigh?  
The scarecrow hears no more  
Than God hears now over the cry  
Of sea-gulls and surf roar.

# STRANGE INTERVIEW . . . By John F. Alexander

In Which J. Fraser Allenby, F.S.A., Author, Scholar, Traveller, Gentleman, Comments upon Our Life and Times from His Quaint Chapel Hill Retreat.

Knowing as I did of J. Fraser Allenby's aloofness particularly while he is engaged in writing a book, I was somewhat reluctant to disturb the aged scholar in the picturesque cottage which he occupies on the outskirts of Chapel Hill. I found him to be as cordial and as genial a host as could be imagined and when I had explained that I had come to interview him for the Magazine he was obviously pleased. Taking off his heavy iron rimmed spectacles and lighting a curious briar made especially for him by a firm in Port Said, he gave himself entirely to me.

I should say at the outset that the most characteristic quality of this noted man is his inherent modesty. He is entitled to affix F.S.A. (Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries), F.R.A.B.L. (Fellow of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres), LL.D. (Oxford, Harvard, Davidson), M.A. (Oxon.), B.A. (Cambridge), D. D. (Duke, Milan) and Phi Beta Kappa, University of Bologna to his name but employs merely the LL.D., the F.S.A. and the D.D. after his name except of course on the title pages of his books where he naturally adds them all. Allenby was born in Green Sea, S. C. of a Spanish father and an American mother but was sent to England at an early age and has spent a large part of his life there.

Mr. Allenby has traveled extensively and has visited every quarter of the globe, making careful notes and observations wherever he goes. He avers that with the possible exception of the Khyber Pass, he prefers North Carolina to any other region. As may be known Allenby accompanied the intrepid Dr. Cook in the latter's successful discovery of the North Pole. I enquired, boldly perhaps, as to how the aged writer gained the scar he bears on his tanned cheek and learned that it was inflicted by a stray bullet in the Boer War while Allenby was serving as war correspondent for a Helsingfors paper.

Allenby first became a household name in 1892 when his *Folk Music in Renaissance Iceland* was published by the Oxford Press. This was so cordially received by the British public that the author was led to write his now justly famous *Ravages of the Bubonic Plague in Honduras*. Interest in the third of his great trilogy, *The Wart Hog Motif in Inca Basketry* was some-

what dulled by the World War (1914-1918) which was going on when it appeared. Some of his lesser contributions include *Spring Thoughts*, 1879, *Raising Poultry for Pleasure* 1901, and a brilliant monograph on *Action of the Trinitroacidester Ion under Infra-Red Rays*, which startled the chemical world in 1909. Allenby is now engaged in the forthcoming *Life and Times of Bowen Jernegan* to be printed in a limited edition for his friends.

I was curious to know what the scholar thought of our modern college life with its perplexities and problems. Noticing a well thumbed volume of Pindaric Odes by his side I brought up the subject of literature. "*Nihil bonum nihil ex parte machina*," he said with a smile and quite naturally I agreed. Allenby decries our declining interest in Sanskrit, being of the opinion that the writings of the lesser Persian idyllic poets, notably Abd-el-Uk, are the most enjoyable of literature, when read of course in the original. Allenby, however, was much encouraged by the fine work being done here in Middle Gothic.

Our social customs and *mores* puzzled him. "I am as liberal as the next man," said he, "but simply can see no excuse for dancing and smoking at a University." I was curious as to what he thought of women and he must have read my mind, for he said suddenly, "Women are pretty but shallow. I have never known one with whom I could converse intelligently for more than six or seven hours."

In sport he was more at home. Allenby was a noted cricket player while at Cambridge winning his full blue. His bowling at Lords in his last year as an undergraduate led to his selection by many writers as All-Devonshire for 1873. He stated that he was glad to see so much cricket playing as he had noticed here, (he is very near sighted and had no doubt taken our baseball for cricket). Track does not appeal to him. "In England," he guffawed, "we take it for granted that one man can run faster than another." Football games he enjoys heartily. "I rather fancy I might still show your player chaps a thing or two about rugger," he added with a chuckle.

While not engaged in writing or research Allenby indulges his hobby, which is turtle breeding. He has many of these friendly little creatures from far places and showed me where the tops of two of his fingers had been bitten off by his pets. His collection of cross bows is famous and he proudly showed me one which he stated had been used by Ludovicus of Brabant in the Third Crusade. I knew of course

that the cross bow world had been shaken to its very foundations by controversy over this specimen, but kept silent, not wishing to mar his almost boyish pride in his possession.

In appearance, J. Fraser Allenby or "Pinky" as he asked me to call him, is most *distingué*. A crop of iron grey hair surmounts a noble, beetling brow. His large lustrous eyes are overshadowed with busy white eyebrows. A carefully waxed and curled moustache brings out the powerful jaw and the ensemble is heightened by the scar which I mentioned earlier. In a laudable effort to fall in with what he considers the American fashion, he wears a brown derby constantly.

Except for constant use of the stacks in the Library, Allenby has remained in virtual seclusion. He has attended, however, several recherche affairs given him by the Magazine staff and was full of admiration for the young literati with whom he has come in contact. The older Chapel Hill writers do not enjoy his approval. "I find Green a bit stuffy" he commented, "and why does he insist on writing about your negroes? He evidently knows little or nothing about them. And who are those chaps Shaw and Henderson one hears about occasionally?" he queried.

Allenby stated, however, that he greatly admired the work being done here at the University by Koch, Crittenden, Carroll, Staab, Hibbard, Hamilton, Collins, Olsen, Pew, Poteat, Wade, Howard Mumford Jones, Vermont Royster, Don Pope, and "Proff" Koch. He has also been greatly impressed with the work of the Di Senate and the Thirteen Club. "Why do they not remove the Old Well?" he asked. "It is an eyesore and little used." I tried to take up for the ancient edifice but this angered the old gentleman and led him to advocate the removal of South Building, the Bell Tower, and Kenan Stadium.

While Allenby was most friendly during the entire interview, I noticed after five hours that he had been fingering his pen nervously all during the time I was with him. I assumed that he wished to return to his work and prepared to depart. Accepting a piece of "szvkh," a delicious confection sent to him by a boyhood sweetheart in Transylvania I rose and left. "Cheero" was the last I heard as the door slammed behind me, except for a few muttered remarks here omitted. As I walked slowly back to Chapel Hill dreaming and musing about all the curious things I had heard of, I could not help but feel that my horizons had been extended considerably by contact with so noble, so learned, and so charming a

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## Three Sides of a Square

By NELSON LANSDALE

Life in the square begins about six in the morning when dirty brats, on their way to deliver papers, cut through the park in front of the courthouse on roller-skates. About eleven the courthouse bell begins to peal, and the country-folks gather around the steps, the women in bonnets and gingham, the men in great boots and straw hats. They sit on the sticky green benches, on the edge of the fountain and sprawl on the grass as they listen to the auctioneer bawl his wares—farms and country houses whose owners, to be seen roaming unhappily up and down the dim corridor within, have gone into bankruptcy. During the noon hour the old fellows sit under the great oaks and discuss the old days, when wagons lined the square and horses switched away flies with their tails endlessly. Their mournful old eyes sweep over the rows of battered Fords and mud-bespattered Chevrolets which, parked herring-bone fashion, hem in the square. Later in the afternoon colored nurses bring their charges to play in the park. They sit together on the benches, pulling their perambulators out of the path of occasional pedestrians with an easy motion of their cotton-clad shanks. Little boys, in the beginning immaculate in Eton collars and straw hats, yell with delight at the fishes in the fountain, poke at them, always unsuccessfully, with sticks, and occasionally fall into the water reaching for their tiny sail-boats. The little girls play house under the courthouse steps, their gossip and cattiness a fitting training for the society of their elders. In the evening, after supper, calm falls on the square, and with pillows and straight-backed hall-chairs, the inhabitants of the square take their places on the door-stoops. In the summer evening's dusk, it is not an ugly centre of the universe for the townspeople.

Directly across from the courthouse, on the wide and creaking grey wooden steps of a spacious and creaking grey old house sit the autocrats of the square. Ann and Grace, the two old-maid sisters, their brother John, and Myra, his young wife, by virtue of having lived, and their fathers before them, on the square longer than any of the other townspeople, rule their little world with standards as exacting as they are outmoded. Living on the last of the family money—and little enough it is, too—they are unable to maintain the standard of lavish hospitality set for them by their more industrious and intelligent ancestors, but to the old families surrounding them on every side

their word is still law. When Myra married John, eleven years her senior, it was considered a good match for her. But Myra has her own ideas about dress and entertaining and amusement, ideas which do not at all harmonize with the late Victorian standards of the rest of the family. Her dislike of the pleasant, provincial and self-contained sisters is equaled by their distrust of her. She has insisted that her daughter, Ellen, be unrestricted by standards of another age. Just now Ellen's young man is Joe, and Joe, just getting out of earshot, hears something about, "In my day, Myra, girls of family went out with young men on their own social level, or they did not go out at all." Joe, whose father is a butcher, smiles confidently to himself and remembers that times have changed.

The stables belonging to the big grey house have been converted into offices, and in the twilight they are dark, empty. John, of course, has one of them, and across the hall young Mason, a newcomer to the town, finds himself failing in law. He is drinking himself to death, not slowly.

On the white marble steps of the loveliest house in town, Evelyn sits, greatly over-dressed for the late afternoon, a little empty-headed, a little aloof, watching the governess (the only one in town) watch young James and lovely little Alice, spotless in white linen and pekoed organdie, "fresh three times a day." Evelyn is waiting for Margot, an eccentric, fussy, but withal good-hearted and wealthy widow, with whom she has three things in common—money, an abominable game of bridge, and a soul wrapped up in the activities and petty scandals of the square. Just as Margot waddles in at the gate, Evelyn finds it necessary to send the governess to ask the maid to send her down a hankie. A little later, black Albert, under careful instructions, will drive Evelyn and Margot slowly round the square before taking them for their evening's spin of half an hour.

Next Evelyn, in a home almost as beautiful, Harriet wanders about among her priceless antiques. Harriet is still in mourning for poor Herbert, but the blinds are closed, not in honor of poor Herbert, dead these many years, but to keep an occasional ray of sunlight from furniture. Harriet cherishes her antiques, and will continue to scrimp and save needlessly to the end of her days. In a cramped little apartment off the square, Lee, her son, and his passionless wife, Claire, live on carefully good terms with Harriet. At Harriet's death, the whole house will go to Lee and his heirs. Naturally all of them are aware of it, especially Claire, who looks forward to entertaining her husband's friends in the big drawing room where Washington danced. But it seems

that the old lady is as careful of herself as she is of her antiques.

Two and a half stories of unwashed, uncurtained windows tower above the lighted windows of the library. Though the door bears the indistinct legend, "Female Seminary," the building has long since been condemned as a fire-trap, and little girls no longer shriek each others names in the dingy book-lined corridor. Directly behind an iron support, which prevents the low, cracked and sagging ceiling from plunging from onto the greasy, splintered, uncertain floor below, sits the librarian, beneath the unflattering light of a suspended bulb, swathed in a green shade. The desk is piled high with books, and in the bottom drawer is the latest fiction, which she reads before releasing to the public at three cents a day. Nobody ever makes any effort to replace her with an efficient librarian—her desk is a gossip centre. It has been estimated that a reputation a day for the past thirty years has been ruined beneath that green lamp.

Dorothy, with the sweetest disposition in the world, as retiring and as unself-possessed as a churchmouse, lives with her pleasant old bear of a husband in the house on the opposite corner. For the town, they live well. They keep two servants and do nothing, never leaving the front-porch view of the red brick rear of the courthouse.

On the screened-in porch heavy with the scent of wistaria, next door, sits Miss Eleanor, thinking about Marion, who, years ago, spent the money they might have been married on going to Europe. Now Eleanor, unembittered, teaches the children of the square for the first three grades on the rambling, screened-in porch of the upstairs. With her lives the virginal Mary Catherine, sitting upstairs writing in the twilight as the fireflies flicker out over the square. As the poetess of the town, she is singing her song, chanting, however badly, of the people and the place she knows and loves:

"People in doorsteps, people in squares,  
Happy, contented—yea, these are the heirs

Of those generations who struggled and prayed

At first that a people, then a nation, be saved."

## A MOTHER

(Continued from page five)

neck only to disappear in the sheet. It was their last embrace.

Three days later she stood beside an open grave. Tall fir trees sighed as a gentle breeze rustled them. The strains of "Nearer My God to Thee" seemed to come to her from far off, and as they ceased his body and her soul passed into the Great Beyond.

## Little Helen

Family Reunion

If my Little Cousin Helen ever becomes the subject of a full-length work, which several colleagues have suggested might be known as "The Book of Helen," I shall not forget to include one of the most strenuous periods in the all too long relationship of our two branches of the family. Little Helen's brief and fruitless attempts at reforming my Uncle Bud, who always thought he was about to be assassinated, were at their apex but halcyon, compared to the time of the now famed Family Reunion.

I think it was Helen's idea. She found a book of her grandfather's, dealing with the genealogy of the family, in which it was revealed that most of our noble line was Scotch. "Those that aren't," said Little Helen, "have been trying to fill up on it any way." She shares Uncle Bud's distaste for those who find escape in beverages of a potency exceeding 3.2.

Uncle Bud, too, was all for a reunion. "We can form a regular family clan," he said. What Uncle Bud really wanted was a body guard. There was some sort of an opening there. Aunt Sue was definitely against it unless I guaranteed to remove Little Helen to the country. Her husband, Uncle Henry, who had just retired from his business until golf season was over, merely shrugged his shoulders. It has been said of Uncle Henry that he is anti-social. Helen holds that he "just doesn't give a dam' about anything any way."

Finally Little Helen decreed that the reunion would be held, if she had to run the whole affair by herself. Of course that concluded everything. The list was made up. Aunt Sue's two brothers from Texas, Lou and Hal, who owned a large ranch and who were always ready to admit that cows were "much more human than white folks," were at once invited. Cousin Clarence, who was still struggling valiantly to get out of New Haven, was the third party. Third Cousin Emanuel J. Cadwalader, from Texas, was excluded immediately from the family conclave. "Petit bourgeois," said Little Helen, which ended Cousin Emanuel. Hettie Johnson and her daughter Diana, from Alberta, were finally invited at Helen's insistence. She wanted to add a cosmopolitan note to the gathering. The only other member of the family on the list was Fiorello Gissanti, a second rate opera baritone, born Albert Baxter, in Passaic, New Jersey. The other people at the reunion were some drunken friends of Uncle Bud, who wandered into the house after a bad night at the Harvard Club.



The reunion began on a Friday afternoon. When I arrived Lem and Hal were sitting by the fire whittling, and spitting when Aunt Sue had her head turned. Both of them had been anxious to come to New York. It seemed that Hal had purchased an option on a cotton picking machine from a shyster lawyer representing a New York firm in Galveston. The machine had turned out to be a cross between a wheat thresher and a potato bug exterminator. Both of the brothers had resolved to find the "slicker who did us in and beat him with a hickory rod."

While I was there Cousin Clarence arrived with a young lady late of the Chez Tony Night Club, who thought she looked like a Chesterfield ad. "Pip pip, old things," said Cousin Clarence, who had spent the summer in London. Lem, who never opened his mouth but once during the whole reunion, disdained to notice either of them, though Hal suggested that the "leetle dogi oughta' be hog tied." Little Helen, of course, hovered over the gathering as unofficial hostess.

Cousin Fiorello came in late in the afternoon with four trunks and a heavy German accent. Little Helen accompanied Fiorello in several of his best rendered arias, during which Cousin Hal suddenly quitted the room. "Hurts my ears," he said disgustedly.

The rest of the family straggled in early in the evening for dinner, at which the Texans refused pointedly to accept hors d'oeuvres. Hal spoke for the duet. "We ain't eating nothing but whot we know." Little Helen was all in favor of preserving their native integrity. After dinner the reunion split up, for Helen had experienced little success in organizing charades. Lem and Hal sat by the fire whittling. Clarence and his little friend found a quart of Uncle Henry's best rye and retired to the conservatory and its mantle darkness, from which issued silvery gurgles and the tinkling of high ball glasses as the evening progressed. At ten Hal and Lem announced they would go to bed. "Got a little job to attend to in the mornin' we reckon," said Hal cryptically.

I shall never forget the next day. At nine Helen escorted her Texas kin to a leather shop where they found their hickory sticks. Lem broke four of them over his knee before he found one stout enough. "We aim to give this critter a good beatin'," said Hal, handing the startled clerk a twenty dollar gold piece. Uncle Henry kept to his bed until noon, when he adjourned to the golf club. Aunt Sue went to the cinema with the Ladies Aid Society, who had heard that there was some censoring to be done. That morning Hettie and Diana arrived, and announced at once that they positively

"luuuvd New York." Fortunately they disappeared on a shopping expedition, for Hal and Lem arrived in a high state of excitement shortly afterward. It seemed that Lem had found his man.

"We met him up there on that big street," said Hal. "Lem here took a cut at him with his stick an' I fetched him a good un' across the haid." On their heels were two burly policemen and a very much scared banking clerk. It developed that Hal and Lem had mistaken the clerk for the shyster lawyer. The policemen had a warrant for the brothers. Hal offered to settle the whole matter with six-shooters, and stoutly refused to budge from the house. Finally Lem led him off. I got in touch with Uncle Henry and dispatched him to bail them out of jail.

A few minutes later the pair came in the back way with Little Helen. "We snuck away," said Hal. "Them hombres can't even touch our Rangers." It developed that Little Helen had engineered the delivery, back-tracking with the pair through some of her oft frequented alleys in the approved Camp manner. During the rest of the afternoon the pair remained secluded in the basement, Lem, hurling his bowie knife at the asbestos piping of the furnace and Hal rending the air with his six shooter.

That night the whole family assembled at the reunion banquet. Uncle Bud, who toasted the group with grape juice, was embarrassed when his friends from the Club came tramping in after the third course. They took a shine to Lem, who taught them the seventy-odd verses of "Little Joe the Wrangler." After the banquet, at which Clarence got "considerably squiffed," as he put it, the party adjourned to the Chez Tony with him and Mitzi, who was better known by that time as "Ole Girl." Hal had to be relieved of his gun, though Lem managed to conceal his knife under his belt. The party progressed smoothly until eleven. At that juncture in walked the two policemen and the clerk of the morning, who had trailed the Texas pair to the night club. They accosted Lem, who promptly drew his knife. "Let's get 'em," he said to Hal. Little Helen maneuvered toward the lights, and the club was promptly thrown into darkness. Uncle Bud and his friends began the clan chant, a cross between "Loch Lomond" and "St. James Infirmary Blues," which his Harvard Club friends had oblidgingly composed earlier in the evening. "Rally, clansmen," shouted Uncle Bud, who had forgotten to play dead for the moment. "Smash their bonnie heads."

Shortly after that Hal began shooting. Where he found his gun I don't know, but Helen led us out through a side door and into two waiting taxis.

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## Innocence Abroad

By EDITH HARBOUR

### Bus Ride

She was Polish. She was from Pittsburgh. She was going home for Christmas. Her husband was a riveter who had work in Durham, so he couldn't go with her. The color of her dress clashed with her coat, that of her hat with both dress and coat; but she was wearing new shoes and was, therefore, dressed up. Her earrings were large and gipsyish. She carried oranges and cake in a parcel wrapped in an old newspaper. She peeled the oranges slowly, letting the juice drip on her clothes and throwing the peelings in the aisle. Altogether, she was the most interesting person on the Henderson bus which left Durham forty minutes late on the evening of December 22.

School children, anxious for Christmas, rattled packages from the ten cent store and fingered glittering baubles with which they would decorate a tree when they arrived home. Small-town business men who looked as though they might be good providers in their own way talked loudly until they got off at Oxford.

The Jacksonville-New York bus was waiting at Henderson. My neighbor was a man of about forty years. He asked me where I was from.

"Chapel Hill," I answered simply.

"Where's that?" he wanted to know.

"North Carolina."

"Never heard of it," he told me.

"It's the seat of the country's oldest state university," I explained.

"I worked at Duke two years and in Raleigh on contracting jobs. Big jobs, they were," he bragged.

"Strange you never heard of Chapel Hill when you were working at Duke. Durham is only twelve miles away," I said.

"Say, you're not kidding me, are you?"

"No. Chapel Hill's just a small village, but it's a very nice place for lads to come to acquire an education and for old people to come to die. It's full of old buildings and old fogies and rock walls with ivy growing on them and lots of serious young academicians wasting their youth away."

The description had the quieting effect I had hoped for.

"Going home for Christmas?" he asked eventually.

"No. Going away from home for Christmas," I responded.

"Me, now, I'm going home," he said. "My home's in Balt'more. Ever been there?"

"No. I've never been north of Virginia."

"Then you've plenty to see."

When we came to Richmond at mid-

night he wanted to tell me all about the city.

"It's a good town," he admitted with a reluctance that implied that while it might be good Balt'more was better.

"Yes, I'm quite aware of that," I answered. I wanted to tell him that the town was laid out like a checkerboard by William Byrd II—the Black Swan of Virginia—that the Old Stone House at Main and Nineteenth Streets, the oldest building in the town, was a Poe shrine. Nor did I tell him what DuBose Heyward said of Charleston and Richmond. He probably wouldn't have been interested.

Washington at two-thirty in the morning was a cluster of lights reflected in the blackness that was the Tidal Basin. The sun rose over a marshy and desolate strip of land near Wilmington, Delaware at seven-thirty. Philadelphia with its monotonous rows and rows of houses just alike was left behind at nine o'clock, and New York was only three hours away. At Washington I had observed that the Negro passengers were usurping all the front seats. Since turn about is fair play, I retreated to the very rear of the bus and was the last person out when we arrived at the New York terminal on 42nd Street.

\* \* \*

### Introduction to New York

"Mine is a black hatbox," I told the attendant. Whereupon he extracted a black hat box from a bevy of brown suit cases, and I trudged up an inclined cement walk to the waiting room.

"It's only a couple of blocks to the subway," a friend of mine said, picking up my hatbox. So we walked along a practically deserted street to a subway entrance. It was not until we were seated in an almost empty car that I looked down at my hatbox.

"That isn't my hatbox!"

My friend laughed; I was on the verge of tears.

"What's funny about that?" I wanted to know.

"I just can't wait to get home and see what's in it."

When the bag was opened its contents were disclosed: a box of cigars, a carton of cigarettes, an Emerson radio, a few nondescript articles of women's wearing apparel, and three letters.

I was in New York, a comparative stranger though among friends. I had no clothes except the wrinkled ones I was wearing. There was a lipstick in my pocketbook, but I didn't even have a toothbrush. My hostess put me to bed. She called the bus terminal, explained the situation, and then went out for the afternoon.

(Continued on page eight)



## STRANGE INTERVIEW

(Continued from page five)

scholar as J. Fraser Allenby.

It might be well to add in closing that it is current gossip in the London clubs that the King will almost certainly knight the aged savant at Birthday Honors.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of a series of articles by and about J. Fraser Allenby, F.S.A. The Winston Simplified Dictionary (Advanced Edition) defines the term "hoax" thusly: "A humorous or mischievous trick; a fraud played off as a jest.")

## THE ACADEMIC MIND

(Continued from page three)

is at stake: presidencies of learned societies, calls to wider fields of intellectual service with higher pay, publication of writings and quotations from them by competitive and ambitious underling academicians, and lastly but by no means the least, the publication of freshman textbooks which pay and pay and pay. By the studied and faithful practice of such a pastime as has been described there is no means of estimating the prominence which an academic mind may attain with the proper use, abuse, and invention of "tags."

The other pastime referred to earlier is a direct outgrowth of the one just described. If an academic mind is to become really great, it must have disciples who will learn, preserve, use, and extend its particular and original tags. If this is achieved, a new "school" will have been founded, and a new "father" of a new "discipline" or a new "father" of a new "branch" of a discipline or a "very learned specialist" will have taken his place in the great line of intellectual immortals. Thus it happens that whatever time the academic mind has left over from his intellectual battles with his colleagues in his specialty and in other specialties is used in selling his specialty with its and his tags to the fortunate budding brains that present themselves for tutelage. The selling pressure is terrific and to resist requires either a completely dull brain, a completely befuddled mind or sheer genius. There are many suckers and a fine supply of the ox-minded. "Schools" and noted centers of learning for a particular specialty, each headed by a great academic brain, flourish even as the green bay tree. All produce academic minds; indeed, only the genius escapes becoming an academic mind. The process of production is exceedingly simple. The same tags are encountered in lectures, in textbooks, in books suggested for wider reading which will deepen the budding mind's appreciation of and facility in the use of tags. Constant drill, faithful repetition of all that is read and heard will insure success in acquiring an academic mind. Little paths are soon well worn in the budding brain. In them thought flows freely and easi-

ly and brilliantly. Without them thought is balked; it gurgles, dams up, forms still pools out of which one day may come something other than a tag. But seldom does this happen under the influence of a great academic mind, for the little paths are easily made in all minds except that of the genius. Since the geniuses are rare and since only numbers will make a school or guarantee the acknowledged success of a specialist, his specialty, and the place where it is practiced, the struggle for docile minds is bitter, yea verily, very bitter.

Thus, ye who have ears to hear, is the energy of the academic mind exhausted. Tags and the struggle for their unquestioned recognition burn intellectual energy. Loyal and lauding disciples and a shelf of paying books is the reward!

<sup>1</sup> The word "fortunate" is used to describe this state of affairs, for unless it existed the finished academicians would have nothing to occupy their valuable time.

## SEQUEL

(Continued from first page)

Prohibition had put Mike well on the way to money. A certain portion of New York needed its strong beverage, and in Mike they recognized a security. Success was his in 1929. The market was well under his control. Ted saw all of this as a youth of his times, as he crossed his long legs on the plush seat. He would get him out of this in June and burn all bridges behind him.

Mike stepped out into the hum of New York and paused to buy a *Times* from a small boy. The boy's dirty outstretched hand with its paper was brushed aside heedlessly by the fast moving crowds. At Mike's approach the boy's face brightened and he smiled up at the purchaser. Mike saw in that smile Ted from his early childhood up to the Ted he had just seen off on the train. He handed the boy a half dollar and quickly stepped into a cab. Mike's love for Ted hurt him for the first time. He wished intensely that the boy had not gone so far as North Carolina to school. They had grown closer together that summer. Mike recognized in Ted, as never before, a man, not a boy any longer. Ted meant everything to him.

Ted's senior year passed quickly and peaceably. He made the Golden Fleece, senior honor society and took no little pride in writing to his Dad about it.

The year had been a far from peaceful one for Mike. The law's net had covered more ground with the installment of a new force. Early in the spring he saw his end but not in time to avoid it.

On an early April day Ted was called from New York by Mike's man, Joe.

"They've got him—boy. Can you come right away? You might be able to help—fine boy pleading for his Dad

—all that sort of thing."

"I'll—I'll do anything. Tell Dad to—to keep his chin up."

Mike was told in his cell. He would keep his chin up. Ted would be there late in the day or early tomorrow. Mike took it as ill luck; he accepted it as his due.

The day dragged slowly by. As Ted's arrival drew near he thought more of his son. Ted seemed clearer and nearer to him than ever before. The boy's remark about retiring came back to him for the first time.

With twilight in the cell came more memories of Ted. He found himself watching down the long, darkening row of cells. At the first foot steps he stood up and waited, but it was only Joe. Joe came slowly to the cell and opened his mouth, but no words came.

"Well?" demanded Mike.

"It's—," Joe quickly handed a slip of paper to Mike and was gone. It was a telegram:

"Ted Hauser fatally injured in auto crash near here." Ted was driving—Ted! Mike fell back into the darkness of his cell.

## INNOCENCE ABROAD

(Continued from preceding page)

The maid awakened me a few minutes later. Someone wished to speak to me. An official at the bus station was calling. My hatbox had been traced to Brooklyn where it was in the possession of a Mr. F—— who did not have a telephone. He suggested that I send a telegram to Mr. F——. Whereupon I picked up the huge telephone directory and looked up Western Union. There was no such entry. I looked up "Telegraph" and the sub-stations were so numerous I couldn't count them. I hadn't the faintest idea which station was nearest 415 Central Park West. I appealed to Katharine, the Ukrainian maid.

"I don't know," she said. "I have been here only three weeks yet. I came from Pittsburgh on a bus. I rode 19 hours."

It was too much. I went back to bed.

Later a telegram was sent to Mr. F——. He called about six o'clock. He was very polite and said that he regretted the mix-up. So did I. When asked to describe the contents of the bag he had he said there was a blue dress. That didn't sound promising. He added that there was a brown dress. That was discouraging.

"I'm afraid it isn't mine," I said. "I had neither a blue dress nor a brown dress."

"Then there's a little Pop-eye," he went on.

"It's mine!" I exclaimed, thankful for the childish toy. Mr. F—— must have been color-blind. One dress was

the color of gold and the blue object was pajamas.

The curtain at the theatre where Hope Williams was playing in "All Good Americans" went up at eighty-four, so Mr. F—— agreed to meet me at the bus terminal at eight-thirty and exchange bags. That would be just fine, he said. He had to see his mother-in-law and then go to work at midnight. I had reckoned without the knowledge that all good New Yorkers miss first acts, so Mr. F—— called again at precisely eight-thirty to know why I wasn't at the appointed place. He was not only irate but nasty. He told me among other things that I had no business coming to New York anyway. So I ducked that obligation by sending a friend instead while I went directly to the theatre.

Mr. F—— was not there when my proxy and her escort arrived at the station. He had to be paged. Then he came charging in, dashed up to a young lady he had never seen before, and spluttered, "Well, Miss Harbour, you're a fine one for keeping appointments. I feel sorry for your boy friend!"

## LITTLE HELEN

(Continued from page seven)

We hurried to the Pennsylvania station and put Hal and Lem on a train for Texas. "Let me get at them critters down on my own stamping groun' in east Texas," said Hal, darkly, "an' I'll fix 'em." As the train rolled out into the night they uttered dangerous imprecations concerned with the city collectively.

"I think," said Little Helen, "that this will be the last family reunion." Hettie, Fiorello, Clarence, Mitzi, Aunt Sue, Diana, and Cousin Frank agreed for once. Uncle Bud and his friends, however, maintained that it had been a swell party, and hailed a taxi for the Club. "There is a swell party there," they said.

## A LOCAL GOBLIN

(Continued from page two)

"Roger with his brilliant insanity you mean. Who can use anything he knows?"

"Remember," Miss Pattie said, "the Government used him during the war, he untangled the railroads—"

"Yes, that was his opportunity. But did he fulfill it? No. The stuff of a man isn't in him."

It was at this point that all Roger's would-be friends finally arrived. To defend him was not to defend a misused personality. One was pleading the cause of a dirty adding-machine, and the defender was in constant danger of appearing ridiculous. Miss Patti's faith was shaken when Roger, rather than wash himself, chose to eat on the back-porch with the cat.



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## Medicine Show Piano Thumper

By WILBUR DORSETT

"And the way he kin play them cryin' blues! Lawd o' Moses, I didn't know some of the notes he plays was on the piano!"

Morooney was explaining the music that came from the Hall above. It was late Saturday afternoon and I was collecting his weekly subscription. Morooney was one of the best "cullud puhsons" on my route for paying; he was the proprietor and operator of the Blue Moon Cafe—"Tables for Ladies," the social center of Five Row's colored elite. His cash register was perched right up there on the front counter, so he could not very well stall me off with the usual "ain't got a brownie" alibi.

"Yessuh, Ol' Todd goes up there in the Odd Fellows' Hall 'bout this time every ev'ning—'long 'bout supper time. Co'se he don't know how dark it is. He's blind as a bat. And the way he kin play them blues! Real slow and queer-like. Makes you think of when you're walkin' way out in the woods somewheres an' the wind's blowin' an' you're shiverin' an' the sun's goin' down like a house on fire 'way over on the hill . . . an' you're lost . . . an' you're walking 'round freezin' in the wind . . . you're wishin' you could see somebody or somethin' you know'd . . . an' the sun's cold over there 'spite it lookin' like a ball of fire. M-m-m-umh! Ain't it lonesome!"

The little cafe was gettin' darker. Morooney and I were its only occupants. He had taken a great deal of interest in my boy's curiosity and responded enthusiastically to my questions concerning him and his Five Rowers. And by gaining his confidence I also gathered some valuable statistics on the financial status of my subscribers.

His responses were always with grinning wide mouth and much of his teeth in the laughter. That is, except for his slow comments on Ol' Todd's playing.

"Where did he come from?" I quizzed.

"Dunno 'zactly, he jus' come. Come by here one day and jus' stayed. Said he used to be a medicine show piano thumper. Doctor Wimpool's Tonic Show. Must uv been a long time ago." He cast a glance at the ceiling. "Makes

(Continued on page eight)

## I Walk Down Pine Street The Darker Side of Durham

By ELMER D. JOHNSON

(Twelve miles to the east, as most of know, lies the up and coming little city of Durham. Of its citizens, 20,000 of the darker ones live in a designated section known locally as Hayti. Pine Street, by means of an underpass, connects this district wholeheartedly with the white world.)

A radio spouts grand opera while a high yaller slits her boy-friend's throat from ear to ear. A taxi carrying a white patron out to Aunt Mittie's for a two-bit shooter turns abruptly. The driver explains: Can't stop for a drink now. Might be coppers around. Black-faced, white-coated orderlies carry the body disdainfully out to the waiting "herst."

walk along it in the uniforms of their respective factories. Brown for "They're Toasted" and blue for "They Satisfy." But on Sundays they parade haughtily down the same scene in their best twelve-fifty double-breasted suits, and discuss casually such of their brethren who were so unfortunate as to get in jail the night before.



UNDER THE SMOKE

By Brad White.

The negroes crowd around excitedly. The cops come, but the girl has disappeared. Nobody knows nothin'. Nas-sah, Mist' Officer, I ain't seen Lil, God knows I ain't. You knows you'self I wouldn't keep no sich trash in my house. I runs a 'spectable boding house, I do.

Nothing ever happens on Pine Street—much. It is the main thoroughfare for twenty-thousand of the darker citizens of the "Capital of the middle class Negro." So-called. This street is their alpha and omega. On work-days they

On a side street, "Just a whisper of Pine," stands Aunt Mittie's cozy cottage. Its screen-enclosed, brown-painted, be-awned front, hides a well-stocked bar, to which only the initiated and those with well-stocked pocketbooks may gain admittance. Aunt Mittie's repertoire ranges from a ten-cent shooter of white lightning handed out the back door to a common nigger, to a mint julep (or its modern equivalent) prepared in state in her parlor for a "friend of the Mayor's." A two-

(Continued on page three)

## The Death of Little Helen

By DON SHOEMAKER

I awoke at five-thirty last Friday morning to the uncomfortable buzzing of the telephone bell at my bed. Before I turned back the covers and reached for the instrument that peculiar drowning sensation that comes over one when a sixth sense awakes a sensation of impending disaster possessed me. Aunt Sue's message was brief:

"Please come right away, Frank. It's Helen . . ."

The ride into town was agony. With every click-clack of the wheels the cadence was repeated, "Little Helen . . . click-clack-click Little Helen . . . click-clack . . ." until it seemed as if I could endure the torture no longer.

I reached the bed side at eight o'clock in the morning. Dr. Johnson, classified by Little Helen as "that quack," was holding her limp wrist in his big blue-veined hand. He was very quietly weeping. Uncle Henry and Aunt Sue stood by the bed, staring dumbly down into the little face that lay paler than death against the big pillow. Uncle Bud was watching some men unload a coal truck across the street. The coal clattered down the trough into the cellar, and Uncle Bud muttered strangely, "Sounds like a machine gun."

For some minutes I stood there fighting to control myself. Dr. Johnson looked up once to shake his head. I beckoned to a nurse. "She's failing fast," said the nurse, gravely. I wanted to shout.

Finally Uncle Henry drew me out of the room into the darkened hall. Holding my arm clenched in his firm grasp until the blood pounded in my head he told me the last chapter in the saga of Little Helen, infant savant, immortal child.

"She went after Dillinger," said Uncle Henry, quite simply. "Helen had an idea that he was hiding out in Albany, waiting to kidnap the Governor. Of course we let her go. She was stalking a plain clothesman named O'Riley, who looks faintly like the desperado. She was crossing an unfamiliar alley when a large beer truck rounded a corner suddenly and skidded into a wall. Helen was pressed against the wall, watching her man. They said it broke her back."

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# The Carolina Magazine

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Editor-in-chief.....JOE SUGARMAN  
Business Manager.....JOE WEBB

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Published twice monthly except Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Spring holidays, during the college year by the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina as a supplement to THE DAILY TAR HEEL. Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. Address all communications to the Editor, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 203, Graham Memorial. Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Questions and Laughter

A prospectus has a nasty habit of turning up months later and smacking its writer squarely across the cheek. To avoid any such just punishment, the editor refrains from listing extensive plans and projects for the coming issues of the Magazine. It is his hope that policy and material will shape themselves appropriately as time rolls forward.

Of one point he is convinced. During the past year the publication proved that it could be something more than a medium for hot-house, ivory-towered literary efforts. The discovery of the Magazine as an instrument for social criticism must be regarded as the most significant event in publication circles this year. This bent toward inquiry, investigation, and estimation represents Carolina students in their most thoughtful mood. It indicates clearly that at last the undergraduate is coming to view his surroundings as a part of the social structure. The Magazine not only encourages such intelligent questioning, but in a very real sense, by its very existence demands it. Writers with the courage to express themselves sincerely and effectively will never fail for an audience, no matter how fiery or dangerous they may consider their topic.

Lest the reader fear that the Magazine "may take itself too damn seriously," as one of our contemporaries has phrased it, let it be stated that it is the editor's conviction that a publication which has the good sense to know when to laugh is of matchless value to the community it serves. If it discovers justice in laughing at itself, so much the better.

A student body capable of questioning itself and its institutions is on the road to achieving a high type of citizenship. A student body capable of intelligent laughter is on the road to discovering one of the keys to happiness in this our muddled existence. This the Magazine would attempt to do for those who make it possible.

# Off Grub Street

By NELSON LANSDALE

## The Looming Future

The prolific Mr. H. G. Wells has produced a history of the future, written as though the future were the past, and called it *The Shape of Things To Come*. It exemplifies nearly all the author's most irritating stylistic qualities—his impersonality, his lack of convincing detail, and particularly his habit of throwing out interesting ideas like water off a grindstone wheel and leaving them undeveloped and unexplained. He looks forward to the coming of an international state, and manages, in the course of some four hundred and thirty-one (far too many) pages, to indict the present with bitterness and contempt only, by comparison, suggested in *The Bulpington of Blup*.

The comment that somebody—I think it is reported in the *Journal of Arnold Bennett*—made on Wells—"too intellectual for the masses, and not intellectual enough for the classes"—is nowhere in my reading of him better illustrated than in the pseudo-sociological ramblings of *The Shape of Things To Come*.

## Burning Rome

If, as Tommy Wilson says, civilization is that state of society in which eating and sleeping are relegated to positions of relative unimportance, then Alexander Woollcott is the supreme product of the civilization of our middle-class world. With his suavely-told anecdotes of the great and near-great—and the vicissitudes of an active journalistic career seems to have led him to the doors of them all—Woollcott flatters us into the opinion that we are sophisticated, and it's both pointless and artificial to deny that we enjoy the feeling.

His favorite raw material—and some of it is raw enough—is, of course, Dorothy Parker, and his chapter on her, reprinted, I think, from *Vanity Fair*, is the funniest single section of *While Rome Burns*. The articles on the World's Fair—these from the *New Yorker*—are excellent sample of informed and observant traveloguing. I happen to prefer reading Mr. Woollcott to listening to his over-meticulous voice over the radio, but for anybody who enjoys a good story, *While Rome Burns* can't be too highly recommended.

## That Gorgeous Hussy

—was Peggy Eaton, the inn-keeper's daughter who was the toast and the talk of Washington for thirty years, the friend of almost every national figure of importance from 1810 until 1860,

the woman around whom centered more scandal than any other lady ever to grace the national capital—and that's a record.

In an entertaining, zestfully written bit of fictionized biography, Mr. Adams makes the most of a little-exploited background—our capitol city. Early in the nineteen twenties, Mr. Adams' *Revelry*, the first of the novels on the Harding administration, set the Potomac town on its ear, and he is perfectly at home with the scandals of a hundred years before. I felt that at times the author was sacrificing historical fact for effectiveness of characterization, but it makes good reading, particularly if you know or care anything about Washington.

## James Shore's Daughter

By no means the worst thing about Stephen Vincent Benet's new novel is the jacket. On a dull blue background a beautiful oval mirror of the First Empire—our own "Federal Period"—reflects a fine Victorian house looking out on progress which will spell its decay. An excellent novel might be written around the jacket, but I regret to report that *James Shore's Daughter* is not that novel. It starts off brilliantly, but despite careful workmanship and the expected beauty of phrase—expected after *John Brown's Body*—it lets you down with a bang somewhere along the way.

Strictly as a matter of personal preference, I don't like novels written in the first person—they give me the uncomfortably intimate feeling that I'm reading somebody else's correspondence. This may be the reason why I think not James Shore's daughter but James Shore himself is the one completely realized and convincing character in the novel.

One bit of description seems worth passing along. Describing the relationship between father and daughter, he says: "They never seemed to have much to say to each other, but you could feel a current running between them, as if they were copper, say, and the rest of the world were glass."

## The Moment Between

By SARAH HALL

*I do not ask where you have been;  
I shall not need the reason for your  
leaving.  
It is enough that you are so  
Of your own wish,  
And that your face turns, drenched in  
sleep, to mine,  
And that your eyelids flutter at my kiss.*

# ... One to Grow

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

*Lamb in His Bosom*. Caroline Miller.  
345 pp. New York, Harpers & Bros.  
1933. Pulitzer Prize Winner. (1934)

The Pulitzer Prize Committee seems to be getting down to business at last. As a novel portraying the highest ideals of American life it has made an excellent choice. Although as a whole we rather dislike novels of the soil, and don't feel particularly sympathetic with strong silent men grunting at sunsets, we were forced to admit that *Lamb in His Bosom* was a well done book, dealing with a distinctive class of people in a delicate manner.

Much has been written about the pioneers and the long-hunters of Tennessee and Kentucky, and even more has been done about the Ante-Bellum South and the gracious life of the planters there, but it remained for Caroline Miller to paint an intermediate class, one that has been neglected till now. She has chosen the second generation pioneers, those who did not push on, but stayed behind and farmed the newly cleared lands, those who settled the country with the plow rather than the rifle. And a true and convincing story it makes.

The novel begins with the marriage of Cean Carver to Lonzo Smith and it is the story of their home and its growth. There is little or no plot, simply a clear picture of Cean Smith's life, and that of her father, mother, brothers, and children. The scene is the piney woods section of Georgia, from perhaps twenty years before the Civil War through the war and the return of Cean's second husband from Lee's surrender. The war does not figure at all in the story of these backwoods people. They were not slave holders, and most of them were too poor to own a horse. They had no outside communication except a yearly trip to a coast trading town, made by ox-cart. The war did not concern them, and their only active interest in it was to evade the recruiting officers. But they were not a cowardly people, and brought a tremendous amount of courage to their everyday tasks.

The book is written in dialect, beautifully done, and as full of homely expressions as Maristan Chapman's works. It might be criticized for lack of humor, but life was not a joking matter with those people, and the book is the more accurate for this lack. A wealth of detail is presented, and the reader wonders where Mrs. Miller got her material, for there is not a false note or an incongruous expression in the book. Whether the reader cares for the book, or for that type of literature, he is

(Continued on page six)



## Gate Crasher

By ALBERT WALTON

"Hey, you! Come back here!"

He couldn't be speaking to me. Probably some vulgar person—no need to look around and speak. Just keep on going in that slow, innocent walk. He who hesitates . . .

After walking a seeming mile I finally lose myself among the dancing couples and staggering stag lines. Now I can stop and calm myself while exulting in my well-executed crime. Hadn't I made an almost perfect imitation of the ticket? Hadn't I figured that the ticket-taker would be unable to leave his post to follow me? Hadn't everything worked out according to schedule? I'm thinking that it's a lucky thing for society that I devote my efforts to such petty crimes instead of something really big. It's tough on me that I have a few morals; otherwise there's no telling what heights I might reach.

Here comes Henry looking self-satisfied. Wonder how he got in?

"Oh, I just slipped through the door when a crowd was going in," he said modestly. We exchanged congratulations.

"Did you know Bob deserted the amateur ranks tonight? He paid two bucks to get in!"

"Bob did?! The damn sissy! There he is now. He's scared to look us in the eye. He's ashamed of himself."

"There's Allen dancing. He climbed up the side of the building just now but the window was locked. I don't know how he got in."

Henry suddenly turns away and breaks on somebody, just as a hand grabs my shoulder and pulls me around.

"Where's your ticket-stub?" comes from the slightly smiling mouth of a good-looking face. There's an evil glint in his eye and an eager grasp in his hand.

I straighten my clothes and my shoulders and get ready to walk out with him. He pulls me along, plainly relishing his position of power. He talks rather loudly and walks ostentatiously in order to attract attention. I appreciate it but a little; in fact, not the least bit. Unreasonably, for he is only doing his duty, I dislike him intensely. I have been thrown off dance floors before and liked the fellow doing the throwing, but the technique of this guy grates on me.

Outside again, the night air cools me off and gives me an idea. There's Joe waiting for somebody.

"Joe, how's about lending me your ticket for a coupla minutes? I'll bring it back safe and sound."

Inside again, the music warms me up

## Pilgrim Church

By ROBERT LEEPER

I.

*Long mornings I have sat in Pilgrim Church*

*When cherryblooms outside were blowing white*

*And heard the preacher telling us to search*

*For some celestial place of peace and light.*

*The mountain side had healing for the eye*

*That found it through the sun-bright window pane,*

*And many times the clouds went down the sky*

*As petals drift and fall in April rain.*

*The sermon filled the dusty room with sound*

*As loud as all a forest in a storm*

*And people with their drowsy faces frowned*

*And moved their feet as noon drew close and warm.*

*Bright heaven, when the strong words all were done,*

*Was still a place of cherryblooms and sun.*

II.

*Near Pilgrim Church one day toward summer's ending*

*A hailstorm caught me and I went inside*

*For shelter. There, while all the trees were bending*

*And wind with strong blasts at the corners pried.*

*I crouched and waited in a gloomy seat.*

*The hail bounced off the roof like earth-flung rocks,*

*And at my heart a moment's terror beat*

*As window-panes were rattling from the shocks.*

*The largeness of the room was so subdued*

*By all the tumult from without, I feared*

*Almost to breathe, till stillness was renewed*

*And level sunrays through the window speared.*

*Then down a path of hail-torn leaves I went*

*With humbled thoughts and heart made penitent.*

and makes me want to get going. A lot of people are coming in, so now's my chance. I walk up to the door and hold out my hand for a pass-out check. As I start to walk out the door with it, two girls with their dates start to walk in. I back off to let them in, and keep on backing. By the time their tickets are taken up, I have gotten another pass-out check at the other door and am once again in the cool night air.

I give Joe one of the tickets and head for the car. She starts O.K. for some unknown reason, and I start thinking for the same reason. Am I really cheating some guy out of two bucks? Is it the same thing as stealing? Will it cause me to have disrespect for all law?

I don't know. But I do know this much: If I had to pay two bucks I couldn't go to the dance. I'd be missing all that fun. Nobody, as far as I can see, would gain anything by it. And slipping in itself is such helluva lot of fun! It takes wits, courage, coolness, daring and good acting. It's a great feeling.

Now the car is stopping as I tell myself that I'll keep on slipping in, whether it's right or wrong. I run up the steps, knock on the door and go on in.

"Let's go, Martha!"

"O.K. It's about time you were getting here."

"Well, it won't hurt any for you to wait on me for a change. It took me a long time to get the money out of Dad for the dance."

## I WALK DOWN PINE STREET

(Continued from first page)

hundred pound replica of Jack Jackson stands benignly under a charcoal likeness of the latter, ready to answer the doorbell or to throw out bodily some unfortunate who couldn't take it. Incidentally the census-taker listed him as unemployed.

The corner beyond Aunt Mittie's carries a story all its own. On the steps of the cafe there, the Greek owner met his fate in the shape of a sawed-off shotgun one warm night about one. His murderer, thanks to a very efficient police-force, was never located. The white people said it was some damned nigger cut-throat or 'nother. But the negroes whispered about chicaggar gangsters and a furrin secret society. Anyway the morning paper boy still remembers the odious task of wiping the scattered brains off his feet, and the negroes for months after walked carefully around a big brown splotch on the sidewalk . . .

Beyond this corner a group of ancient store buildings faces solemnly a longer group of dilapidated negro huts. The main feature of the stores is variety. The Idle-Awhile Cafe: Eat here and you'll never eat anywhere else. Chitlings 20 cents. Bud Green's French barber shop and pool room. Mostly pool room. Imported beer a specialty. Then, in the one brick building of the block, none other than: Doc Canlon's Groceries, Heavy and Fancy, Fresh fish today.

The Doc is a white man, but he has a negro cook. He lives in the first white house outside of the negro section.

The next block calms down under the austere glance of the greystone White Rock Baptist Church. The church holds its side of the street for the whole block, while a few respectable colored residences make a stand on the other side. An ex-deacon recently died in the two-story house on the right. Years ago he was a grand man, owning almost all of Hayti. He was looked up to by black and white alike, and they say that the white folks used to drive way out there in their big cars when they wanted to make a deal with him. He married a mulatto from Baltimore, and he sent his two near-white daughters north to school. They married white, *on dit*. Then, one way or another, he lost all of his money, but managed to hang on to his house. The church saw fit to depose him from his Deaconship, and he rented all of his rooms but one. In this room his wife brought about his demise with an empty milk-bottle administered to his almost-bald head during a brawl while they were mutually drunk. After twenty-four hours of praying for his soul, she followed him. Generous members of his ex-church buried the pair, and their daughters successfully kept their silence up North . . .

The better-looking houses keep on bravely for two more blocks, only to give way finally to the eight-room tenements of Monkey Bottom. In these houses Hayti's near elite live, are free, and pursue happiness. Here lives Dr. ———, who has an office up where the white-folks do. Next to him is the teacherage, where the straight haired educators stretch their silkened legs, and read the Cosmopolitan. Occasionally they graciously nod recognition to their pickaninny-pupils who wave adoringly from the sidewalk. The Baptist preacher lives there where the new awnings are—he has just had a successful revival. There lives the white-haired cashier at the colored bank. He is directing authoritatively while a more menial negro plays a hose on the cashier-like Packard. And that man there owns a barber shop uptown "for white only." Outwardly the block is duplicated in any white section in any southern town. But inwardly . . . Death Alley is only two blocks away.

## ACADEMIC MIND AGAIN

The acme of something or other was achieved recently by a representative of Smith Building. Hearing the lecturer comment that an author's favorite oak was cut down sometime after his death, this superb scholar interrupted, "Wasn't that tree cut down in 1668, sir?" Of such, we take it, is the Kingdom of Scholarship.



# Campus Cannon Fodder Grows Militant. Discovered--A Youth Movement. By Phil Hammer

Shades of Jack Dungan! Where is the South Dakotan of several years past who clogged the long columns of Carolina's *Daily Tar Heel* with disarmament and peace propaganda? He must be lurking away in a clandestine corner of Old South. Everyone hears his voice or the echoes of it, for today the campus of America's oldest state university is again humming, perhaps not as loudly as in 1932, but nevertheless humming—with the voices of students crying for peace between nations and goodwill among men.

These are the voices of the cannon-fodder. It is an appeal, a rational and objective appeal, proceeding from an earnest movement on the part of the youth towards world peace. It strives to demonstrate that war is irrational, and by doing so, it will guide these rationally-minded young Americans to shrug their shoulders coldly when queer statesmen entangle our nation in queer alliances in the future. They will refuse to go to war under any circumstances.

Who said there is no youth movement? When a band of thinking Tar Heels announced several months ago that they would organize to take a definite stand against militarism, we laughed and scoffed and took their earnest statements with a grain of salt. Campaigns never are more than ephemeral uprisings on this campus, we thought, and here comes another. And in such a hostile and suspicious environment was born the Students' Foreign Policy League.

What of it? Lots. Without the stimulus of drum and bugle, these collegians are serious-mindedly making a public confession of faith in the cause of peace as an inspiring ideal and a realistic idea. They are joining their voices for the same cause, to contend solidly for one objective—the consolidation of world opinion against war among nations, the iniquities that make it possible, and the horrors that it perpetuates. They are welding a link to the chain of militant opposition to war preparation and militarism, a far-flung chain reaching around and girding the corners of the earth.

"Hurray," you shout. "Wait until Hearst and the Syndicates tell you that you are a yellow so-and-so if you don't fling yourself into the breach, that it is manly and honorable to dodge enemy bullets in the trenches, that America needs you, that your sweetheart, and your mother and those who love you will be proud of you in your gory uniform. Wait until the bands start playing and the troops start marching and the drums beat out an emotional tattoo in your heart. Just wait—then see how

far your peace movement goes."

But pull up. The youth of this and other American colleges and universities are not riding on a cloud of enthusiastic propaganda. You are mistaken if you think so. You must remember that student pacifists are absolutely sincere in their efforts to bring about a utopian understanding between nations. The cannon-fodder is speaking now, straight from the shoulder. The gatherings on three score American campuses are not dominated by radical soap-box orators—they are stimulating "talks about war" and conclusions; these conclusions result from a rational analysis of the question and what their efforts as a group and as individuals can do.

But what has Jack Dungan to do with this now? Well, back in the fall of 1931 when this husky-voiced tyrant held the reins of *The Daily Tar Heel*, that journal issued the following proclamation in a front-page box spread: "*The Daily Tar Heel*, in the belief that continued warfare century after century bringing artificial prosperity and extraordinary depressions settles few issues permanently and vitiates a considerable portion of the culture and the civilization which accrues in periods of peace, strongly urges every University of North Carolina student organization, large or small, to wire President Hoover . . . urging him to steadfastly insist upon the Kellogg Peace Pact." But this was only a beginning. Forgetting his campaign for the remainder of that quarter, Dungan came back violently after Christmas to instigate the most tempestuous peace propaganda. The disarmament conference at Geneva, February 2, 1932, offered Dungan ample material for his drive and with news stories and features—he often ran two or three of both in a single issue—he transformed the daily into a disarmament journal. The names of Harry Elmer Barnes, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and Zona Gale found their way to the by-line area over *Tar Heel* features. Forums on peace occurred regularly, with Dr. Frank Porter Graham presiding. This was the beginning of student interest which now again thrusts itself forward determinedly.

In late February Dungan pulled his prize trick from the bag. A *Daily Tar Heel* disarmament ballot appeared daily in the paper, upon which students were asked to place their opinions on disarmament, its conferences, the World Court, and military training. If the poll indicated a true cross-section of campus opinion, it revealed that seventy-five per cent of University students favored the United States disarming itself from seventy-five to one hundred

per cent, provided the other nations joined in the movement. Forty-one per cent of those voting favored complete disarmament for all nations. And ten per cent of the ballots cast on this question evidenced desire for no disarmament whatever.

But then the South Dakotan went on to slay prohibition and forgot the whole affair.

A period of lethargy followed and not until a subsidized militarist in the form of one Upton Close in Japanese cloak and with pessimistic demeanor bullied a handful of students last January did a renewal of a spark of intense interest in peace and the peace movement evidence itself. Threatening young America with dire consequences of an imminent and dreadful conflict with Japan, the *Saturday Evening Post's* commentator crashed the front page of Claiborn Carr's dithyrambic *Tar Heel* with the result that again an actual movement this time emanating from the campus itself—embracing the problems of war and peace, was begun. When the bulky March issue of *Fortune*, the magazine of magazines, brought forth an amazing expose of the inner workings of the great international armament syndicates, the spirit of pacifism waxed hot and students set about to make definite plans for the official expression of their ideas.

And when this band of students a few months ago grouped together and passed a recommendation, after careful study, "to support actively the objectives of, and participate in, the conference on the limitation and reduction of armaments to be reassembled at Geneva on May 29th, and to insist that some disarmament, however small, but providing future conference for further reduction, be reached at this time," it was no journalistic panacea. It was not scare battle against war. The group's recommendation was forwarded to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of State. Nothing could better testify to the earnestness and seriousness of its makers.

"But to what avail?" you keep on shouting. "Who cares?" Shut up. The Chapel Hill movement and those throughout the collegiate world are not merely protests and demonstrative words. These are realistic attempts. The majority of 10,000 students in thirty-three American colleges have signed a petition to be forwarded to Washington advocating three major points: (1) the immediate adherence by the United States to the covenant of the League of Nations, (2) the nationalization and international control of the manufacture and sale of armaments, and (3) the severance of the United States' com-

mercial relations with belligerent nations.

These principles represent the political voices of nearly 10,000 students to influence national legislation, Congress, and the President of the United States. They are not "shine" notes of feeble undergraduates to the groggy world around them. They are sane and intelligent approaches to a universal youth protest against war which attempts to lead to an absolute abstinence from the military program, a decomposition of the church's sanction of militarism, and a bearing directly against the government's continuance of war as a national policy.

Harvard University students recently met *en masse* at a designated spot on the campus while the agitators of the movement sought to explain the futility of war. It was not a difficult oration; there were cheers as each speaker firmly and sincerely denounced war. At Columbia University the now-famous Anti-war Week found faculty members mixing with the students in a demonstration resulting in a recommendation outlawing war and militarism.

In a nation whose history is teeming with deeds and events inspiring to youth, whose politics, business, industry, and democracy are theoretically open to everyone, it seems paradoxical indeed that youth has slid along as long as it has, unnoticed, unsought. Youth has been forced to fall in line while age has ruled. Perhaps, American youth has been less sheep-like, less easily attracted by catch-words than its brothers abroad, where mass movements of young men and women exert tremendous influence in the course of a nation's events. But there is more behind the matter than the lack of gullibility; the lack of opportunity for expression through its collective influence has been the larger factor.

But here is the opportunity, and American youth is making the best of it. And for the first time the movement appears secure because it is being sensibly conducted. "To take a definite stand against war," stated one of its leaders, "groups must first perfect their organization." Is that an ephemeral outlook? Is the peace movement a panacea and a hobby with these serious-minded young students working in its behalf? No. It is a concrete objection as well as an acceleratory campaign.

Let's shift to the granite-hills of New Hampshire where Dartmouth collegians discuss the question among themselves. They realize that national student movements have failed because they have been sponsored by existing parties attempting to regiment youth to

(Continued on page six)



# Such is the Kingdom . . . By Lear Winters

"But," he insisted with that same air of smugness so completely characteristic of him, "we must not be too hasty with these things you know. Merely because one limb is poisoned there is surely no justification for cutting down the whole tree."

I hesitated for a moment not knowing whether to laugh right out loud or to cry with pity for this product of an egg-shell, academic environment. "No, I suppose not," I replied. I saw the utter futility of arguing further. It was apparently very difficult to tear clay apart—particularly when it was moulded into the shape of little gods.

As I turned to leave he smiled up into my face. He leaned forward in his throne-like seat much like a king about to pat the head of one of his subjects. "Be sure to remain cheerful," he said. I felt nauseated. "Things somehow have the fortunate habit of correcting themselves. This old world is in no danger of toppling yet, and there is no need for anyone to cower fearfully behind a *sic transit gloria* banner of pessimism. You know, I too was in danger of becoming cynical during my undergraduate days. (I never would have suspected it.) Some day you too will learn to trust implicitly in the faith and courage of our people."

Outside I breathed deeply. The fresh air was fine. I walked back to my room turning over and over in my mind the words of this Bernarr MacFadden. "Faith, courage, confidence, trust." So that was the professorial reply! Such pretty, sweet-sounding shibboleths. I regretted that my position as one of his students kept me from making clear how contemptible I thought him. My forehead was covered with perspiration and my face was flushed. I involuntarily closed my fist in anger.

I reached in my pocket and withdrew a letter. Three times I had read it before going to that paternal bastard for advice. I had not shown it to him as I planned. After his words, what would have been the use? I opened the pages and read again the scribbled writing on the cheap, lined paper.

"Dear Lear," it ran. "The world, as every intelligent young man knows, is a place of gloom and sorrow—the creation of a moody and distorted mind, if you will pardon my seeming heresy. At the present moment I am sitting, more or less aimlessly, in my uncle's store where I am fascinated by his wrestling with the customers who stray in here at rare intervals. By means of numerous signs and a windowful of everything imaginable from pots, pans and groceries to ladies' wear, rubber balls and overalls, Mr. Brisbane has suc-

ceeded in inveigling a cautious negro into the place, and the two are now engaged in a hot skirmish over the selling price, commodity value and guaranteed wear of a pair of shoes marked at \$1.69. My uncle, at this moment, is passionately swearing that it costs him more.

"This store, like the house in which I am living, is located in the nigger district of Nashville. An over-abundance of fifty-cent whores add a delightful feminine touch to the otherwise crudely masculine section. It's a general store selling, or keeping in stock anyway, everything under the sun at 'prices which customers pay with a smile.' Ladies' dresses, for example, range from 25c to 98c. In the center of the place is a stove, a relic of the Reconstruction Era, which has a pipe leading to the ceiling, and near the stove is a spittoon, and around the spittoon are signs of failure.

"My life goes on as you would expect it to go on in a place like this. The people who live in this neighborhood, my lack of a job, my lack of any money at all, my lack of prospects, and my desire to be elsewhere make for a keen sense of thankfulness, happiness and buoyancy. I realize more and more every day that I am a square peg in a round hole. Ah, Lear, what a curse is mediocrity. I wonder what happened to the skill of the 'President of the Immortals' on June 9th, 1914?

"I went to a doctor yesterday for a thorough examination. Nice old feller, the doc. 'Son,' he said when it was over. 'I'm going to be absolutely frank with you. You are in bad shape. Your condition is such that unless you get hold of yourself there is no telling what may happen to you in the next few years. Your nervous system needs healing and plenty of it. There is no prescription I can give you, but you must get more sleep and above all stop worrying.'

"I left his office, Lear, and knew for the first time how Oswald must have felt. Poetic soul that he was, he saw something velvety about softening of the brain, but how prosaic is a shattered nervous system!

"Sleep and stop worrying! No use kidding myself, Lear. There is only one solution and I'm firmly convinced of that. It has become an obsession with me, so much so that, foolish as it may sound, I am willing to give myself up completely unless I can go to college. Foolish, eh? Lear, I'm sincere. To the exclusion of all other things, including being a millionaire, I want to have a college education. That is the main theme of all my thoughts. I am in-

terested in a job only if it presents the possibility of my saving enough for a few years of college, and that before I reach the age of Methuselah. If only I had that hope I would thumb my nose at that doc and caper around town like Till Eulenspiegel.

"I cannot return to New York. I have no desire to do so under present circumstances—even if there were a place for me to stay. So here I am stuck deep, hard and fast in this rut. What appears in store for me is inexorable—inevitable.

"Please write something. Your letter will be like a far-off cry from civilization to a gnarled old backwoodsman. Include some hair-raising workable plan in your letter if you would make of me a carefree little lad once again.

"Otherwise everything is okay, except, perhaps, the weather, my future, my past, my present and the pipe leading from the stove to the ceiling. (It has a hole in it.) don't wait more than two minutes before you write. Make me palpitate with hope.

Sadly,

Ken.

"P.S.—A worm just crawled up through a crack in the floor. How fortunate he is. To him everything's great. The sun is shining, birds are singing, and the world is a grand place. He crawls along so contentedly. He is cheerful and happy. How I'd love to be a worm. Just to crawl about all day and to lie in the softest and most delightful mud beneath the warm glow of sunshine. To chew diligently but lazily into a budding red apple! To have not a thought that might bring pensiveness—to be carefree, away from worry, people. If he so desired he might utter a far greater 'No, I thank You' speech than Cyrano. Can you imagine pitying a worm? It is to laugh. He looks down upon us, since later on he will munch at us as nonchalantly as he does at the apple."

"Courage, faith, confidence, trust!" I laughed aloud. Two giggling co-eds passing by looked at me queerly. Eighteen years old he was. I thought of the remark in the movies the day before, "So young, and so disillusioned!" Faith was offered as a panacea! I lit a cigarette and in taking it from my mouth pulled some skin from my lip. My mind was muddled and I felt helpless. I retraced my steps and went into town. From the telegraph office I wired money and a message to come as soon as possible. Perhaps something might be done if we talked together.

Three days passed and I heard nothing from him. I was sitting in my

room wondering whether I had not better wire again when a messenger boy stepped in through the half-open door and gave me a telegram. My hand trembled slightly as I tore open the envelope and withdrew its yellow contents.

In a daze I heard my room-mate's voice. "To hell with English, Aristotle and the whole god-damned system of giving quizzes. Lear, how in blazes do you spell *katharsis*?"

## Wanderin' Blues

By HARRY COBLE

"Walkin', talkin',  
Up an' down de highway;  
Ridin', slidin',  
Any way is my way.  
But a man wid de wanderin' blues  
Has to stop off and buy him new shoes."

Oh, I'm a fast man wid de wanderin' blues,  
Jus' a man wid de wanderin' blues,  
But I gotta stop off an' buy me some shoes.

Oh, come on, you womans, I got plenty a time!  
A wanderin' man, he always got de time,  
But a wanderin' man, he never got a dime.

Oh, come on you men-folks, I wanta play some craps!  
Dat honey gimme money, so come on wid yo' craps,  
De snake-eyes always turns up when dis baby's fingers snaps!

Oh, crowd around you rounders, an' watch me ball de jack!  
In my paten' leather slippers I sho' can ball de jack!  
But tomorrow I'll be leavin'—goin' down de railroad track.

I'll go down de road tomorrow, 'cause I got de wanderin' blues.  
De towns dey fade behin' you when you got de wanderin' blues!  
De smoke and sweaty sidewalks is all I got to lose.

I'll be wanderin' on till judgment—an' when it comes I'll see  
A long white road stretched out up there as far as I can see,  
An' a golden pair a slippers beside it dere for me!

"Walkin', talkin',  
Up an' down de highway,  
Ridin', slidin',  
Any way is my way.  
In heaven a man wid de wanderin' blues  
Never has to stop to buy him new shoes."



# Brother Francis to All Things

(For Ted Shawn)

By FOSTER FITZ-SIMMONS



By Brad White.

Now as I walk softly in the Umbrian  
dusk  
Leaving in the road-dust a legend of  
my feet  
And in the still air a history of my  
heart,  
It seems that I have built my days with  
all  
The little things that I have touched  
with my two hands—  
Ten fingers' worth, sometimes only  
two; and each  
Is mosaiced exquisitely. Ah, the pain  
they give!—  
The lovely pain that makes me run  
among the others,  
Poor and blind that tread the same  
dear ways, and cry: "Look!"  
And know they do not see . . .

I am humble, Father God,  
Before these small things that are Yours  
and mine.  
And so I sing brokenly of all this won-  
der surging from me  
To them as my feet push homeward  
through the shadows.

O good wind, rich with vine smells  
Off the plain, what do you say to this,  
my friend,  
The silent cypress tree  
That shakes him kindly  
With green mirth?—  
I know . . .

O little feathered things  
That have laced the calm hours of this  
day  
With a cool, bright silver  
Fashioned intricately  
Off small tongues  
You and I—  
We know . . .

O water, water  
Slipping shyly  
From too great an eagerness  
In my hands that lift you  
Too loving, perhaps, are they—  
You know.

O Brother Sun  
O Sister Moon  
And my small cousins  
The stars  
Listen, listen—  
All you little beaten things  
On broken feet, on weary wings;  
Hear this thing I speak to you  
Pebble, mote, and mountain top,  
I am one small part of you,  
And we are all one part of Him  
O Brother Sun  
O Sister Moon!  
Ah, Jesu, Jesu . . .  
Do you hear  
Singing up the evening air  
This Te Deum of the wind  
This litany of leaves—  
Where across the lovely grass  
The anemones hold high mass?  
Oh I see  
In each wayside  
Growing tree  
A cross—  
On each softly bursting rose  
A coronal of thorns.  
Now my knees have found the earth,  
And as my eyes climb upward  
In the silence of this place  
Ah Jesu—  
I look full into your face!

## . . . ONE TO GROW

(Continued from page two)

forced to admit that it deserves the  
prize, and is a masterpiece in its line.

The title, incidentally, comes from  
the second stanza of "How Firm a  
Foundation." "Like Lambs in Thy  
Bosom they still shall be born." And  
the title of the review, if anyone is in-  
terested, comes from a verse Cean sings  
as she drops the grains of corn in the  
hills:

"One for the cutworm, one for the  
crow,  
One to rot, and one to grow."

## CAMPUS CANNON FOD- DER GROWS MILITANT

(Continued from page four)

their advantage, led by newspapers, in-  
dustrialists, and special interests, with  
party affiliations or fixed platforms in  
some way unacceptable, and headed by  
older men who wish to lead and con-  
trol youth, but not to let youth steer  
its own course.

Consequently, a special organization  
committee suggests a temporary program  
for a non-partisan effort toward the  
"good of the nation and the younger  
generation." It plans to coordinate the  
collegiate press by a central steering  
committee made up of men under thirty  
years of age, to develop a membership  
organization of "all undergraduates and  
young men and women graduated since  
1929, and to send all publicity during  
the campaign through a central channel.  
Further, it plans to establish a corpora-  
tion lawfully to receive and handle  
membership fees (which will be nom-  
inal), it purports to focus funds, col-  
legiate press, and national press on "sore  
spots," and to aid and, if possible, to  
originate, organization of youth in sec-  
tors where issues are urgent.

This plan, obviously, is intended for  
more purposes than national peace con-  
sciousness. Its creators have in mind  
the recent youth movement which  
ousted the notorious Pendergast gang in  
the Middle West. But it is a deliber-  
ate move to join together the scattered  
forces of the younger generation of  
America.

The remarkable thing about this  
peace movement, especially at North  
Carolina, is that before your very eyes  
is a war against war and you haven't  
read a yellow journal nor heard a brass  
band nor been approached by a "bulgy-  
eyed pacifist." Why haven't you? Be-  
cause this powerful drive—and it is  
powerful here although the numbers  
actively engaged in the stimulation of  
its policies are relatively few—is so  
vitaly serious in all its aspects, because  
its backers are so inherently interested  
in its success, because it is the first real  
penetrating mass movement of Ameri-  
can youth in a deliberate expression—  
and American youth does not resort to  
Salvation Army bands when it gets down  
to level-headed thinking.

To what will it all lead? Will what  
the Foreign Policy League recommends  
have any effect on the efforts of the  
controlling interests in Washington in  
shaping the destinies of our country?  
Probably not. Will the voice of thous-  
ands of youthful students from all parts  
of the country have this effect? Prob-  
ably so. At any event, what is signifi-  
cant is that American youth is lending  
notice to the world and to the older  
generation that it means business, that  
it will and can influence the activities  
of this mighty nation, and that when

the time comes for it to step into the  
breach and take over the reins of gov-  
ernment, it will not be afraid nor will  
it be ignorant nor will it be wishy-  
washy. American youth is speaking  
with decision and will continue to speak  
with decision. Peace or no peace, war  
or no war, American youth has deter-  
mined and expressed its opinion and  
what the University of North Carolina  
has to say will be combined with what  
the University of America has to say:  
the goal is peace.

## LITTLE HELEN'S DEATH

(Continued from first page)

"How did she get back here?" I  
asked him.

"She insisted on coming back to die  
in her own room," said Uncle Henry.  
"Bud went up there and brought her  
back in an airplane ambulance."

We walked silently back into the  
room. Helen had been calling for me.  
She stretched one white little hand out  
from the tiny blue blanket on her bed  
and patted my trembling arm. "Frank,"  
she whispered, "I'm going. Weep not  
for Helen, she shall not die."

I was quite overcome. Little Helen  
lapsed into delirium and began quoting  
Goethe in the original. Dr. Johnson  
said quietly, "I believe there's hardly a  
minute more. Her pulse is almost gone."  
Helen looked up again as her brain be-  
gan to clear. I knelt at her bed to  
catch her last words. She could hardly  
speak, so intense was her suffering.

"Frank," she finally began, "please  
offer a beautiful sentiment, preferably  
classical." I racked my brain. Then I  
found words, and holding her little  
face cupped in one of my hands I mut-  
tered the tribute to another Helen of  
countless ages past:

"Was this the face that launched a  
thousand ships,  
That burnt the topless towers of  
Ilium?"

Helen smiled. For the first time I  
realized that she was enjoying herself.  
"One more thing," she said again. "In  
my desk drawer you'll find an inscrip-  
tion for my tomb. I prepared it by  
accident several weeks ago." I nodded  
assent.

"And now," she whispered with her  
last breath, "I must be going." I caught  
one last phrase, indistinctly. I am sure  
Little Helen said, "I think I shall be  
among the immortals." It was all over.

We laid her in a simple grave, far  
out on a hill side just above a clump  
of pines. Helen once loved to sit there  
and philosophize with Uncle Bud and  
me. I found the inscription for the  
head stone in her desk, and had it carved  
into the place she requested. It was  
simply:

"Here Lies Little Helen.  
She Was Good Copy."



## I Wouldn't Send My Boy to Camp

By JOE SUGARMAN

Summer camps are the legitimate heirs of the boarding school system. Popularly conceived as free, healthful play-spots for boys developing toward manhood, many such institutions have existed for twenty-five years as nothing more than profitable but unprincipled and dangerous rackets.

It might be well to state here and now that the writer's subsequent observations and conclusions are based on an informal but intensive survey of some fifteen boys' and girls' camps in Maine. What is stated can be maintained for only the camps surveyed, but the uniformity of organization and personnel in camps throughout the east suggests that the situation may be even more inclusive than the writer indicates.

Parents send their children to camp in the summer for a variety of reasons. In addition to the usual desire for them to meet boys and girls of their own age and type and derive subsequent benefits and the expectation that they will return sun-tanned and muscular, there exist in the parents themselves many subtle motives for surrendering their children to someone else's care.

At a certain camp in Maine in 1929 it was estimated that at least 35 per cent of the boys had divorced or separated parents, who had patently hit upon camp as an excellent solution for the disposition of their children. From the talk of other campers, it was equally apparent that they had been sent to camp because their parents "couldn't be bothered with them."

Other cases indicated that often parents who were unable to manage their boys and girls turned them over to camp as "problems." Still other boys admitted that the two months spent away from home were the happiest in the entire year. Frequent visits of meddling, intolerant parents generally supported these confessions. It is also established that scores of children who go to camp never have any home life, since the other ten months of the year are spent in a boarding school.

Without penetrating further into the homes and general background of the campers, it is clear that the average camp is not composed of normally reared children. In fact, it might be said that 60 per cent of the boys at the fifteen camps examined were brought up under difficult conditions. Like the boarding school the roster is often a motley collection of high-strung, mismanaged, warped, sensitive individuals. Even the most amateur of psychologists would realize that such boys require thoughtful, carefully calculated training.

Camp directors are generally private school principals, churchmen, or physical directors. They have an unfortunate habit of not being well versed in psychiatry. In the large majority of the camps visited, the policy is to treat all youngsters alike, feed them from the same dish, and in instances where they will not or can not eat, cram the stereotyped diet down their throats. For the normal boy the balanced athletic and artistic programs offered by camps are adequate but for a boy who has even the slightest psychological handicap the goose-step method is often cruel and detrimental.

The all-inclusive camp policy results in permitting a shy, backward lad to be passed over completely. If he takes no interest in the accepted routine, he is left to shift for himself. Conversely, bullies and teasers are seldom curbed in their nasty practice of "riding" a boy into submission or the development of an inferiority complex.

In the same fashion, boys who are prone to poor table manners, loud talking, downright smart-aleckness, and chronic complaining are not restrained but tolerated. Many camps have established a running policy of "the camper is always right," a spirit which easily creates a camp peopled by selfish, spoiled, quarrelsome campers.

On the other hand, a boy who had been struck between the eyes by a pitched ball begged not to be sent to bat the following day. The counselor forced him to take his position at the plate. Fright overwhelmed him, and he fled from the ball diamond. Repeated coercions by the counselor resulted in the boy's developing a permanent fear reaction to baseball in any form.

Little is done in these camps to relieve older boys from adolescent strain. They are granted scant privilege to attend dances, "date," or have any relations with girls. Consequently, their talk and thoughts are almost exclusively centered on solving normal sex problems.

Abnormal sexual situations are even more inefficiently handled. When it was discovered that two boys in a Maine camp had shown definite homo-sexual tendencies, it was urged that they be separated before serious complications appeared. The directorate replied that if the boys were separated they would have no other friends at camp. No action was taken. In this same camp at least five other cases of incipient homosexuality were ignored with the same harsh obliviousness to the welfare of the boys. Competent observers claim that the situation in this respect is considerably worse in girls' camps.

In these few examples appears unquestionably the fundamental weaknesses of the camp system as manifested in the

(Continued on page eight)

## One Block East of Pacific

By JAMES PERCY

The hot night air brushed the faces of the two as they walked. The hollow thudding of their feet on the boardwalk was drowned by the roar of the surf sliding up and down the beach. Neither spoke, one was thirsty, the other tired, and both walked for the same purpose. Barney was a Kentuckian, Johnny was a Virginian. Barney worked the Apollo theatre with Chamberlain Brown in the summer and tonight had played the lead in "Lightning Train." Johnny traveled because he had money and liked to travel. Barney was tired and Johnny was thirsty—both of them—well both of them were walking. They would have preferred riding, but in Atlantic City cars don't cruise the boardwalk and girls do—that is, the girl that Johnny wanted did.

One block east of Pacific the boardwalk, stretching along the shoreline for ten shiny miles, streamed with people, people from Jersey, cowboys from Texas, freaks from the Bronx, women from Park Avenue, and women from—well just from. A couple clung tightly to each other and watched a sandman grow under the fingers of an artist, unmindful of the crowd surging by, seeing only each other. Sweating negroes pushed rolling chairs, Jews called to each other, Gentiles spoke little and gazed into the windows as they passed. Far up the beach the gigantic Camel sign blinked above the "Million Dollar" Pier.

A rustle of chiffon passed the two as they walked. Johnny nudged Barney. The two turned. She seemed unmindful, but she had undoubtedly noticed them. Barney spoke, "How's for a glass of beer?" and she walked on swinging her body rhythmically with her every step. Johnny whispered to Barney and they fell in along side of her. Johnny took her by the arm and she did not resist. Her name was Flo.

Flo was not averse to music and Louie's was near. Joe was glad to see them and showed them to a table, apologizing for Louie's absence. Joe found it hard to be gracious with armpit holsters. Cigarette smoke but poorly hid a draped ceiling; alcohol fumes strangled Johnny only as long as it took him to drink from a pocket flask. A squeaking band indifferently pounded out the chords to "Sweet Sue," and a husky voiced torch singer lounged over a table in one corner. Except for the two with Barney and the torch singer the tables were deserted. It was early. A female impersonator came out from behind the orchestra and seeing Barney pushed his piano over. Barney whispered to Johnny and nodded toward the man with the piano. Johnny winked

and poured a drink for the girl in chiffon next to him. Barney was talking to the man with the piano, and when he stopped the man began to play. Johnny danced with Flo. Nobody was shocked—the place was deserted. Flo asked for a hankchief, Johnny gave her one and she rendered a rumba in the approved style which she had learned at Minsky's Broadway Burlesque three years before. Johnny was breathing heavily when she came back to take a drink.

A dark man came in and sat down at a table across from Johnny. Joe told Barney that the man was a celebrated comic artist. He spoke with an accent and drank with a thirst. The torch singer got up wearily, pushed a drooping lock of hair from her eyes, and strolled over to the man's table humming a throaty tune. A glint of recognition came into his eyes, and he kicked a chair out from the table that she might sit down. As she ceased singing, the man applauded by shakily pouring her a drink from a bottle which sat half empty on the table in front of him. She drank and the man said something to her.

Johnny rose to go and Barney gave him the key. Flo stood unsteadily and grasped his arm firmly that she might safely make her way to the door. Barney did not get up but winked again at Johnny. Johnny winked back.

Johnny woke with the sun pouring through the window on him. Flo was gone. Two silk stockings hung on the back of a chair. His head throbbed—he ached to hang his mouth out of the window. He got to the shower, fumbled for the knobs, and stood under the pricking water feeling cleaner as each drop struck his flaming body. The ocean was too small to rid him of the filth he felt. As he stood by the window dressing an auburn-haired red-lipped woman passed by on the street below. He pulled down the shade and shuddered.

## Chluaime, Loveliest Village in the Plain

(Translated from the Celtic)

By CHARLES LLOYD

"Whence com'st thou, son of reading?"  
 "I come from Chluaime; fair her fame.  
 When I have done my reading, then  
 I shall go down to Sard."  
 "Tell me tales of Chluaime fair!"  
 "I'll tell you what I've heard:  
 Foxes creep among the ruins,  
 Eating bits of bellies!"



## MEDICINE SHOW PIANO THUMPER

(Continued from first page)

you feel like when you go back to your ol' home way down by the Yadkin and you find a empty black frame-work a-staring you in the face, an' the place all growed up with briars . . . an' you feel like it was hundreds of years ago you lived there—or maybe never. An' all the spirits is still hanging 'round there in the rafters . . . an' you start runnin' way from 'em 'cross the big fields of broomstraw, on down a long road a-twistin' in the dark woods. The sun's goin' down like frozen blood. An' somebody starts hummin' a fun'al hymn 'way back of the pine trees. . . ."

A few minutes later I was climbing the outside steps of the building. It was almost dark; an eerie winter sunset reflected coldly a greenish orange light in the second story windows across the street.

Morooney had warned, "Nossuh, don't you go up there. He won't play 'cept when he kin sneak up there by hisself. The gang jus' stays down here and lissens."

I tip-toed through the door.

He was sitting over there in the corner at the battered upright piano. The front panel was off and the little hammers danced impishly, fiendishly—in perfect time with the music.

Morooney had said he did not know that some of the notes Ol' Todd played were on the piano. The instrument was out of tune from long service to the Odd Fellows' Balls, quaintly out of tune. And Ol' Todd wrung from it wierdly harmonious chords that chanted in a hurt tone. "Weepin' blues," Blue Moon's proprietor had termed it.

The hammers danced to his minstrelsy of old years. Doc Wimpool's Tonic shows when the crowd packed the corner lot on Saturday night. Listening to the broad Negro girl with a white dress and gold ear-rings sing something about how her man was gone and left her and now she's got the blues. She throws back her head of long, almost straight hair—thanks to Gem-Dandy Hair Straightener. The tendons of her throat stand out. The tendons of Doc Wimpool's throat stand out as he lists shoutingly the cures his magic tonic renders. Especially recommended for weak and run down conditions and that tired feeling in the morning. Stop getting up nights. His banjo pluckers and tap dancers push through the mob holding bottles high for converted weaklings. Bills pour in. The three bulbs burn powerfully over the four by six "stage." The lights swing with the stage as the orchestra of four players beats out its rythmn. Ol' Todd tries to keep up with the cornetist. He plays with a dozen hands, it seems.

Now, he plays just as deftly, but

## Michael Jones Eats Dinner

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Blue plates, white tablecloth, and glass,  
Silver without filigree,  
Show that Jones is middleclass.  
He reads the news. He says, "I see*

*The tax on bread went up, ah me."*

*Jones will eat pork for lunch today.  
He has no fear of calories.  
He shakes the paper. "Anyway  
Our navy's bigger than Germany's."*

*That tax on bread.*

*Jones smiles. Brown gravy makes an  
eye*

*In his helping of grits. "You know, I  
say  
It's time we stopped this playing shy.  
We've launched two ships in Norfolk  
bay."*

*The tax on bread.*

*Jones smiles again. He feels secure.  
The shafts of steel against the sky!  
He saw them on a summer tour.  
The glint of steel is in his eye.*

*(The tax on bread.)*

*He licks the gravy from his lips.  
The guns, the guns, he heard them  
shoot.*

*The strength of steel, the strength of  
ships,*

*The sudden thundering salute.*

*A tax on bread?*

*Jones grins. His mind is far away.  
He doesn't lend. He doesn't borrow.  
"What! having pork and rolls today,  
We can buy only soup tomorrow?"*

**THE TAX ON BREAD!**

### My Heart and I

By JEANNE HOLT

*It was in the dusk of evening we com-  
muned*

*My heart and I.*

*We took stock of what was left us  
Of days gone by.*

*We thought of blissful moments we  
had had*

*My heart and I*

*Then of the loneliness and sadness,  
The broken tie—*

*The scorn and bitter loathing that had  
come*

*For the wilful lie*

*That for a time had almost crushed us,  
And our questioned—why?*

*But now there's peace and knowledge  
we have*

*My heart and I,*

*And heritage of wisdom gained  
From days gone by.*

with a meaning.

Perhaps it is the lament of the girl with the gold ear-rings sang. Perhaps it is his own procession of unpremeditated chords and couplets that slide down from the black keys to the white and run together in mounting overtones.

The last light from across the chimney tops was falling back; Ol' Todd's silhouette was framed in the dusty window. The greenish-orange struck his brown face, leathery in its wrinkles. His lips were moving furtively, muttering with the keys.

I sneaked out the door, picked up my bag of papers, and crept down the stairs as the street light came on down at the corner.

Two dozen high brown families were cursingly waiting for their Daily long overdue.

### Villanelle on Sara Teasdale's Death

By E. JULIA MEARES

*Ocean and fountain, shadow and tree,  
Shaft of rainbow, bank of fern,  
Nothing escapes, nothing is free.*

*Life holds breaths of ecstasy;  
Loves that whisper, songs that burn,  
Ocean and fountain, shadow and tree.*

*But flowers shatter, beauties flee;  
Death holds all within its urn,  
Nothing escapes, nothing is free.*

*Buy delight, buy all things lovely,  
The silver moon, the starlight learn,  
Ocean and fountain, shadow and tree.*

*Soon, too soon, they cease to be;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust return.  
Nothing escapes, nothing is free.*

*Scatter her ashes over the sea —  
Pale dust that once sang yearningly,  
Ocean and fountain, shadow and tree,  
Nothing escapes, nothing is free.*

### I WOULDN'T SEND MY BOY TO CAMP

(Continued from page seven)

fifteen camps under consideration. The economic motive is dominant. Directors will spend large sums of money to beautify and equip their plants, but they would sooner close the camp than lose \$350 by sending an objectionable camper home or refusing to admit an obviously fire-brand. In the same category falls the fact that most camps refuse to pay counselors what they deserve. Consequently the faculty is generally composed of rough, thick-headed physical directors, weak, ineffectual school teachers or church instructors.

The score of problems that arise from maintaining a camp could easily be solved if the staff were composed of

intelligent, sympathetic men. The writer was not aware of the necessity for expert treatment until he became a counselor and was able to listen at faculty meetings to the stupid, ruthless treatment of normal adolescent conflicts.

It is reasonable to assume that when a camp takes a child from its parents for two months it is morally obligated to guard against injuries to his progress as a growing boy. Yet, as seen, camps are either frankly not interested or are unable by virtue of their staffs to deal with the boy as though he were anything but a ball-playing, food-consuming machine.

Until the directors of a camp are willing and qualified to shoulder responsibility for the personality development of campers, parents who send their children to a privately-owned summer camp are exposing them to an insidious if not always, apparent danger. If the camp does not deliberately warp or crush a thoughtful boy, it will very likely produce a disgust for the monotonous routine, the low-type counselor, and the complete lack of interest in him as anything but the means of acquiring an annual check.

Unfortunately this reaction is frequently postponed until the camp system has had its evil effects on the camper. And then as in so many cases in which institutions lay the foundations for shattered lives, it has long since been too late.

### Left at the Post

#### Prize Packages

We for one (sic) request the Pulitzer-powers-that-be to get themselves a new drama committee. The present one composed of Clayton Hamilton, Austin Strong, and Walter Richard Eaton is about as reactionary a group of critics as could be found in the country. Hamilton is an old fogey who mumbles introductions to threadbare plays and bows low before the name of Walter Hampden. Strong's chief claim to distinction is his authorship of the sugary, "Seventh Heaven," and Eaton represents the academic mind in its most somnolent aspect. Regardless of the merit of the current choice, it is high time that a younger, more vigorous critical hierarchy was established.

\* \* \*

#### Summer is Icumen

As we type these outrageous lines our back is becoming nicely fried. That we won't sleep to-night is no worry of ours. Last summer we didn't take advantage of the May sunstream, went off to the mountains in July and it rained twenty-four days out of twenty-seven so that we came back with a blamed pale back and chest after all. So, pass over the olive oil, and let's sizzle along.























